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THE NEW YORKER

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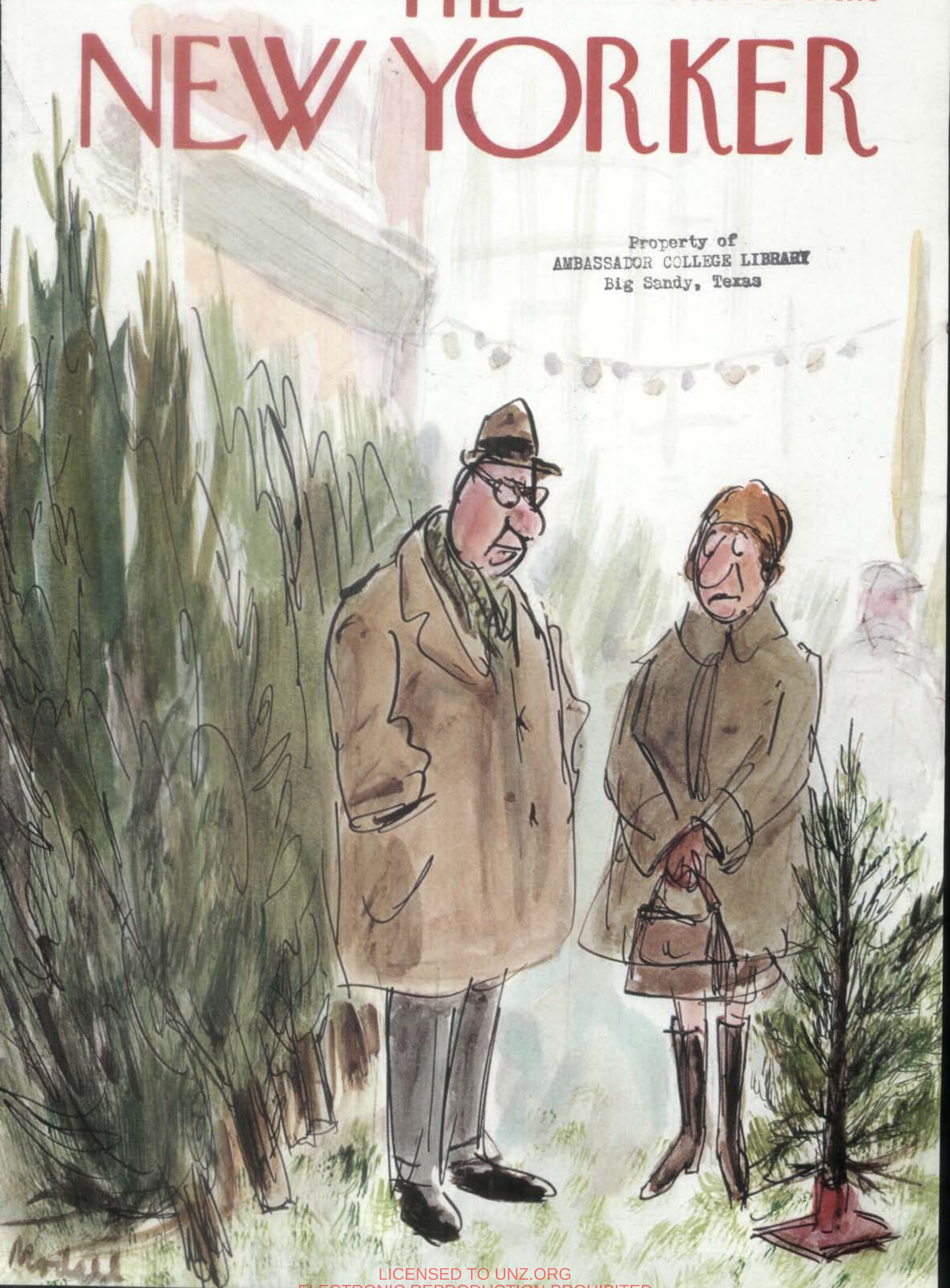

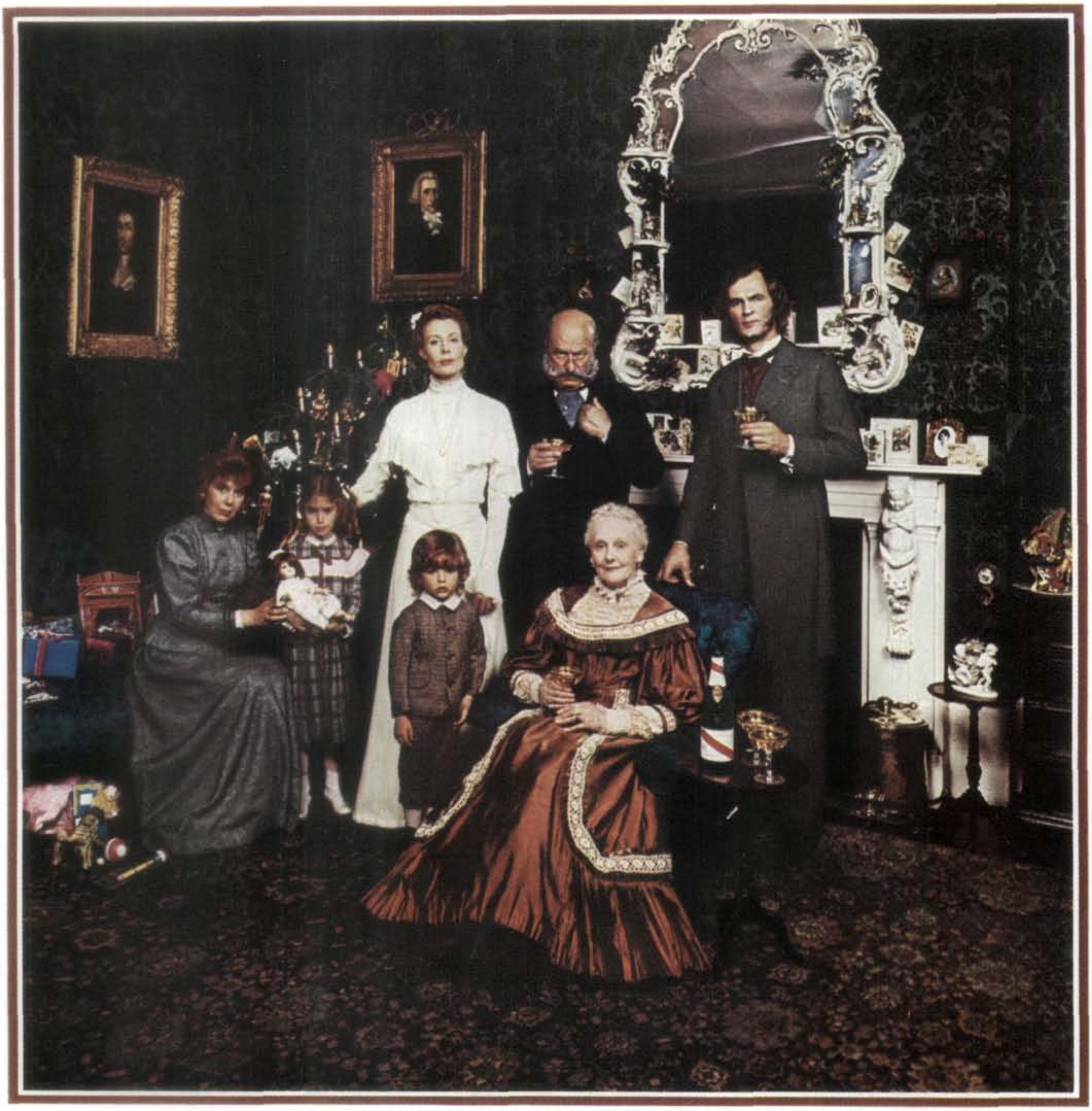

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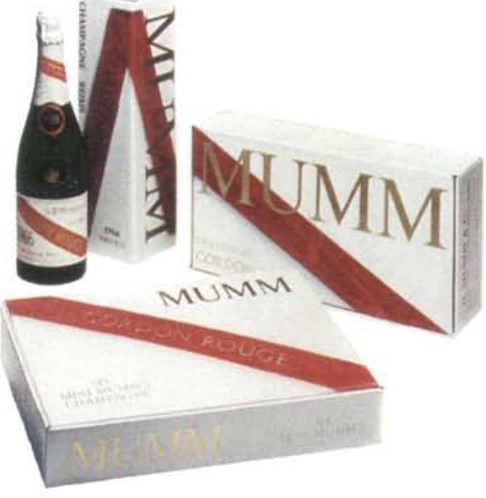

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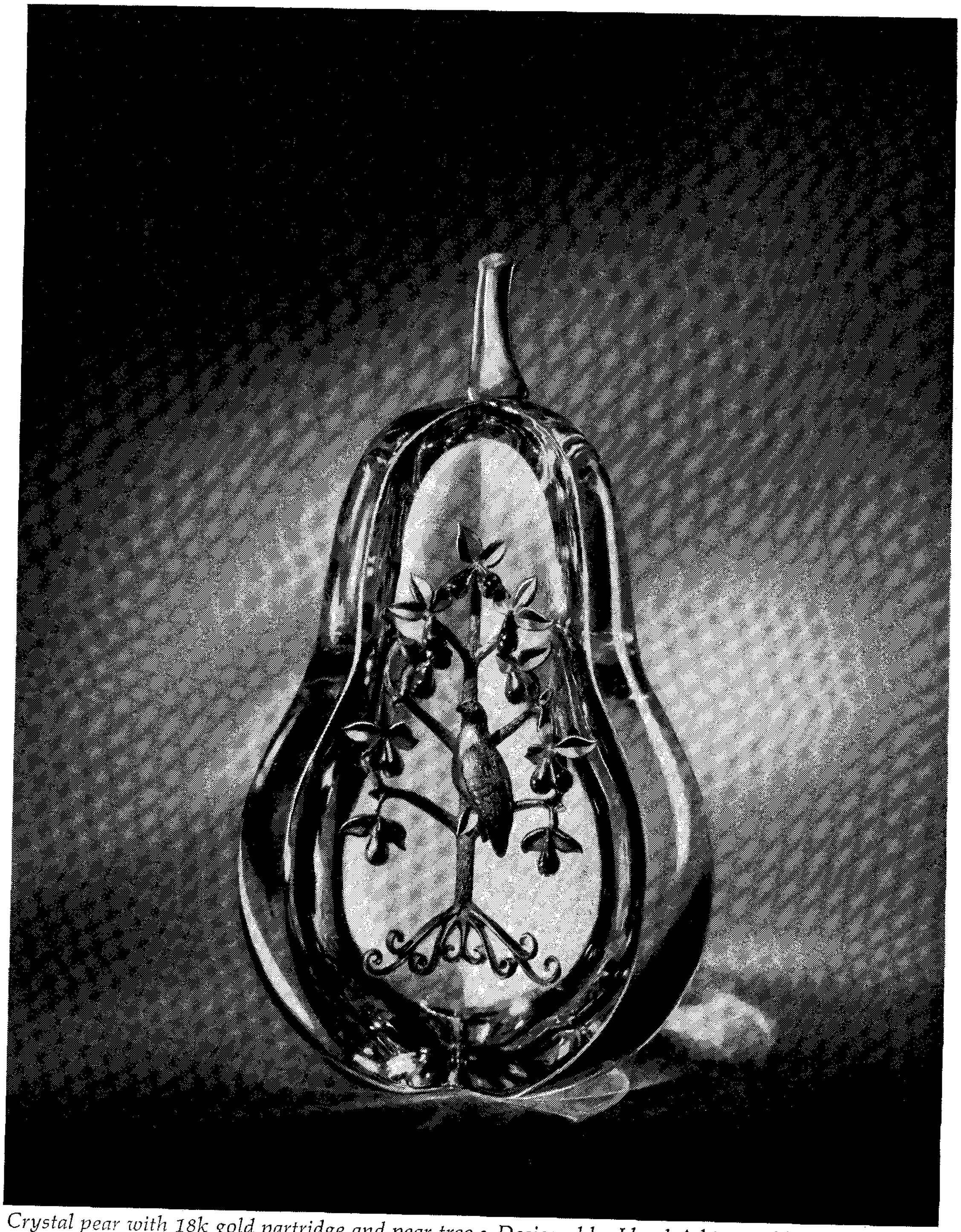

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

THE BAR THAT NEVER CLOSES—A musical with a book by Louisa Rose, lyrics by Miss Rose and John Braswell, and music by Tom Mandel. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BERLIN TO BROADWAY WITH KURT WEILL—This chronological arrangement of Weill's glorious songs, as sung and semi-performed by two young men and two young women, is a bit tame for the writings of the Master, but it has its exciting moments all the same. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BUTLEY—Simon Gray's study of a brilliant professor in a state of intellectual and emotional disarray. An extraordinary performance by Alan Bates. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

THE CONTRAST—A pesky, campy musical adapted from Royall Tyler's comedy, which was written in 1787. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE CREATION OF THE WORLD AND OTHER BUSINESS—Arthur Miller's first Broadway comedy is not very comic and too much Broadway. Bob Dishy, Stephen Elliott, and Zoe Caldwell do admirably. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 16.)

DOCTOR SELAVY'S MAGIC THEATRE—A very entertaining, wild, and way-out musical set in a madhouse. The show was conceived, directed, and designed by Richard Foreman. Stanley Silverman wrote the music, and Tom Hendry wrote the lyrics. The performances by all hands are highly satisfactory. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of Martin Duberman's play IN WHITE AMERICA is the third in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 17. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

THE GREAT GOD BROWN AND DON JUAN—A seven-week engagement of the two plays, presented more or less in alternation by the New Phoenix Repertory Company. Paul Hecht in Molière's DON JUAN, adapted and directed by Stephen Porter: Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 21-22, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ John McMartin in Eugene O'Neill's THE GREAT GOD BROWN, directed by Harold Prince: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 14-15, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2 and 7:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 18-19, at 8; and Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 2 and 8. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Closes Sunday, Jan. 21.)

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GREEN JULIA—A rather silly but lively comedy by a gifted young English dramatist named Paul Ableman about a pair of college roommates who never stop playing games. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE LAST OF MRS. LINCOLN—A play by James Prideaux, starring Julie Harris as the widowed Mary Todd Lincoln. George Schaefer directed. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A MEETING BY THE RIVER—A play by Christopher Isherwood and Don Bachardy, based on Mr. Isherwood's novel of the same name. With Sam Waterston and Laurence Luckinbill. The first in the New Phoenix Repertory Company's "Sideshow" programs. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Monday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA—An almost perfect revival of the great O'Neill play, with Colleen Dewhurst, Pamela Payton-Wright, Donald Davis, and Alan Mixon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING—A musical version of the staunch old comedy, teased into freshness by the director, A. J. Antoon, and a marvellous cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

OH COWARD!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Starting Tuesday, Dec. 19, the curtain time will be at 8 Tuesdays through Fridays.)

PIPPIN—A great big gorgeous show, built by prestidigitation upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Leland Palmer. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Please Don't Cry and Say No—Ethel Ayler heads an all-black cast in a trio of short plays by Townsend Brewster. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 17.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Rebbitzen from Israel—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Maxim Gorky's play **ENEMIES**, in an English version by Jeremy Brooks and Kitty Hunter-Blair, directed by Ellis Rabb. The first in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly at 7:30. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 16)...¶ At the Forum, in the same building: The final performances of a Beckett festival, starring Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn. **HAPPY DAYS / ACT WITHOUT WORDS I**: Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 2; Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 16-17, at 2. ... **NOT I / KRAPP'S LAST TAPE**: Wednesday, Dec. 13, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15-16, all at 8.

The River Niger—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)

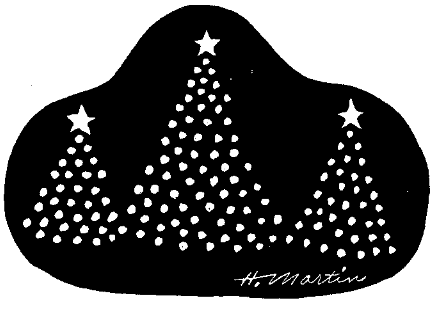
6 Rms Riv Vu—Jerry Orbach and Jane Alexander bring to life a thin little comedy by Bob Randall about contemporary urban marriage. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sugar—Not even a patch on the great movie ("Some Like It Hot") from which it was borrowed, but Robert Morse deserves your attention, in and out of drag. A musical. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sunset—A play by Isaac Babel, translated from the Russian by Mirra Ginsburg and Raymond Rosenthal. The production is inadequate. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 24.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's new comedy, with Jack Albertson and Sam Levene. Alan Arkin directed. Previews Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 18-19. Opens officially on Wednesday, Dec. 20. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect, and so is Santo Loquasto's setting. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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Wedding Band—The setting for this love story by Alice Childress is the black section of a city in South Carolina in 1918, and the middle-aged lovers are a black seamstress and a white baker. The first act is fine; after that, for one reason or another, things fall slightly apart, but Ruby Dee, in the leading role, and the actors who support her are so good that they save the evening. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Yoshe Kalb—David Opatoshu and Jacob Ben-Ami in a Yiddish musical (with an English narration) adapted by David Licht from I. J. Singer's novel. The music is by Maurice Rauch. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Thursday, Dec. 21, at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 7.)

Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS**: 5,254 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Starting Tuesday, Dec. 19, the curtain time will be at 8 Tuesdays through Fridays.)... **GODSPELL**: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 22, at 2.)... **GREASE**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR**: A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE**: A revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Martha Raye, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST**: Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE**: Hector Elizondo and Phyllis Newman are now in Neil Simon's comedy, in which we are made to laugh all evening long at how miserable we are (and deserve to be) as resident New Yorkers. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION**: An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH**: A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA**: A musical by John Guare, Galt MacDermot, and Mel Shapiro, directed by Mr. Shapiro, in which the Bard receives an amusing roughing-up at the hands of some remarkably attractive actors. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 7. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 13-15, at 6; Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 17, at 2 and 6; Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 19-22, at 6; and Saturday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 6. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

Batsheva Dance Company of Israel—Final performances of a two-week engagement—Wednesday matinée, Dec. 13, and Saturday evening, Dec. 16: "Diversion of Angels," "Transition," and "In the Playground of the Zodiac."...¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 13, and Friday evening, Dec. 15: "In the Playground of the Zodiac," "Herodiade," and "Strophe-Antistrophe."...¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 14: "In the Playground of the Zodiac," "Transition," and "Strophe-Antistrophe."...¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 16: "In the Playground of the Zodiac," "Herodiade," and "Song of My People."...¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 17: "In the Playground of the Zodiac," "After Eden," and "Strophe-Antistrophe." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Moscow Circus—Russia's celebrated one-ring circus, with Popov the clown, cycling bears, Cossack riders, strongmen, jugglers, aerialists, and acrobats. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Monday, Jan. 1.)

Princeton Triangle Show—Benefit performances of a musical, "Blue Genes," this year's undergraduate production. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Singer Jonathan Edwards will be on hand through Monday, Dec. 18, sharing the stage with the vocal team of Hod and Marc. Weather Report, a significant new-jazz group that includes Wayne Shorter, Joe Zawinul, and Miroslav Vitous, will play Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 20-21. Singer-guitarist Jim Dawson opens Friday, Dec. 22. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths—a formula that works well these days. Cedar Walton, piano, and Sam Jones, bass, will play Wednesday, Dec. 13, and Monday

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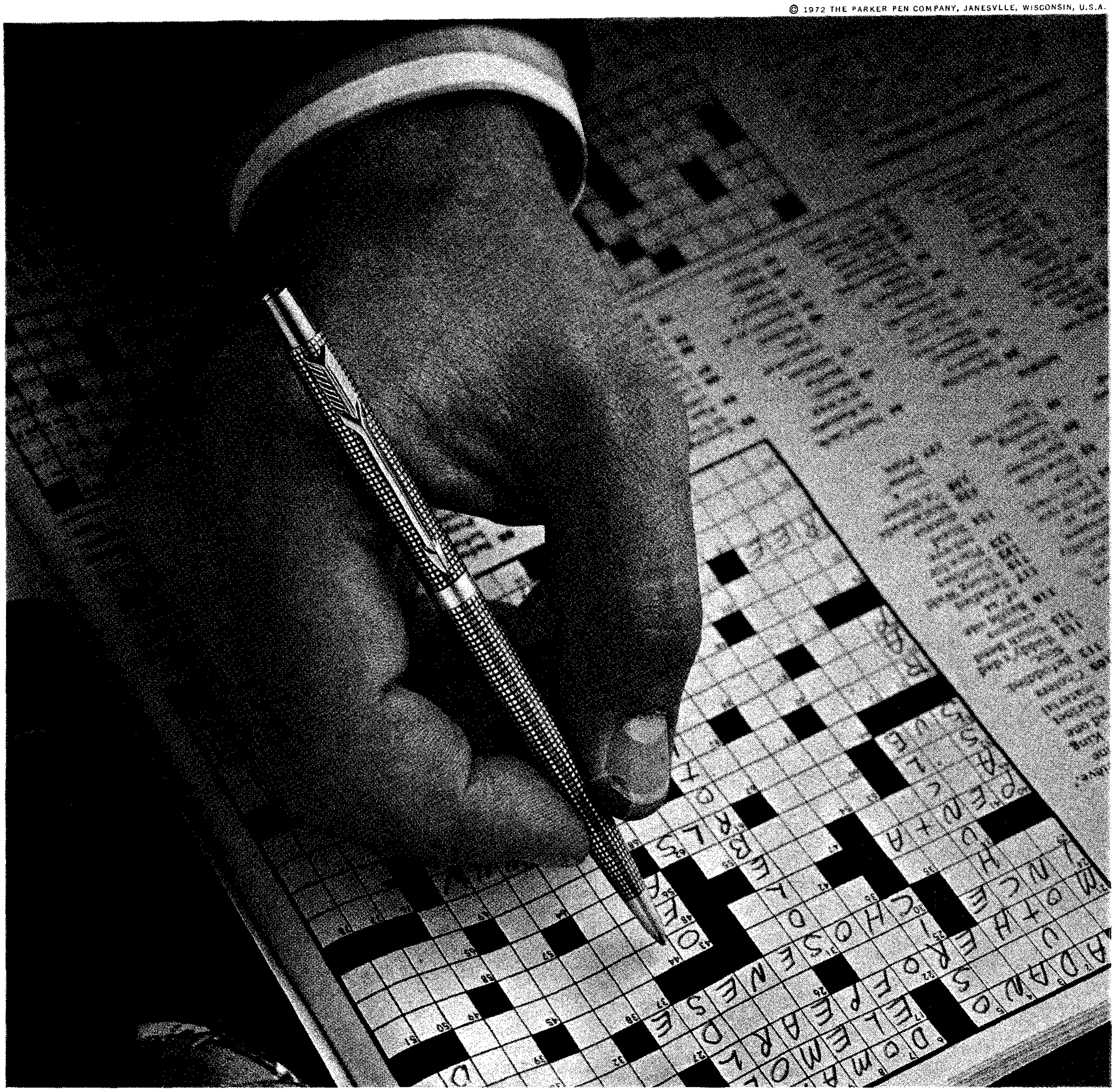

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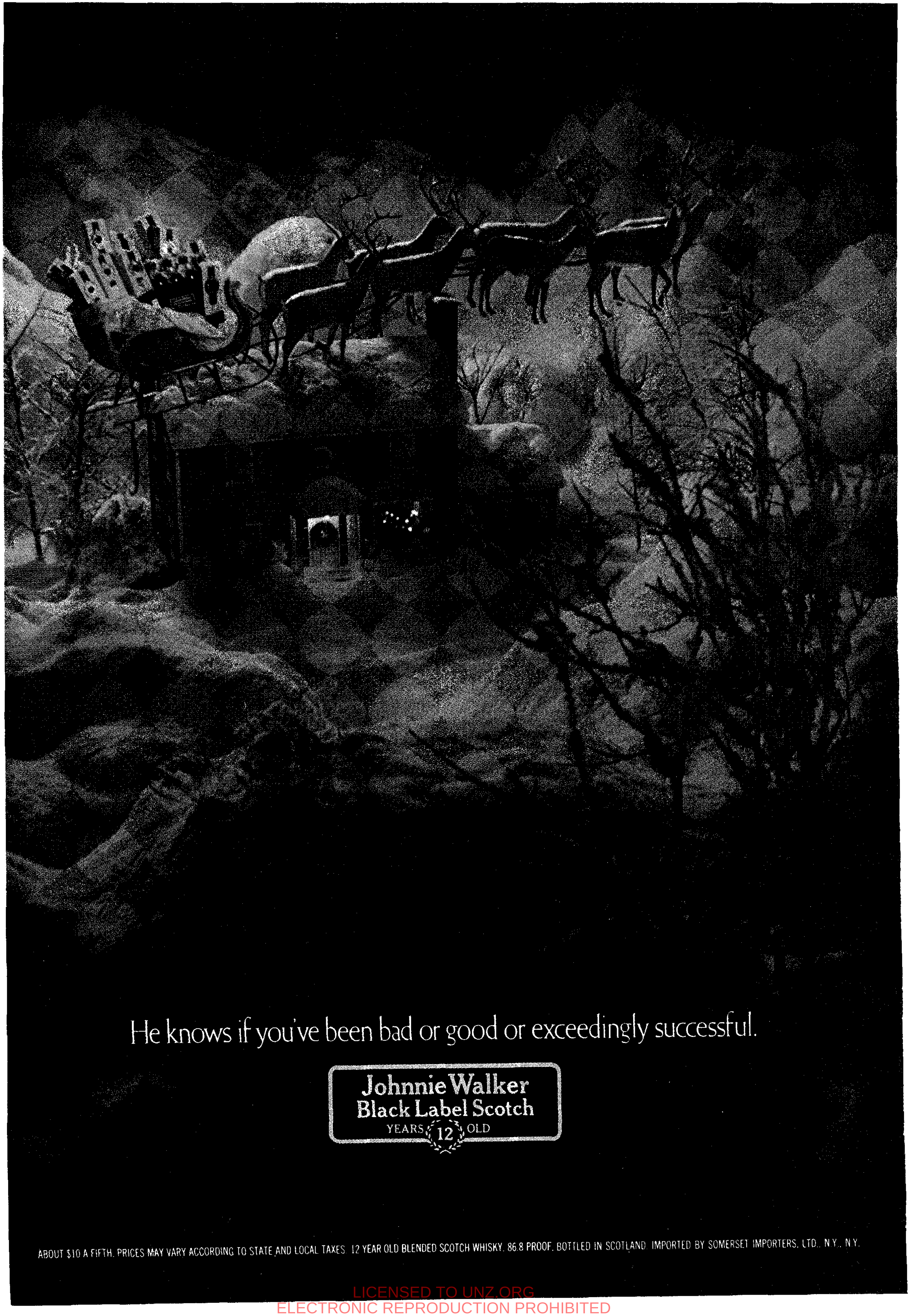
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through Wednesday, Dec. 18-20. Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 14-17, pianist Ray Bryant will lead a trio, and starting Thursday, Dec. 21, pianist Steve Kuhn will lead one. Music from nine to two.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. Mike Abene, a gifted young pianist, is collaborating with bassist Harvey Schwartz. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—It might as well be called Café Congreve, for the ways of the wicked world we would all like to live in are merrily set forth by the words and music of Bobby Short, nine-forty-five until one-forty-five, every night but Sunday and Monday. His accomplices are the perennial Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Teddy Wilson has returned to the Steinway and is showing his time-tested mettle in company with bassist Al Bruno. On Sundays, Dick Hyman brings his ripple-jazz approach to the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining in pleasant surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and take your chances (some of the acts here are topflight, some not). Through Saturday, Dec. 16, Roy Haynes, a solid drummer, will lead his Hip Ensemble. The mikes are switched on at about nine. No music Sundays or Mondays.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Coffee and contemporaneity. Rock groups play for dancing every night but Wednesday, when a twenty-nine-piece band named Brownie's Revenge takes the stand and people sit and listen. Closed Tuesdays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A felicitous combination of music, ambience, and circumstance has turned this little corner into a solid winner. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of tried-and-true sensibilities, plays with flawless taste, accompanied by bassist Al Hall, Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. Sundays, from four until late, Mr. Larkins and others do some jamming. Snacks.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Home (and a sweet one) for the six-stringed instrument. Through Saturday, Dec. 16, Jim Hall, who is one of the best guitarists around, will team with Ron Carter, who is one of the best bassists around. Sam Brown, guitar, and Midge Pike, bass, open Tuesday, Dec. 19. They will alternate with a jazz-and-classics guitarist named David Qualey. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. A limited soul-food menu.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its new, sleek, slick midtown home, this club is offering two jazz groups each night. Through Saturday, Dec. 16, singer Anita O'Day, backed by a trio, will play opposite a fivesome led by trumpeter Joe Newman. Monday through Saturday, Dec. 18-23, Miss O'Day will trade sets with the reliable Al Cohn-Zoot Sims quintet. Sundays, between seven and one, pianist Duke Pearson leads a seventeen-piece band.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Tuesday, when Jimmy Young takes over. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland. Roy Eldridge, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, Eddie Locke, and Bobby Pratt are the musicians. Closed Sundays.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—The bar is a museum piece, and the musical emphasis is on vocalists. John Hartford, who still is best known as the man who wrote "Gentle on My Mind," will appear through Sunday, Dec. 17. Singer-guitarist David Nichtern will be on the same program. On Mondays, various other entertainers drop in. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Roughhewn furnishings and some rough-and-ready entertainment. Through Sunday, Dec. 17, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band will entertain rurally. John Simon will sing Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 18-19. Doug Kershaw, a Cajun performer who has written a good many swampish songs, comes in on Wednesday, Dec. 20. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Dining downstairs.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the **blue room cabaret,** on the second floor of this theatre complex, some young, insistent, and variously talented performers play and sing at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ In the **oscar wilde room,** on the same floor, an assortment of bands play with great amplification at ten and midnight. When the music lends itself, people dance.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—More than just a pub, this new spot offers Britannic décor and some entertaining music. Tuesday through Saturday, from nine until one, Stan Freeman is at the piano. Mondays, from nine until midnight, clarinettist Woody Allen (the same) leads six of his friends in some rousing New Orleans jazz. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—A bar, some tables, some food, some jazz. Patti Wicks plays a stimulating jazz piano, in company with bassist Perry Lind, Tuesdays through Thursdays. No music Sundays or Mondays.

Onliest Place, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The sometime home of the Half Note, which moved to midtown a few weeks ago. The room is dark and the streets are deserted, but the interior sights and sounds are approximately what they always were. Reed man Jimmy Guiffre will direct a trio through Sunday, Dec. 17. Music from nine. Closed Mondays.

Rafiki, 181 Bleecker St. (473-8220)—Formerly farther east, this bar-and-restaurant has moved to the West Village, where it looks entirely at home. Bassist Raphael Grinage and pianist Cecil Young turn out some mainstream jazz Thursdays through Saturdays from eight until two. A comprehensive soul-food menu.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, Delphic but never oracular, answers—in rhymed words and music—the questions that most concern mating man and maid, and answers them wryly and wittily. Jimmy Lyon's piano is her background. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Small jazz groups perform on Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three-thirty in this attractive, restful club. The piano, sad to say, does not come up to the quality of most of those who play it. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15-16, flutist and saxophonist Tyrone Washington will lead a quartet. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 22-23, drummer Al Dreares will be in charge of a trio. Snacks.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Ruth Brown is singing with a trio six nights a week. On Wednesday, Dec. 13, and Thursday, Dec. 21, a threesome led by harpist Daphne Hellman will also appear. On other evenings, an accomplished piano man named Bill Rubenstein starts the evening at about nine-thirty, and goes on to play between sets by the other musicians. Mondays, new talent is auditioned.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The valley of the jolly jazz giants. McCoy Tyner, a strong, advanced pianist, will conduct his quartet through Sunday, Dec. 17. Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 19-21, Gary Bartz will present his NTU Troop. Pianist Chick Corea will bring in a quartet on Friday, Dec. 22. Mondays, the big, dynamic Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band has the stage to itself. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Jim Roberts and Carl Pruitt play Fridays through Sundays. Joanne Brackeen and Herman Wright play Mondays through Thursdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

CABARETS

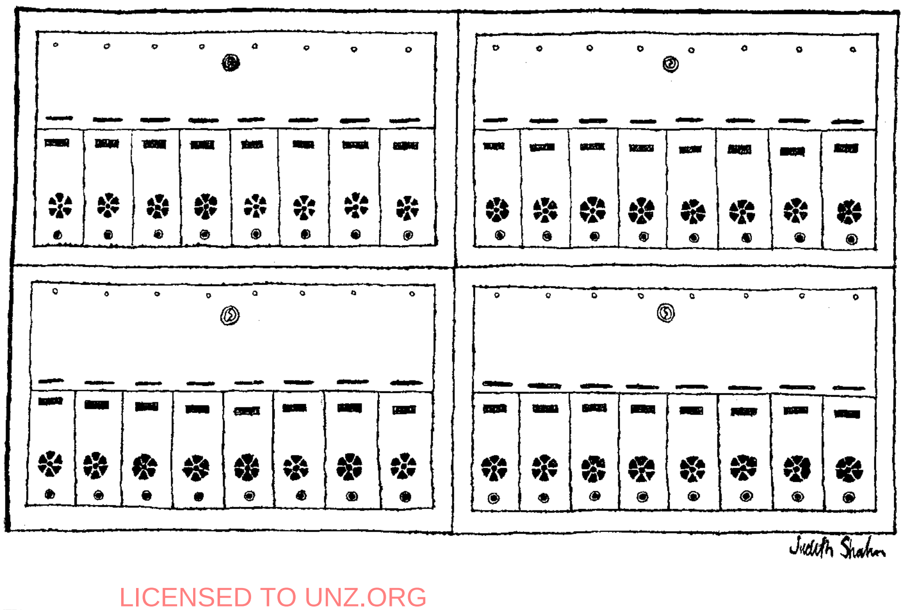
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Comic Morty Storm and soprano Henrietta Valor will be onstage through Saturday, Dec. 16. Monday, Dec. 18, brings on singer John C. Attle and comedian Donny Brooke. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Fridays, and at nine, eleven, and one on Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a new revue,


Judith Shahn

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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is up for inspection at nine and eleven, every night but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*Schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band). The two get along famously and cacophonously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—At dinner and supper, Spanish singer Franciska does a recital, while a vigorous ballet is enacted by the team of Augie & Margo. On Thursday, Dec. 21, another show moves in, headed by Cuban singers Luisa Maria and Rolando Lacerie. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **flamenco room,** there is activity, well along in the evening, by vocal and physical athletes who are madrileños in every respect, performing in a casually formless format until early morn. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Comic George Kirby and Australian singer Wilma Reading will be in residence through Wednesday, Dec. 20. Next evening's arrivals will be singer Ronnie Dyson and comedienne-singer Moms Mabley. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **la forêt,** a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, Mark Monte presides over his dance orchestra during the dinner hour, and predominantly English discothèque music is in effect after eleven: Tuesdays through Saturdays is the schedule. . . . ¶ Through Saturday, Dec. 16, Phil Wayne will be in the **café** with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Herb Winner's triad will be on duty Sunday through Saturday, Dec. 17-23.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The **persian room** is providing a spate of new singers and musicians this season. An outfit known as the Westwood is the current show. The schedule is Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Every night but Sunday, from five to ten, the **green tulip** is patrolled on foot by Sig and Gary, two characters both folksy and rocksy. In addition, there is discothèque dancing from ten to one. . . . ¶ In the **palm court,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand every day from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Mondays through Thursdays from eight to midnight and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Frank Sinatra, Jr., is singing here at dinner and supper. On Monday, Dec. 18, the Duke Ellington band will start playing. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Saturday, Dec. 16, is the final night for Lana Cantrell's songs in the **maisonette.** Blues singer and guitarist Muddy Waters and the Sy Oliver orchestra will take over the dinner and supper sessions on Monday, Dec. 18. The dance bands are Burt Farber's orchestra and Anthony Terini's trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **la boite russe** is a quiet glade stirred only by the fiddle of Janì Sarkozi. The menu is Russian. Closed Mondays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Little Egypt. The interior design is elegantly ornate, and the cuisine is on the *haute* side. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by a hard-sell floor show (all your favorite jukebox hits, etc.). Dancing begins at five, but the live entertainers don't appear until about nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

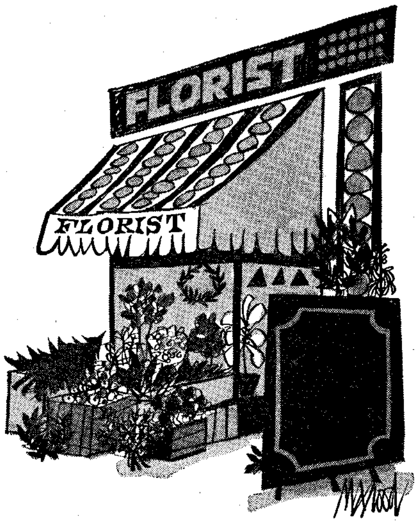
(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

duncan's, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Bill Halsey, a near-complete pianist, goes from Handy to Ellington (and sometimes beyond) between eight-thirty and two Mondays through Saturdays. Leonard Gaskin is his bassist. A gas-light flickers. . . . **dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every night is easily matched right in this spot. Eat, dance (sometimes to rock), and be merry from nine until very, very late, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **adonis,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four. . . . **chez vito,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Sort of a New World *café chantant*, what with Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays. . . . **a quiet little table in the corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Charlie La Torella plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **mykonos,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian quartet. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. Dancing. . . . **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings during dinner and supper. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **paul revere's tavern,** in the Lexington Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 1-1776): This bit of Colonial Americana has gone Gaelic, with Arnold Elder and Brandon Sheridan singing ballads Mondays as well as Wednesdays through Saturdays, and Paddy Noonan and Martin Flynn joining the proceedings Tuesdays through Thursdays. The dinners are Hibernian, too. Silent Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

iperbole, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In the well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The setting is circa 1975, but the music (the voice and guitar of Gino Toscano) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **roma di notte,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Underneath Iperbole, in an equally ornamented, compartmented *grotto*, dance music flows from the Three Romans, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **the griffin,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): The dinner piano in this pleasurable and polite refectory is the work of Gene Bradley. His hours are seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **la bibliothèque,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **drake room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the instrument to other hands on Sundays. . . . **sherry-netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Beau Bergersen, a composer of note, does his own works and those of his compeers every night but Sunday and Monday, from five to nine and ten to one. . . . **jack delaney,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): A recollection of the old supper clubs where the piano man set a mood that kept one ear alert for conversation and the other alert for the music. The practitioners in this extremely matter-of-fact Village grill are Charles De Forest (Mondays and Tuesdays) and Murray Grand (the rest of the nights). Eight to two. . . . **carlton bar-restaurant,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from four-thirty to ten-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **camel driver,** 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Marty Berns' piano is always urbane and frequently nostalgic in this candle-lit, red-carpeted little restaurant. Mondays through Fridays from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **rembrandt room,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Concours d'élégance.* George Feyer's Viennese piano and occasional murmured lyrics (they run from eight-thirty to one-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays) are in precisely the right place. . . . **monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the roads that lead to Rome. On and around a wayside bandstand is a crew of musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **barclay hotel,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): On the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, in the King's Inn when it's time for dinner, and in the Gold Room when it's time to be post-prandial, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays, except Dec. 22, is the routine. . . . **nirvana,** penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): A little bit of Bangladesh, with a view. Arooj Lazewal, on sitar, and Badal Roy, on drums and tabla, provide a subdued background for dining, every night but Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **lair,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): Behind the heavy wooden door, a sanctuary in which Larry Oleno sings (troubadours should have been so gifted) and plays piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until midnight. Dining, meanwhile, merges into supping.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

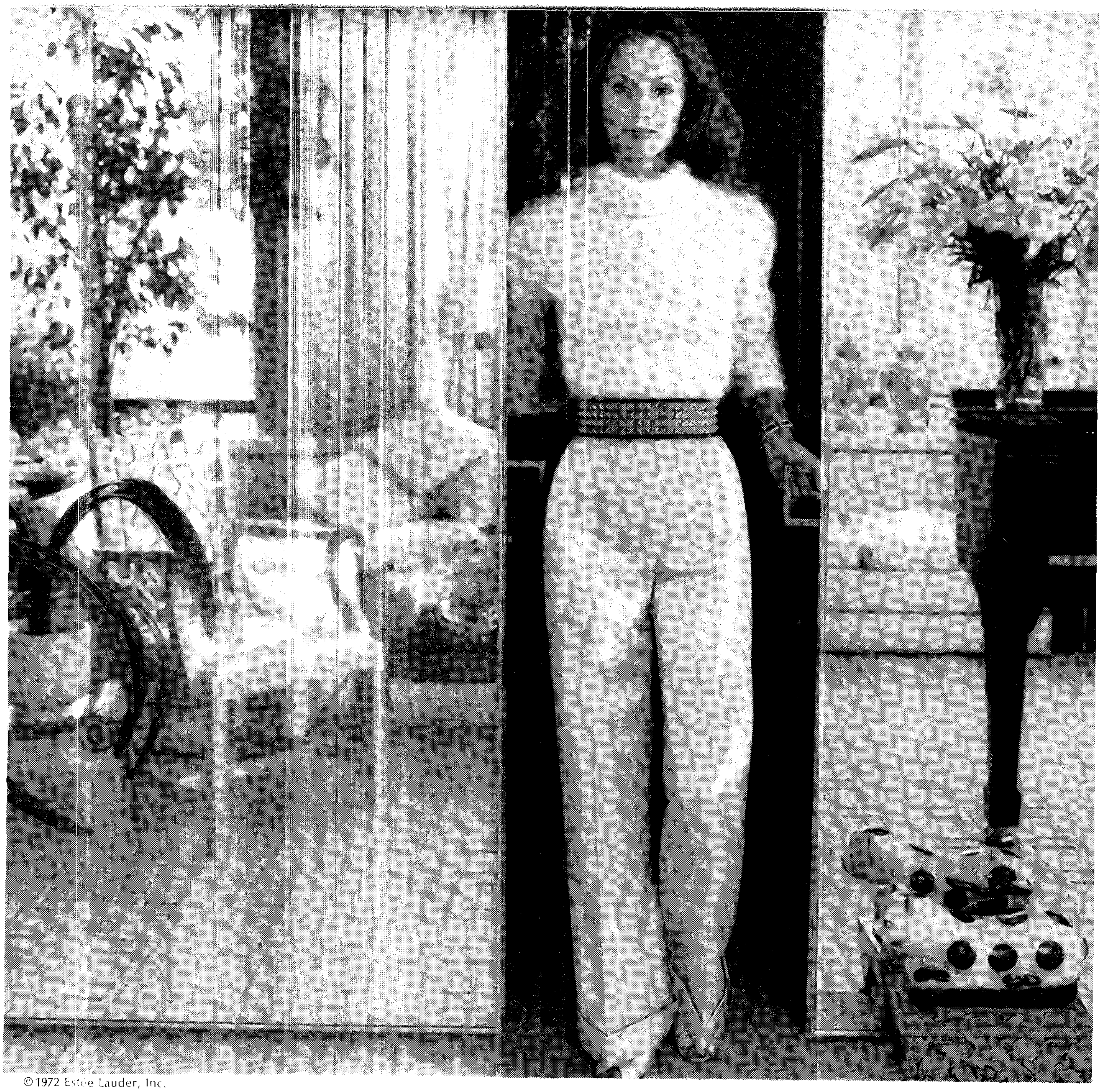
GALLERIES

John Altoon (1925-69)—Drawings in several mediums of erotic subjects handled with fantasy and fun; starting Saturday, Dec. 16. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Shusaku Arakawa—Large canvases that incorporate words; through Dec. 30. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Edward Avedisian—Expressionist paintings on wood that emphasize texture; through Jan. 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Drawings by this



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American colorist; through Friday, Dec. 15. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

Peter Bardazzi—Abstract compositions in acrylic and charcoal; through Friday, Dec. 22. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Natalie Bieser / Joseph Raffael—Sculptures of sticks, cord, and beads. / Landscapes with detailed surfaces. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Through Jan. 4. Closed Mondays.)

Nell Blaine—Oils, watercolors, and ink drawings by a well-known figurative and landscape artist; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Janet Braun-Reinitz—Erotic paintings; through Dec. 28. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Brooks—Paintings by a prominent Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Bert Carpenter—Heads and eggs painted close up; through Jan. 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucien Day—City and country landscapes; through Jan. 4. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

José de Creeft—Figurative sculptures in stone and polished brass; through Jan. 6. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Dobkin—Graphics from 1932 to the present, as well as watercolors and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—Watercolors by a pioneer American abstractionist; starting Tuesday, Dec. 19. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

Sam Francis—Works on paper by this first-generation Abstract Expressionist, in a show that is running simultaneously with the one at the Whitney Museum; through Jan. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Helen Frankenthaler—The first sculptures shown by the artist, in addition to works on paper; through Dec. 30. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Kristina Friberg—Abstract embroideries, some of them evocative of landscapes; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Ginnever—Monumental painted sculptures of steel or wood, one making use of a tree cut by the artist in Vermont; through Feb. 28. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, at 47th St.)

Arshile Gorky (1904-48)—Paintings and drawings; through Friday, Dec. 22. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Greene—Figurative and abstract drawings in an Expressionist mood; through Dec. 30. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mary Grigoriadis / Dotty Attie—Abstract oil paintings stressing texture. / Drawings that relate to Old Master images. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Through Dec. 27. Closed Mondays.)

Red Grooms—A backdrop by this Pop "naïve," done for a film he made in his studio, plus paintings and constructions; through Jan. 4. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Indiana—Paintings and sculptures employing geometric shapes, numbers, and letters by this Pop artist; through Dec. 30. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Will Insley—Thirty drawings of four imaginary buildings; through Friday, Dec. 22. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Friday, Dec. 15, from 10 to 4; Friday, Dec. 22, from 10 to noon.)

Angelo Ippolito—Paintings that combine interior and exterior scenes in stylized forms; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Kawashima—Abstract stone sculptures; through Dec. 30. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Posters and prints from the twenties and thirties by a socially conscious Expressionist; through Jan. 6. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Joseph Kosuth—Conceptual works, 1965 to 1967; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Gary Kuehn—Poured-paint canvases by a sculptor; through Dec. 29. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Les Levine—Objects having to do with this artist's speculations about art and its public; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Noel Mahaffey—Realistic paintings of city scenes; through Dec. 30. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Claudio Marzollo—Kinetic sculptures in glass boxes, with changing colors; through Jan. 10. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

André Masson—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings of four decades by a foremost Surrealist; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rory McEwen—Realistic oil paintings of vegetables, flowers, and grasses; through Jan. 9. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

John L. McNally—Wood sculptures and kinetic- and static-light compositions; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (West Side Gallery, 250 W. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1:30 to 6.)

Clement Meadmore—Abstract steel sculptures; through Jan. 3. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Willard Midgette—Two works, one consisting of seven painted panels representing the rehearsal of a dance company being painted by the artist, the other comprising two panels depicting family life; through Dec. 30. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Amedeo Modigliani (1884-1920)—Six oils, four gouaches, seventeen drawings, and one stone sculpture; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Prints and clay pieces; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucas Samaras—Chicken-wire boxes in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Whitney Museum; through Jan. 3. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fred Sandback—Constructions in colored elastic cord; through Jan. 3. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Shirlann Smith—Paintings of textures with superimposed irregular abstract figures; starting Saturday, Dec. 16. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Bob Stanley—Realistic paintings, most of them of nature, in sharply contrasting colors; through Dec. 26. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Stokes / Kathleen Cooke—Atmospheric abstractions. / Sculptures, paintings, and drawings of animals. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Through Saturday, Dec. 16.)

Robert Vickrey—Magic Realist interiors and landscapes with figures; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Jo Warner—Wall pieces of assembled materials mounted on plywood; through Dec. 30. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

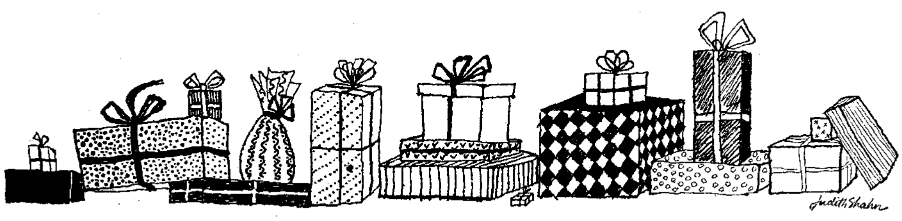
Group Shows—At the **EMMERICH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth-century Navajo blankets, pre-Columbian gold ornaments, and painted and sculpted Mayan ceramics; through Jan. 3. (Closed Mondays.)... **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Tapestries by twentieth-century artists, among them Picasso, Klee, Chaim Gross, and Joseph Hirsch; through Friday, Dec. 22. (Closed Mondays.)... **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Contemporary paintings of birds of North America; through Dec. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Nineteenth-century American landscapes, individual and group portraits, and still-lifes; through Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays.)... **HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF NEW YORK**, 128 W. 58th St.: Sculptures by Boxer, Calder, Hepworth, Lassaw, Nadelman, Nevelson, and others, in a setting of plant arrangements; through Friday, Dec. 15.... **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Masters of German Expressionism, such as Kandinsky, Jawlensky, Marc, Macke, and Kirchner; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Paintings by nineteenth-century Americans; through Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.)... **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A hundred sculptures, paintings, drawings, and prints devoted to humor, satire, and irony by such artists as Bombois, Botero, Red Grooms, William King, Klee, Magritte, Picasso, and Saul Steinberg; through Tuesday, Dec. 19. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Works in several mediums by a large group of artists, among them Bonnard, Dubuffet, Korbel, Ernst, and Oldenburg; through Jan. 13. (Closed Mondays.)... **WASHBURN**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures of the nineteen-forties exhibited by Baroness Hilla Rebay, then director of the Guggenheim Museum of Non-Objective Painting; through Jan. 20. (Closed Mondays.)

Note—During the holiday season, many galleries, with an eye on the Christmas tree, are exhibiting special selections of paintings and sculptures, prints, and drawings. Herewith a few of them: **ADAM**, 21 E. 73rd St.; closed Mondays.... **ARTISTS EQUITY ASSOCIATION**, 1780 Broadway, at 57th St.; Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 4, and Saturdays, 11 to 3:30.... **BODLEY**, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.; closed Mondays.... **COOPER**, 100 Prince St.; closed Mondays.... **CUNINGHAM WARD**, 94 Prince St.; closed Mondays.... **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.; closed Mondays.... **FISCHBACH**, 29 W. 57th St.; closed Mondays.... **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.... **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.; closed Mondays.... **LOGIUDICE**, 59 Wooster St.; closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.... **PRINCE STREET GALLERY**, 106 Prince St.; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.... **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—An exhibit of highlights of the career of Marcel Breuer, including photomurals, models and plans of buildings, furniture, tapestries, and full-scale mockups of elements of projects (the columns of the I.B.M. Research Center in France and the tree columns from the library at St. John's Abbey and University, in Minnesota); through Jan. 14.... ¶ Forty works by Whistler—oils, selections from a scrapbook, watercolors, drawings, lithographs, and woodcuts; through Dec. 26. ...¶ Medieval and Renaissance stained-glass windows from six European nations; through Feb. 28....¶ Nine paintings done by Hans Hofmann a few years before his death; through Jan. 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and fifty examples of African tex-



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tiles and body ornaments; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Ninety paintings, collages, and sculptures, done in the first four decades of the twentieth century, from the Louise and Walter Arensberg and Albert Eugene Gallatin collections, now owned by the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Among them are ten sculptures by Brancusi, eleven major Picassos, and works by Léger, Matisse, Duchamp, Miró, Rousseau, and many others. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings by Jean Dubuffet, which survey his career as a draftsman from 1944 to 1966; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the work of Diane Arbus (1923-71), consisting of a hundred and twenty-five photographic portraits; through Jan. 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Approximately sixty paintings by Joan Miró, of the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-sixties, with a less figurative emphasis; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Eighty sculptures and drawings executed between 1965 and 1970 by Eva Hesse (1936-70), well-known Minimalist; through Feb. 11. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective exhibit of three hundred and seventy-seven works covering the entire career of the post-Surrealist Lucas Samaras, including sculptures, designs, and mixed-media works; through Jan. 27. A complementary show is at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty paintings done between 1947 and the present, constituting a retrospective of the work of Sam Francis, an early Abstract Expressionist; through Jan. 14. A complementary show is at the Emmerich Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Lithographs from 1923 to the present by Louis Lozowick, the well-known New York printmaker; through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The eighteenth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints; through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ About a hundred Japanese wood-block prints (1860-63) reflecting the influence on Japanese art of the opening of the port of Yokohama to foreigners; through Jan. 28. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs and color slides of shells, along with examples, marking the publication of a book on the subject by Andreas Feininger and William K. Emerson; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by such artists as Benny Andrews, Ann Freilich, Howard Kanovitz, and Herman Rose, eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Sunday, Dec. 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese landscape paintings from the eleventh century to the eighteenth, devoted to the theme of mountains and rivers, wintry forests, and old trees; through Jan. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A hundred and fourteen drawings done between 1893 and 1946 by Pierre Bonnard (1867-1947); through Wednesday, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Sculptures by Boris Lovet-Lorski; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Photographic and sound documentation of Ulster today by Les Levine; through Jan. 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Sketches by E. Lee Spruyt of architectural details and interior rooms of the Old Met; through Jan. 6. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The Heineman Collection of musical manuscripts and letters by major composers (Bach, Mozart, Wagner, and the like) and German and French books, manuscripts, and letters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by Schiller, Kant, Voltaire, Balzac, and others; through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Twenty-three brilliantly colored illuminations from a fourteenth-century choir book, recently linked together and attributed to a Florentine abbot; through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Autograph letters of an intimate nature by personages in the fields of politics, arts, and literature; through Dec. 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Nearly five hundred historical and contemporary objects used in preparing food, from an antique egg separator to a microwave oven. Supplementary slides and films are shown, including the mind-boggling "French Lunch," taken in the kitchen of La Caravel restaurant. Through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—About sixty paintings, many of them illustrations for "Robinson Crusoe," "Kidnapped," "The Last of the Mohicans," and other books, by N. C. Wyeth (1882-1945), the celebrated American illustrator who was the father of Andrew Wyeth; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ About sixty paintings by thirty-one artists constituting a survey of nineteenth-century Italian painting; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures representing various types of current realism in the United States; through Jan. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A luminous aviary of four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors, the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Sumerian cuneiform tablets, Japanese and Nepalese manuscripts, a Mongolian block-printed book, Shakespeare's First Folio, and illustrations of the complex languages of music and mathematics, all contributing to an exhibit portraying the variety of past and present languages; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

New York Pro Musica—A program of Renaissance and medieval Christmas music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15-16, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Ralph Vaughan Williams' Christmas cantata, "Hodie," with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Leo Goeke, tenor; Theodor Uppman, baritone; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 4. Tickets can be bought only at the door.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Jean Hakes and Joan Patenaude, sopranos; Joan Caplan, contralto; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler and Robert White, tenors; Raymond Murcell, baritone; and Andrew Foldi, bass-baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Berlioz' Christmas oratorio, "L'Enfance du Christ," with Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; William Metcalf, baritone; and Ara Berberian, bass. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Handel's "Messiah"—masterwork chorus and orchestra: David Randolph directing the last three in a series of performances. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 17, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 8.) . . . **sing-in at philharmonic hall:** With Allen Sever, organ. Douglas Perry, tenor, and Robert Shiesley, bass, will appear as soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. (Monday, Dec. 18, at 8.) . . . **oratorio society of new york:** T. Charles Lee directing, with Patricia Craig, soprano; Batyah Godfrey, contralto; Dean Wilder, tenor; Robert Hale, bass-baritone;

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Frances Cole, harpsichord; and the Orchestra of America. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8: "Otello," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, Leo Goeke, and Raymond Michalski; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Phyllis Curtin, Lucine Amara, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Stuart Burrows, Donald Gramm, Dominic Cossa, and Paul Plishka; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 15, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Adriana Maliponte, Edda Moser, George Shirley, John Reardon, Hans Sotin, and Donald Gramm; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 16, at 1: "Die Walküre," with Brigit Nilsson, Gwyneth Jones, Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, Theo Adam, and John Macurdy; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Colette Boky, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, Ezio Flagello, Robert Goodloe, Andrij Dobriansky, and Nico Castel; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 18, at 8: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Colette Boky, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, Ezio Flagello, Robert Goodloe, Andrij Dobriansky, and Nico Castel; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Rita Hunter, Gwyneth Jones, Mignon Dunn, Jess Thomas, Thomas Stewart, and Hans Sotin; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Otello," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, Leo Goeke, and Raymond Michalski; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 21, at 8: "Faust," with Adriana Maliponte, Judith Forst, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Matteo Manuguerra, and Cesare Siepi; Roberto Benzi. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 22, at 7: "Siegfried," with Ursula Schröder, Judith Blegen, Ruza Baldani, Helge Brilioth, Ragnar Ulfung, Theo Adam, Gustav Neidlinger, and John Macurdy; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 23, at 2: "Die Zauberflöte," with Adriana Maliponte, Edda Moser, Stuart Burrows, John Reardon, Hans Sotin, and Donald Gramm; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8: "Otello," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, Leo Goeke, and Raymond Michalski; James Levine.

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 15, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 7:30 (all with Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; John Stewart, tenor; Michael Wager, narrator; and the Camerata Singers); and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 21-23, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 7:30 (all with Lorne Munroe, cello).

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Henry Lewis directing, with Clarice Carson, Jeannine Altmeyer, and Anne Paul Chase, sopranos; Jacqueline Pierce, mezzo-soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; and the Newark Boys Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

RECITALS

Juilliard String Quartet—The second in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle, this one with John Graham, viola. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Evenings for New Music—The first in a series of three programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Dorian Woodwind Quintet—A program of music by living American composers. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy and Itzhak Perlman—Piano and violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Computer Music—Works by Charles Dodge and Joseph Olive. (Kitchen, Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 475-9865. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8. You would do well to verify all this by phone before setting out.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Charles Treger, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Jorge Bolet, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, piano and harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 17, at 5.)

Gaby Casadesus and the Guarneri Quartet—An all-Mozart program for piano and strings. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Zara Nelsova and Grant Johannesen—Cello and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Composers' Forum—A program of works by Ira Taxin and Philip Corner. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 3.)

Rhys Chatham and Charles Morrow—A program of new works composed by them for small ensemble and electronic music. (Kitchen, Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 475-9865. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 3. You would do well to verify all this by phone before setting out.)

Ilan Rogoff—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Aeolian Chamber Players—The second in a series of three concerts. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Hamao Fujiwara—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—Presenting "Las Cantigas de Santa Maria," music and verse in the medieval court of King Alfonso X, performed by six singers and instrumentalists and a troubadour-narrator. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 21-22, at 7 and 9:15. For tickets, call 787-1219.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Genesis—With String Driven Thing. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Uriah Heep, Manfred Mann, and Elf—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15-16, at 8. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, Jay & the Americans, the Four Tops, and Martha Reeves—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8.

John Mayall—With Delbert & Glen and Tranquility. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 10.)

Virgil Fox—"Heavy Organ," an all-Bach concert. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Judy Collins—With Hamid Hamilton Camp and the Skymonters. (Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 22-23, at 8.)

Fleetwood Mac, McKendree Spring, and Pure Prairie League—Academy of Music. Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8 and (plus Dick Heckstall-Smith) 11.

Grand Funk—With Freddie King. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Sunday, Dec. 17, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Utah, Friday, Dec. 22, at 8:05. . . . MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Cleveland Browns. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 1.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Raiders vs. Quebec, Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Winnipeg, Sunday, Dec. 17, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh, Sunday, Dec. 17, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Atlanta, Thursday, Dec. 21, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Raiders vs.

Ottawa, Friday, Dec. 22, at 7:30. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver, Thursday, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Minnesota, Saturday, Dec. 23.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Daily at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 16. The Display Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 16. . . LIBERTY BELL, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 3. The Heritage, Saturday, Dec. 16. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Jan. 1.

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches, Saturday, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 17. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100. Matches begin at about 10. No tickets necessary.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 16.

FOR CHILDREN

OPERETTAS—THE WORLD OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN: An anthology of excerpts from Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. (Alice Tully Hall, 362-1911. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2 and 8.) . . . LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN: "The Mikado," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 16-17, at 4. . . . ¶ "Iolanthe," Saturday, Dec. 23, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 16-17, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . KING'S PLAYERS: "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." (Town Hall, JU 2-4536. Saturdays at 2.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Stars of Christmas." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM LIBRARY, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Gargoyles, Monsters, and Other Beasts," an exhibition of twenty-four sculptures by children, together with nine works by Shay Rieger; through Saturday, Jan. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MOVIES—At BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC: "Heidi," with Maximilian Schell and Jean Simmons, Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Flight of the Doves," with Ron Moody and Jack Wild, Saturday, Dec. 23, at 2:30. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.) . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): "Heidi," with Maximilian Schell and Jean Simmons, Saturday, Dec. 23, at 3.

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

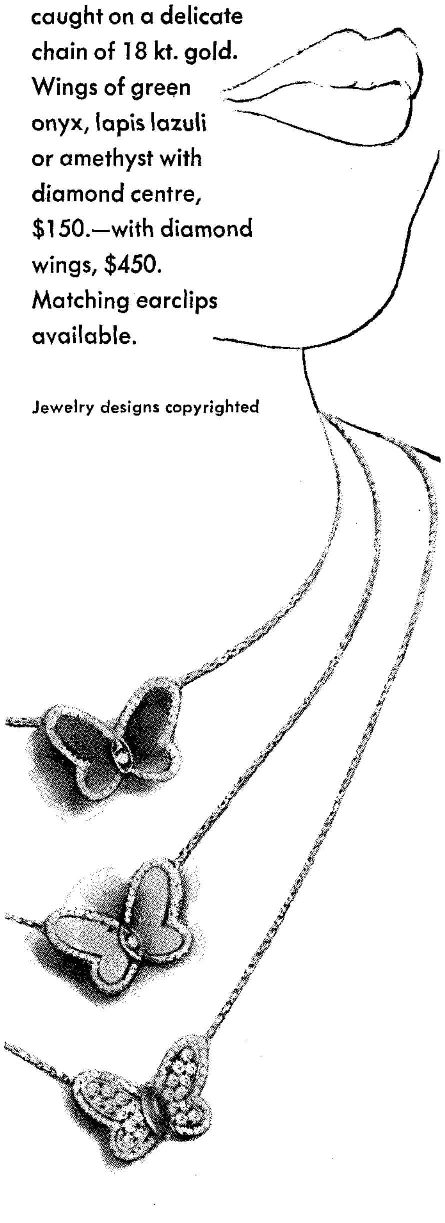
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn Tuesday, Dec. 19), as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—James Harrison and Brian Swan reading from their own poetry. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8.) . . . ¶ Anthony Burgess reading from James Joyce's "Ulysses." (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 2 and 8: Twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and watercolors by such artists as Shahn, Dove, and Prendergast. The property of Mrs. Edward F. Hutton and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 14, at 10:15 and 2: American Indian and Eskimo art, from several owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 15, at 2: Art Deco silver, pottery, glass, paintings, textiles, and furniture; from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2: Furniture, decorations, and rugs; from various collections. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, belonging to several collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 2: Modern and other illustrated books and fine bindings, from many sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 2: Georgian and Victorian silver, from various owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 14.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 13 at 5:30: "Under the Roofs of Paris" (1929), in French, directed by René Clair; no English titles. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 5:30: "St. Michael Has a Rooster" (1971), in Italian, directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 8: "Every Sunday Morning" (1972), in Italian, directed by Carlo Tuzii. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 2: "The Guest" (1971), in Italian, directed by Liliana Cavani. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 5:30 and Dec. 16 at noon: "Kriemhild's Revenge" (Part II of "Die Nibelungen;" 1923), directed by Fritz Lang; English and German titles. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 3: "The Techniques and the Rite" (1971), in Italian, directed by Miklós Jancsó. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 5:30: "Tatu' Bola" (1971), in Portuguese, directed by Glauber Rocha, Francesco Tullio Altan, Gianni Barcelloni, and Joel Barcellos. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 12:30 and 3: "Peck's Bad Boy" (1921), directed by Sam Wood, with Jackie Coogan. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 5:30: "The End of the Game" (1970), in Italian, directed by Gianni Amelio. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 2: "Tatu' Bola" (1971). . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 5:30: "The Technique and the Rite" (1971). . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 2: "The Southerner" (1945), directed by Jean Renoir, with Betty Field and Zachary Scott. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 5:30: A program of films by Keith Rodan. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 5:30: "The Southerner" (1945). . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 1: "The Aeneid, Parts I, II, III, and IV" (1971), in Italian, directed by Franco Rossi. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 7: "The Aeneid, Parts V, VI, and VII" (1971). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—The last two programs in a series of films directed by Donald Siegel: Through Dec. 14: "Dirty Harry" (1971), with Clint Eastwood. . . . Dec. 15-16: "Baby Face Nelson" (1957), with Mickey Rooney. . . . ¶ Dec. 17: To be announced. . . . ¶ Dec. 20-21: "I'll Be Seeing You" (1945), directed by William Dieterle, with Ginger Rogers and Joseph Cotten. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Melies, Ozu, Smith, Renoir, Rossellini, Snow, Riefenstahl, Vigo, Vertov, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except Dec. 19 and 21) at 10. No Mondays. . . . WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Dec. 13: "Eat the Document." Showings at 2:20, 3:30, and 4:40. . . . ¶ Dec. 14-20: "Here Comes Every Body," directed by John Whitmore. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 5:45, 7:30, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings). . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 21: "Come to Your Senses," directed by Bernard Gunther. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6, 7:40, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

CHRISTMAS AND HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR LIVING—Sundays, from 1 to 5, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 59th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, is closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall. . . . ¶ On Thursday, Dec. 21, at 6:30, the Lincoln Center Christmas tree will be lighted. Following the ceremony, the public is invited to join in the singing of carols around Lincoln Center fountain, along with George Shirley, tenor, and the New Age Brass Ensemble, conducted by Leonard de Paur.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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17	18	19	20	21		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 19: "Four Nights of a Dreamer."
From Dec. 20: "Greaser's Palace."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Dec. 16: "42nd Street" and "Gold Diggers of 1933."
Dec. 17-19: "Holiday in Mexico" and "Fiesta."
From Dec. 20: "A Star Is Born."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Dec. 19: "Casablanca," "The Maltese Falcon," and "Little Caesar."
From Dec. 20: "Zachariah" and "Medicine Ball Caravan," plus "The T.A.M.I. Show" and "T.N.T. Show."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 16: "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races."
Dec. 17-19: "The Big Store" and "At the Circus."
From Dec. 20: "Sounder."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Moonwalk One."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Dec. 14: "Conquest" and "Gaslight."
Dec. 15-17: "Queen Christina" and "Bombshell."
From Dec. 18: "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 18: "The Valachi Papers."
From Dec. 19: "The Getaway."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Dec. 16: "The Emigrants."
From Dec. 17: "The Heartbreak Kid."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Dec. 16: "They Only Kill Their Masters."
From Dec. 17: "Avanti!"

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Child's Play."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Dec. 16: "Sounder."
From Dec. 17: "Travels with My Aunt."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 16: "Honey Comb."
From Dec. 17: "Pete 'n' Tillie."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 19: "Two English Girls."
Dec. 20: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 21: "Up the Sandbox."

R.K.O. 59th st. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Dec. 19: "Black Girl."
From Dec. 20: "Last House on the Left."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Dec. 19: "Asylum."
From Dec. 20: "Hit Man."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Dec. 20: "The Ruling Class."
From Dec. 21: "Cries and Whispers."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Dec. 19: "A Separate Peace."
From Dec. 20: "The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Dec. 16: "The King of Marvin Gardens."
From Dec. 17: "Images."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Young Winston."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Traffic."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Dec. 20: "Deliverance."
From Dec. 21: "Jeremiah Johnson."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 19: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" and "Minnie and Moskowitz."
From Dec. 20: "Oliver!"

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Dec. 18: "Gone with the Wind."
From Dec. 19: "Across 110th Street."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 16: "Rage" and "The Arrangement."
From Dec. 17: "Avanti!"

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 18: "Lady Sings the Blues."
From Dec. 19: "The Getaway."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Dec. 17: "The Valachi Papers."
From Dec. 18: "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Great Waltz."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 19: "Black Girl."
From Dec. 20: "Last House on the Left."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
Through Dec. 19: "Asylum."
From Dec. 20: "Hit Man."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 19: "The Battle of Algiers" and "Women in Love."
From Dec. 20: "A Separate Peace."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 19: "Gone with the Wind."
From Dec. 20 (tentative): "The Assassination of Trotsky" and "The Trojan Women."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Dec. 19: "Heat," "Is There Sex After Death?," "Fantasia," "The New Centurions," "$," "The French Connection," and "M*A*S*H."
From Dec. 20: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Dec. 14: "Juliet of the Spirits" and "Red Desert."
Dec. 15-17: "Ulysses" and "Passages from Finnegans Wake."
Dec. 18-19: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" and "Mon Oncle."
Dec. 20-21: "Last Year at Marienbad" and "Lola Montès."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Dec. 19: "School Girls Growing Up" and "Toys Are Not for Children."
From Dec. 20: "Asylum" and "Necromancy."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Man of La Mancha."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Dec. 14: "Dumbo" and "The Legend of Lobo."
From Dec. 15: "Snoopy, Come Home."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"1776."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Sleuth."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Fellini's Roma."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 19: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 20: "Oliver!"

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Limelight."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Dec. 13: "A Man and a Woman."
From Dec. 14: "César and Rosalie."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Dec. 19: "The Godfather."
From Dec. 20: "The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 20: "Belated Flowers."
From Dec. 21: "Prince Igor."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Dec. 19: "You'll Like My Mother" and "Sweet Charity."
From Dec. 20: To be announced.

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Dec. 19: "Finian's Rainbow" and "The Twelve Chairs."
From Dec. 20: To be announced.

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Dec. 19: "Asylum."
From Dec. 20: "Oliver!"

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 17: "Show Boat" and "Singin' in the Rain."
From Dec. 18: A Jerry Lewis festival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 19: "Last of the Red Hot Lovers" and "Where's Poppa?"
From Dec. 20: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" and "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?"

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 13: "Forbidden Games" and "Mouchette."
Dec. 14: "Kanchenjungha" and "Mahanagar."
Dec. 15-18: "Kanal" and "Ashes and Diamonds."
Dec. 19-20: "The Cranes Are Flying" and "Ballad of a Soldier."
Dec. 21: "Antigone" and "Justine."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Dec. 18: "Gone with the Wind."
From Dec. 19: "Across 110th Street."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
Through Dec. 19: "Love Under 17" and "The Sensuous Teenager."
From Dec. 20: "Sounder."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 19: "La Salamandre" and "Une Femme Douce."
From Dec. 20: "The Great Dictator" and another feature, to be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Across 110th Street—With Anthony Quinn, Yaphet Kotto, and Anthony Franciosa, directed by Barry Shear. (Juliet 2 and Riverside; starting Dec. 19.)

Antigone (1961)—There are some masterly sequences in George Tzavellas's neglected version of the Sophocles drama, as well as a strong, fine performance by Irene Papas and a great Creon by Manos Katrakis. In modern Greek. (Thalia; Dec. 21.)

The Arrangement (1969)—Elia Kazan wrote and directed this monstrously unconvincing story of a successful advertising man's breakdown. With Kirk Douglas, Faye Dunaway, and Deborah Kerr. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 16.)

Ashes and Diamonds (1958)—The third (but self-contained) film in Andrzej Wajda's wonderful triptych about the young Communist generation in Warsaw in the months during and after the Second World War. The star is Cybulski, debonair, playing one of two patriots of the Warsaw uprising who arrive at a banquet with orders to kill. When he is killed himself, in a chase that leads through a yard full of laundry, he looks like a child playing ghost wrapped in a sheet. People call Wajda romantic, but the trilogy is something else: far-sighted about what was to happen politically, with a hard-won gaiety deeply bitten with the knowledge that the only other option was fear. In Polish. (Thalia; Dec. 15-18.)

The Assassination of Trotsky—Not for anyone who knows, or cares, anything about Leon Trotsky. With Richard Burton as a stuffed-shirt Trotsky, and Alain Delon as the angel-of-death assassin; directed by Joseph Losey. (Greenwich; starting Dec. 20, tentative.)

Asylum—With Peter Cushing and Britt Ekland, directed by Roy Ward Baker. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd St.; through Dec. 19. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Dec. 20.)

At the Circus (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to fire Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (Gramercy; Dec. 17-19.)

Avanti!—With Jack Lemmon and Juliet Mills, directed by Billy Wilder. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Dec. 17.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1959)—A film about the Second World War that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic es-

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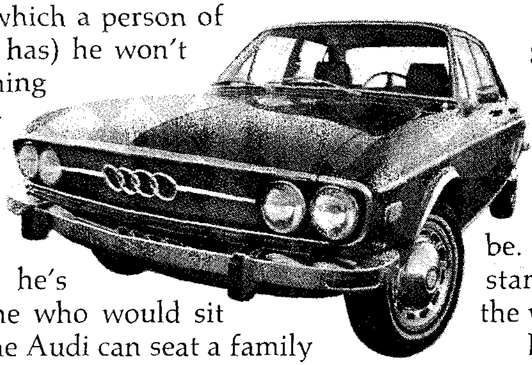

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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says. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. In Russian. (Thalia; Dec. 19-20.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 19.)

Belated Flowers—Directed by Abram Room. In Russian. (Regency; through Dec. 20.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite took over the movie, which is far from inspired, though it does have Margaret Dumont and that great slimy villain Douglass Dumbrille. (Gramercy; Dec. 17-19.)

Black Girl—The ad, featuring a girl with a knife in her hand, is deceptive: this isn't another black exploitation film. Peggy Pettitt is the young girl, living in a matriarchal family, who tries to free herself from the patterns of ghetto apathy and become a dancer. The structure resembles the well-made second-rate serious play of thirty years ago, and the movie is faltering and clumsy, but it's an honest, straightforward attempt to express black experiences. The actors embody these experiences even when the theatrical mechanisms get in the way. Ossie Davis directed, from J.E. Franklin's adaptation of her own Off Broadway play. With the talented, queenly Louise Stubbs as the girl's mother; that powerhouse Claudia McNeil as the grandmother; Brock Peters; and, regrettably, the miscast Leslie Uggams. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Dec. 19.)

Bombshell (1933)—Great fun in the uninhibited early-thirties style. A wisecracking comedy-satire, with Jean Harlow in the title role as a good-hearted dumb blond movie star, and also with Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone, Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, and Isabel Jewell. Victor Fleming directed rather raucously, but from a good screenplay by John Lee Mahin and Jules Furthman. (Murray Hill; Dec. 15-17.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 19.)

César and Rosalie—With Yves Montand and Romy Schneider, directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Paris; starting Dec. 14.)

Child's Play—Based on the Broadway play by Robert Marasco, with James Mason, Robert Preston, and Beau Bridges. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Fine Arts.)

Conquest (1937)—Charles Boyer as Napoleon, and Garbo as Countess Marie Walewska of Poland. They had an illegitimate son. The censors of the time caused a two-year wrangle that resulted in four versions of the film; the moral Cerberuses wanted a final meeting of the parents and child that would represent "a forceful illustration of the tragedy of having been born out of wedlock." Pretty high on the Garbo list. (Murray Hill; through Dec. 14.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1957)—The Mikhail Kalatozov film was made during the de-Stalinization period of the late fifties; set during the Second World War, it deals with a beautiful Moscow girl (the lovely Tatiana Samoilova) who is trapped in a loveless marriage with an unpatriotic and hence decadent pianist after her fiancé (Alexei Batalov) goes to the front. Somewhat silly, but with fine sequences, and Miss Samoilova, a grandniece of Stanislavsky, does him honor. In Russian. (Thalia; Dec. 19-20.)

Cries and Whispers—Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Cinema I; starting Dec. 21.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Gramercy; through Dec. 16.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Loews Tower East; through Dec. 20.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

$—Bank heist in Hamburg, masterminded by Warren Beatty, assisted by Goldie Hawn as a kook hooker. For the first twenty minutes, it's impossible to know what's going on; after that, there are so many camera setups and such noisy, overextended chases that the whole thing becomes hectic and exhausting. Overwritten and overdirected by Richard Brooks. (Quad Cinema 3; through Dec. 19.)

Dumbo (1941)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon. Small children react with terror when Dumbo's mother is forcibly separated from him. (Guild; through Dec. 14.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—Based on the Paul Zindel play, with Joanne Woodward. Directed by Paul Newman. (Cinema II and Paramount; starting Dec. 20.)

The Emigrants—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant film; Troell's achievement is prodigious. With Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish. (Sutton; through Dec. 16.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Symphony; starting Dec. 20.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others), and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Quad Cinema 2; through Dec. 19.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say, "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini is the only star in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth, and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Festival.)

Une Femme Douce (1969)—Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first time in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together, which Bresson's technique throws deliberately into the past tense in our minds. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (Olympia; through Dec. 19.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (U. A. East, Waverly, and Cinema Studio.)

Fiesta (1947)—Esther Williams looked great wet, so M-G-M kept searching for stories in which she could be dunked. This is one of the most stupid—a mixture of swimming and Mexican songs. With Cyd Charisse, Ricardo Montalban, and Akim Tamiroff. Directed by Richard Thorpe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 17-19.)

Finian's Rainbow (1968)—Some of the whimsy in this message operetta is hard to take, but Francis Ford Coppola has done his best to keep things moving in a carefree, relaxing way. He is helped by Petula Clark, Al Freeman, Jr., and Keenan Wynn; Fred Astaire is there, too, and Tommy Steele. (Beacon; through Dec. 19.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—René Clément's beautiful, lacerating film on the themes of innocence and war. On a crowded highway outside Paris in 1940, a delicate five-year-old girl wanders away from the strafed bodies of her parents, clutching her dead puppy in her arms. She and a peasant boy become playmates: their game—their passion—is to collect dead animals for their private cemetery, and for this game they steal crosses from churches and graveyards. A harshly ironic classic of the French postwar period. With Brigitte Fossey. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 13.)

42nd Street (1933)—This big, cheerful Warners musical was a remake of the 1929 "On with the Show," but it gave new life to the clichés that have kept parodists happy; what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, George Brent, and Ginger Rogers. The songs, by Al Dubin and Harry Warren, include "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" and "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me." Lloyd Bacon directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Dec. 16.)

Four Nights of a Dreamer—Robert Bresson used to postpone emotion deliberately; here he postpones it indefinitely. Expressionlessly, the non-actors talk of love, in this adaptation of the same early Dostoevski story, "White Nights," that Visconti filmed in 1957. Bresson sets it in modern Paris, in color and with pop music on the track, but the Paris his characters live in might be a crypt. The mixture of the director's famed austerity with his new facetiousness is a mistake: the picture is so lifeless and empty, and so silly, that it borders on deadpan absurdism. In French. (Art; through Dec. 19.)

The French Connection (1971)—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slambang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the low-life police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Quad Cinema 4; through Dec. 19.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the

Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Dec. 19.)

Gaslight (1944)—Enjoyable, expensively produced pseudo-Victorian thriller. Ingrid Bergman, who won the Academy Award for her performance, is the cherubic bride terrorized by the grisly, dirty tricks of her husband, Charles Boyer. The Patrick Hamilton stage success was toned up for this version, directed by George Cukor. The cast includes Joseph Cotten, the teen-aged Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty. (Murray Hill; through Dec. 14.)

The Getaway—With Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw, directed by Sam Peckinpah. (34th St. East and Loews Orpheum; starting Dec. 19.)

The Godfather—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Paramount; through Dec. 19.)

Gold Diggers of 1933 (1933)—A funny, good-natured, innocently crude Depression musical that sums up what is meant by the phrase "pure thirties." Ginger Rogers sings "We're in the Money" in pig Latin, and electrically wired chorus girls singing "In the shadows let me come and sing to you" merge to form a big illuminated violin. Mervyn LeRoy directed and Busby Berkeley choreographed; it's Warners, of course, and the cast includes Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Aline MacMahon, Warren William, Ruby Keeler, Ned Sparks, and Etta Moten (singing "Remember My Forgotten Man"). The songs are by Al Dubin and Harry Warren. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Dec. 16.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Juliet 2 and Riverside; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Dec. 19.)

Greaser's Palace—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. Downey seems for the moment to have abandoned his cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (Art; starting Dec. 20.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Olympia; starting Dec. 20.)

The Great Waltz—With Horst Buchholz playing Johann Strauss. Directed by Andrew L. Stone, the foremost primitive at work in the

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musical form. (This is not a compliment.) (86th St. East. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45, and Sundays at 6 and 9. Matinées daily at 2.)

The Heartbreak Kid—With Jeannie Berlin, Charles Grodin, and Cybill Shepherd. Directed by Elaine May; screenplay by Neil Simon. (Sutton; starting Dec. 17.)

Heat—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. The best thing about it is the title. (Quad Cinema 1; through Dec. 19.)

Hit Man—With Bernie Casey and Pamela Grier, directed by George Armitage. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Dec. 20.)

Holiday in Mexico (1946)—M-G-M should have asked public forgiveness for this one. It features José Iturbi, the mechanical piano man, and Walter Pidgeon, Ilona Massey, Roddy McDowall, and Xavier Cugat and his orchestra (playing such gems as "Walter Winchell Rhumba"). George Sidney directed. And, yes, there's a song called "Holiday in Mexico." Phew! (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 17-19.)

Honey Comb—With Geraldine Chaplin and Per Oscarsson, directed by Carlos Saura. (Baronet; through Dec. 16.)

Images—With Susannah York and Rene Auberjonois, directed by Robert Altman. (Columbia I; starting Dec. 17.)

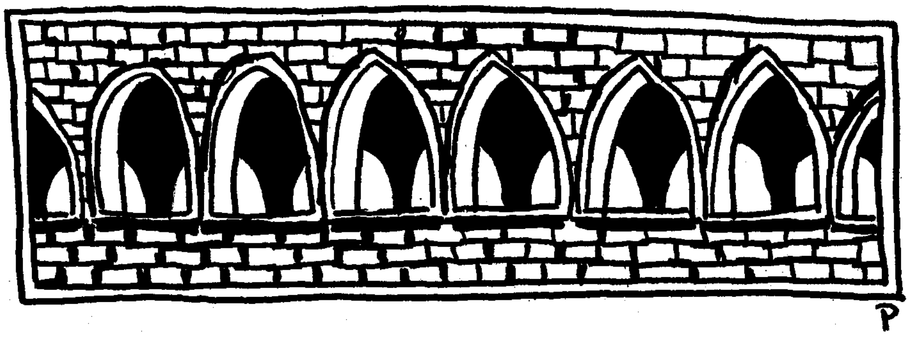
Is There Sex After Death? (1971)—Porno-spoof with the usual sex scenes and the usual sex jokes. And the usual fatigue sets in, because the scenes and jokes in films of this type are repetitive and interchangeable. However, this one has some funnier-than-usual skits involving Buck Henry, Jim Moran, and Marshall Efron. Written and directed by Jeanne and Alan Abel. (Quad Cinema 1; through Dec. 19.)

Jeremiah Johnson—With Robert Redford, directed by Sydney Pollack. (Loews Tower East; starting Dec. 21.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini's unconvincing look at a mousy wife's fantasy life. (Her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals.) A peculiarly ungallant film, and a poor one. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Elgin; through Dec. 14.)

Justine (1969)—To see this George Cukor film of Lawrence Durrell's "Alexandria Quartet" is a bit like watching trailers of the real thing. The script is head-on and all for story, and no technical equivalents are found for Durrell's experiment with time and focus. Anouk Aimée, Anna Karina, Dirk Bogarde, and Severn Darden. (Thalia; Dec. 21.)

Kanal (1956)—The second in Andrzej Wajda's trilogy about the Second World War generation in Warsaw, and one of the most eloquent and dense political records on film, made with wonderful sensibility. There is an amazing account of the time that some of the young patriots spent in the sewers under their loved capital as it was razed to the ground, with Sheybal as a young composer playing a flute with a sound that echoes against the tiles. In Polish. (Thalia; Dec. 15-18.)



Kanchenjungha (1962)—Satyajit Ray made this ambitious film in color on location in Darjeeling in 1961 (though it didn't open in this country until 1966). Under the primitive working circumstances, the story about love and ambition and the collision of cultures was perhaps too complex, but the setting and the beautiful women help to compensate for the awkwardness and naïveté. In Bengali. (Thalia; Dec. 14.)

The King of Marvin Gardens—Indecipherable dark nonsense about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. An unqualified disaster, though Ellen Burstyn tries, valiantly, and so does Bruce Dern. Jack Nicholson is dim and ploddingly self-serious. Directed by Bob Rafelson, from a script by Jacob Brackman. (Columbia I; through Dec. 16.)

Lady Sings the Blues—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over from her first comic scenes. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (Loews Orpheum; through Dec. 18.)

Last House on the Left—With David Hess, written and directed by Wes Craven. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Dec. 20.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Neil Simon's conventional sex comedy about a fundamentally faithful Jewish husband who suffers from the traditional show-biz-comedy male dither about sex and tries unsuccessfully to seduce three comic prototypes in his mother's purloined apartment before she gets back from work. Febrile stuff with traditional laughs. With Alan Arkin, directed by Gene Saks. Based on the Simon Broadway play. (Symphony; through Dec. 19.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 20-21.)

The Legend of Lobo (1962)—A full-length Walt Disney film. (Guild; through Dec. 14.)

Jerry Lewis—A series of films (through Dec. 29) featuring Mr. Lewis: Dec. 18: "At War with the Army" (1951) and "My Friend Irma" (1949). Dec. 19: "The Ladies Man" (1961) and "Scared Stiff" (1953). Dec. 20: "Who's Minding the Store?" (1963) and "The Bellboy" (1960). Dec. 21: "You're Never Too Young" (1955) and "The Geisha Boy" (1958). (New Yorker.)

The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean—With Paul Newman in the title role, directed by John Huston. (Murray Hill and Loews Ciné; starting Dec. 18.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he appears at a gala benefit and shows the unbelievers who think him finished that he is still the greatest, and then dies in the wings as the applause fades; this is surely the richest hunk of self-gratification since Huck and Tom attended their own funeral—and Chaplin serves it up straight. The mediocrity of Calvero's stage routines may be the result of Chaplin's aiming at greatness. At one point, Calvero awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden) in the darkened theatre after she has performed; he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility, which proclaims Chaplin's artistry in the act of asserting another's, is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (Lincoln Art.)

Little Caesar (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is the prototype of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 19.)

Mahanagar ("The Big City;" 1964)—The city is Calcutta, and Satyajit Ray's heroine, a young married woman, takes a job in order

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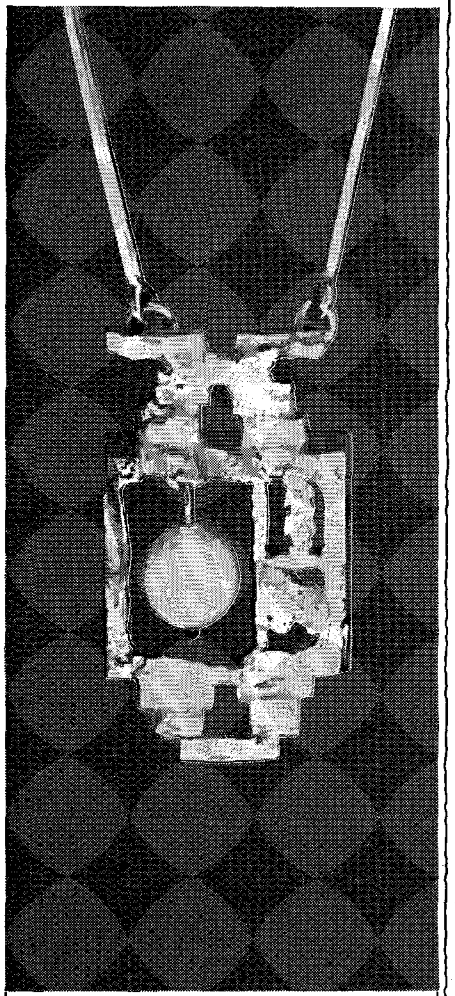

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

to supplement her husband's income (which must support them, their child, his teen-age sister, and his parents). The movie deals with the wife's discovery of life outside the home, and her changed relations with each member of the family. Madhabi Mukherjee is lovely as the gentle but strong wife, and there are telling portraits of her cruddy, hustling boss, and of an Anglo-Indian girl who is the victim of his discrimination. The film does what it sets out to do, and it's perceptive and revealing; it stays with one. Yet it is very quiet and rather thin; it lacks the depths and richness and creative imagery of the best of Satyajit Ray. In Bengali and English. (Thalia; Dec. 14.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role, as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economic—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 19.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Paris; Dec. 13.)

Man of La Mancha—The musical, with Peter O'Toole as Don Quixote, Sophia Loren as Aldonza, and James Coco as Sancho Panza. Directed by Arthur Hiller. (Rivoli. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 1:30 and 4:15, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Quad Cinema 4; through Dec. 19.)

Medicine Ball Caravan (1971)—Rock musicians on tour in America and England, filmed by François Reichenbach. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 20.)

Minnie and Moskowitz (1971)—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't work. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Dec. 19.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1953)—Tall, eccentric Jacques Tati stars in his own dry, light slapstick comedy about the ghastliness of a summer vacation at a seaside resort. A poignant movie, with a sweet, nostalgic score. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 18-19.)

Mon Oncle (1958)—Jacques Tati's gentle satire about depersonalization, plastics, and modern design. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 18-19.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carroll, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French, and in its full form. (Elgin; Dec. 20-21.)

Moonwalk One—A documentary, by Theo Kamecke, concerned with the first walk on the moon. (Kips Bay.)

Mouchette (1966)—In recent years, Robert Bresson has made several films of such sobriety that while some people find them awesomely beautiful, other people find sitting through them like taking a whipping and watching every stroke coming. "Mouchette," from a Bernanos novel, is about a lonely, mistreated fourteen-year-old girl who commits suicide. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 13.)

Necromancy—With Orson Welles and Pamela Franklin, directed by Bert I. Gordon. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Dec. 20.)

The New Centurions—The policeman as Dr. Kildare. Directed by Richard Fleischer and written by Stirling Silliphant, and acted better than it deserves by George C. Scott and Stacy Keach. (Quad Cinema 3; through Dec. 19.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Gramercy; through Dec. 16.)

Oliver! (1968)—Dickens provided a good story, and the director, Carol Reed, supplies a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship. (72nd St. Playhouse, Playboy, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Dec. 20.)

Passages from Finnegans Wake (1967)—Not great, certainly, but a pleasant and inoffensive attempt to convey the fun of the jokes and enigmas and metamorphoses of the Joyce dream book. Martin J. Kelley is Finnegan, Peter Haskell is Shem, and Jane Reilly is Anna Livia Plurabelle. Mary Ellen Bute directed; based on the play version by Mary Manning. (Elgin; Dec. 15-17.)

Pete 'n' Tillie—With Walter Matthau and Carol Burnett, directed by Martin Ritt. (Baronet; starting Dec. 17.)

The Poseidon Adventure—With Gene Hackman, directed by Ronald Neame. (Beekman.)

Prince Igor—Performed by the Kirov opera and ballet of Leningrad. In Russian. (Regency; starting Dec. 21.)

Queen Christina (1934)—Garbo great, with John Gilbert, directed by Rouben Mamoulian. She poses as a man, dressed in black velvet, in a famous inn scene in which she is asked to share a bedroom with the Spanish ambassador; no one has ever come near her ability as an actress to suggest opposite emotions at the same time, and her mixture here of the debonair and the bashful is delicately comic. The film ends, historically, with a heartrending closeup of Garbo's face that runs for eighty-five feet. When asked what he told Garbo to think of when she was doing the shot, Mamoulian replied, "Nothing, absolutely nothing." (Murray Hill; Dec. 15-17.)

Rage—Directed by, and with, George C. Scott. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 16.)

Red Desert (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustration of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the pollution so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Elgin; through Dec. 14.)

The Ruling Class—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Cinema I; through Dec. 20.)

La Salamandre—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with a dialectically energizing English art critic and novelist named John Berger. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity. (Olympia; through Dec. 19.)

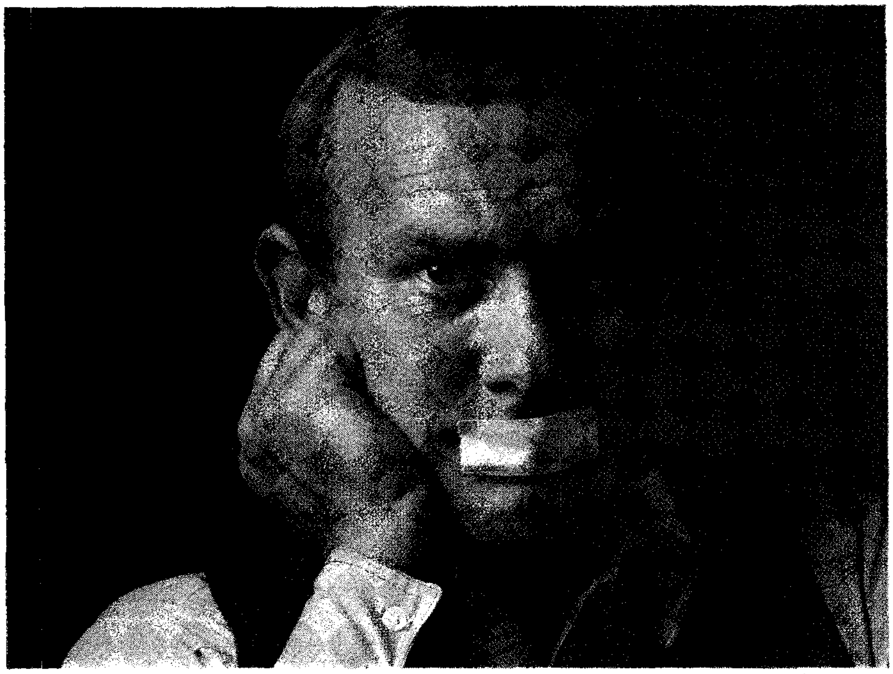
A Separate Peace—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (Cinema II; through Dec. 19. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 20.)

1776—A Broadway folk operetta featuring those lovable old codgers, the Founding Fathers, and double-entendres and the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The whole damned thing has the emasculated, giggly tone that passes for clean family entertainment. (Music Hall.)

Show Boat (1951)—Patently manufactured (by M-G-M) and embarrassingly lacking in innocence. The most lavish and least convincing of the three movie versions of Edna Ferber's novel, with the singing valentine Kathryn Grayson mangling the Jerome Kern songs (in the role Laura La Plante had played in 1929 and Irene Dunne in 1936).

First the agency people told me I could say anything I wanted to about scotch. Then they censored me.

BY TOMMY SMOTHERS



I'VE BEEN CENSORED one way or another practically all my life.

It all started when my mother used to stick a pacifier into my mouth anytime I opened it. Later, it was a bar of soap.

When Dick and I were kids, once Mother got him a dog and me a muzzle.

When I started taking guitar lessons, people would always steal my pick.

Even my dreams have snips cut out of them. Always the good parts, too. [redacted].

That's the way it's always been with me.

So I wasn't surprised when one of the major networks joined the fun. It was annoying, I'll admit, but when it was all over all I could say was "et tu, CBS."

But all that is censorship under the bridge.

And speaking of censorship, it's certainly changed a lot since its beginning. Today, you can say anything as long as no one hears you. So probably the only way to steer clear of censors is to steer yourself into a closet and talk only to yourself.

Anyway, when the Teacher's advertising people heard I drink their scotch, they asked me to talk about it.

They gave me carte blanche, a yellow pad and a No. 2 pencil. Of course, the pencil had no point, but I got around that. [redacted]

Well, first I wrote about how happy I was that everybody and his brother doesn't drink Teacher's. Which, in my case, is a definite plus.

No problems so far.

Then I started reminiscing about my experiences with scotch, pre-Teachers.

The first time I tasted scotch I tried to belt it down like they always do in the movies when the hero has just lost his girl.

Eccch. [redacted].

If this was what scotch tasted like, I vowed never to lose my girl or be a hero in a movie.

My stomach was the first casualty. Then my eyes started to water. And finally my tongue made itself heard. It gave me a severe tongue lashing.

However, I wasn't going to let myself be licked by a mere tongue, a pair of eyes and a stomach.

So I came back for less. [redacted].

This time, I started with a Presbyterian. 2 parts this, 3 parts that, 4 parts something else and, if there's any room left over, scotch. [redacted].

The trouble with that was I got tired of walking up to bars and ordering one Presbyterian only to have the bartender tell me I was in the wrong place and down the street at the church I could find all the Presbyterians I wanted.

So my conversion to Presbyterianism didn't last long.

Next I moved to scotch and soda. Or more accurately, scotch and soda, soda, soda and soda.

After that, it was the big time. Scotch on the rocks. Straight. At bars I'd order it out of the side of my mouth. I was tough. I started wearing black shirts white ties and woolen underwear. I even bought a hair piece for my chest. But again, secretly, I did such a terrific job of nursing my drink the Red Cross would have been proud of me.

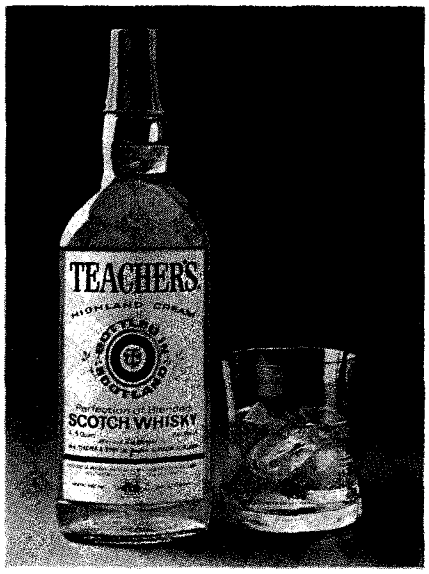
All of which brings me to Teacher's. The first time I ever tasted it was the first time I ever finished my scotch on the rocks before it turned to water.

A scotch I liked. Teacher's, my tongue thanks you, my eyes thank you, my stomach thanks you. Even my sex life thanks you.

Once there was this girl and [redacted] the back seat of this old DeSoto [redacted].

Boy, those Teacher's people are great. They really let you say anything.

So anyway, [redacted].



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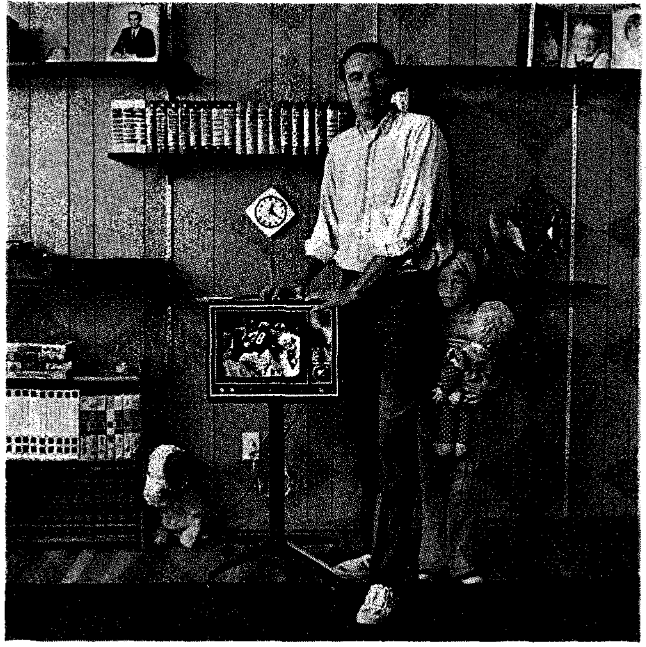

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It's not that I'm some kind of TV nut. It's my job.

As transmitter supervisor for our TV station, I've got to see that the picture we put out over the air is sharp and clear. So, when Sony first came out with their Trinitron® color TV back in the fall of '69, we bought one to use as a monitor in our control room.

The Sony Trinitron had the brightest, sharpest, cleanest picture we could find. We figured if anything was wrong with the picture, it had to be our transmission.

We kept the Sony running the entire time we were on the air—18 hours a day, 7 days a week. Often we didn't bother to turn it off at all, so it was running around the clock.

It got to be kind of a game with the crew. Will it ever break down? It never did.

A few months ago, we had to replace all our monitoring equipment because of new Government regulations.

But I couldn't bear to part from the Sony. I took it home.

I replaced two transistors—the only repair the set has ever needed. And it wouldn't have needed *that* if it had been playing in someone's home. Where it sat, boxed in among power equipment, was like playing in an oven.

By now it has about 18,000 hours on it. For an ordinary person—watching, say, 4 hours a day—that would come out to 12 years!

I've never seen a set stand up like that, and you can quote me.

SONY® Ask anyone.

The Trinitron now comes in 9", 12", 15" and 17"-diagonal screen sizes.

Marge and Gower Champion come through with some lively dancing, but almost everyone else sinks. Howard Keel is too good for what he's given to do, Ava Gardner (at her most beautiful as Julie) looks as if she's dying to parody her lines, and Joe E. Brown is allowed only one brief dance. With William Warfield, and a shameful performance by the miscast Agnes Moorehead. George Sidney directed. (New Yorker; through Dec. 17.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (New Yorker; through Dec. 17.)

Sleuth—Based on Anthony Shaffer's play, with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine. Directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. (Ziegfeld.)

Snoopy, Come Home—Lila, a little girl who turns out to have been Snoopy's original owner, writes to him from the hospital for help, and Snoopy decides that she needs him more than Charlie Brown does. The farewell set-piece scenes with Charlie Brown are rather upsetting to children. The best thing in the picture is a small yellow bird called Woodstock, who flies upside down and bumps into things. (Guild; starting Dec. 15.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Plaza; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Gramercy and Riviera; starting Dec. 20.)

A Star Is Born (1954)—Grandiose, emotionally charged musical version of the 1937 tear-jerker about Hollywood that had featured Janet Gaynor as the fresh young star and Fredric March as the washed-up star she marries. This time, Judy Garland and James Mason are the leads (although she looks tired and worn, and he gives such a remarkable performance as the decaying actor that he brings a bloom to the movie). This updated version is a terrible, fascinating orgy of self-pity and cynicism and myth-making. Garland's performance is nakedly intense; her musical numbers include the capering "Born in a Trunk" and the dark, heavy torch song "The Man That Got Away." With Charles Bickford and Jack Carson. George Cukor directed, from Moss Hart's acerbic rewrite of the original (which Dorothy Parker had worked on). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 20.)

Sweet Charity (1969)—Based on what is possibly Fellini's finest film, "Nights of Cabiria," about a gullible, soft-hearted prostitute, this big musical, starring Shirley MacLaine, was possibly just too ambitious a project for Bob Fosse's début as a movie director. The tricky camera effects that Fosse later brought off in "Cabaret" and in the TV special "Liza with a Z" are too jangling here, and although Shirley MacLaine tries hard, it's obvious that her dancing isn't up to the demands of the role. But zoom-happy Fosse's choreographic conceptions are new and intensely dramatic, and the movie has some of the best dancing in American musicals of the period. With Sammy Davis, Jr., Paula Kelly, Chita Rivera, Ricardo Montalban, Barbara Bouchet, Stubby Kaye, and John McMartin. Peter Stone did the screenplay, based on the version Neil Simon did for Broadway. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 19.)

They Only Kill Their Masters—With James Garner and Katharine Ross, directed by James Goldstone. (Trans-Lux East; through Dec. 16.)

Traffic—Directed by, and with, Jacques Tati. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Travels with My Aunt—With Maggie Smith, directed by George Cukor. (Plaza; starting Dec. 17.)

The Trojan Women (1971)—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Greenwich; starting Dec. 20, tentative.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Beacon; through Dec. 19.)

Two English Girls—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Coronet; through Dec. 19.)

Ulysses (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (Elgin; Dec. 15-17.)

Up the Sandbox—With Barbra Streisand, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Coronet; starting Dec. 21.)

The Valachi Papers—With Charles Bronson and Lino Ventura, directed by Terence Young. (Loews Ciné; through Dec. 17. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Dec. 18.)

What Do You Say to a Naked Lady? (1970)—An Allen Funt film. (Symphony; starting Dec. 20.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose of his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Symphony; through Dec. 19.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 19.)

You'll Like My Mother—With Patty Duke, Richard Thomas, and Rosemary Murphy, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 19.)

Young Winston—Enjoyable junk: a few parts pop psychiatry, a few parts adventure, a few parts politics, and a dash of family scandal. Simon Ward is fine-boned and beautiful, and his intelligent impersonation of Churchill from ages seventeen to twenty-six is fun to watch; Anne Bancroft's eye-popping, haughty Jennie Jerome is the stuff of parody. Richard Attenborough directed, from Carl Foreman's adaptation of Churchill's "My Early Life." (Columbia II. Weekdays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30, and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Zachariah (1971)—A rock Western, and, as if that weren't mixture enough, it also tries to be both spoof and morality play. Nothing quite works, yet it's a relaxed and generally inoffensive movie; the hero (John Rubinstein) has an open, smiling manner, and the menace (Elvin Jones) does a smashing drum solo—the high point of the film. Directed by George Englund. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 20.)

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The world's greatest dancer turns ballet into magic. See this 90-minute spectacular, co-produced for public television by WNET and The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

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Check listings for local time and channel.

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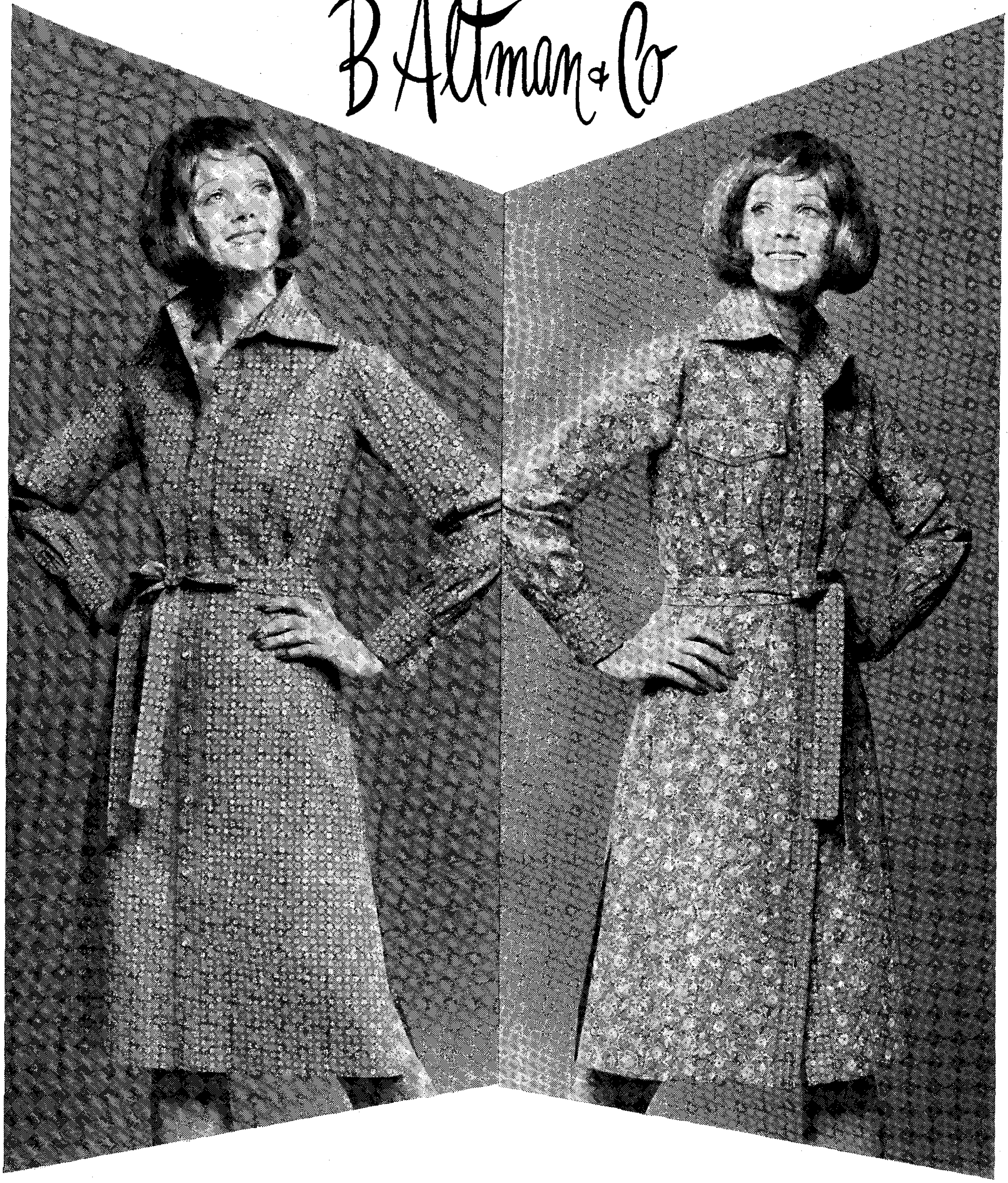


The shirt-shirt dress

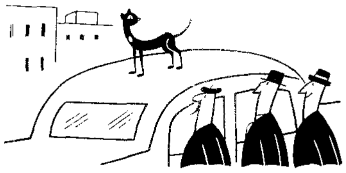
Two-in-one cotton . . . the most "must have" dress on fashion's list. Here, a bright little print reverses to cool little flowers. Pink or aqua blue combinations. 6 to 16. 42.00. Sport Dresses, third floor, Fifth Avenue, and branches.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

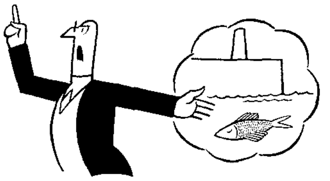
IN recent years, we've noticed that when American newsmen turn their attention to the war in Cambodia, they almost always say that the Cambodians are a superstitious people. The stories generally leave a pitiful impression: A backward people, caught up in a brutal modern war not of its own making, turns in helpless bewilderment to signs and portents for guidance. A statue's losing its head means bad news for the government. Bats seen in the daytime mean bad news for the chances of peace. All this came to mind the other day when we read in the papers that a black cat had jumped on top of Henry Kissinger's car during the peace talks in Paris. It was a big story. There were pictures on the front pages, and prominent billing on the network news that night. And no wonder. In a way, it was the hardest news we'd had out of the talks in months—maybe years. Not that there haven't been statements about the talks. There have been all too many statements—statements from our government, statements from the South Vietnamese, statements from the North Vietnamese. There have been statements on the record and statements off the record. This last week, we've had Thieu denouncing the agreements, the North Vietnamese denouncing Thieu, and our government loading up the front pages of the *Times* with statements from "informed" anonymous sources to the effect that everything is going beautifully. (The Administration, shy about announcing good news after being burned by Kissinger's statement that "peace is at hand," now borrows the authority of the *Times* to announce the glad tidings. And if it doesn't work out right, there's nothing for anyone to retract, because officially no one has said anything.) None of these statements can be trusted, though, for in the past the informed anonymous sources as well as the public sources have been self-serving or just wrong, or both. Recently, newsmen have been searching for more reliable stuff. For a while, they fastened on Henry Kissinger's facial expression each time he made his way from house to car. His smiles have started to haunt our nightmares. And now the cat. Reading signs and portents may not be the best way of judging world affairs, but you have to go by something when, like the Cambodians and us, you lack any better source of news.



AN additional word. If this great democracy is going to inform itself through witchcraft and omens, the least that newsmen can do is report the omens correctly. How can the citizenry read the omens if they are misreported? The cat on Mr. Kissinger's car was described in many reports as "a black cat." But we saw the cat plainly on TV and can testify that it was not in fact a black cat but a black-and-white cat. This correction seems important. It may not bring people out into the streets to hug each other at the prospect of a near peace, but it should at least send the stock market up a few points.

Squeaky Wheel

WE won't say where the following events took place, because we were asked not to. "*Please* don't mention our name," someone said. "Just say 'a certain midtown club.'" Very well. A certain midtown club has been having financial difficulties lately, so it rents out spare rooms to groups that want to hold a luncheon or dinner in posh surroundings. The luncheon that we are going to write about was held by the Natural Resources Defense Council, and it had to take place in posh surroundings, because the people who support environmental groups like the N.R.D.C. are not used to any other kind. (By the same token, when the N.R.D.C. was formed, nearly three years ago, its founders chose a name with perfectly tasteful initials, and not an acronym on the order of GROPE or CLEAN.) In any event, the N.R.D.C. is one of the more significant organizations that have grown out of the recent concern for the environment. In its brief history, it has engaged in over seventy legal actions, either to prevent something deplorable from happening or to compel a government agency to take its responsibilities seriously. It successfully sued the Department of the Interior to have it consider alternative sources of power before leasing lands for oil drilling off the shores of Louisiana and Texas. It petitioned the Environmental Protection Agency to suspend the registration of four poisons used for "predator control" in the West. It recently filed twenty-two additional suits against the E.P.A., contending that the agency had been too lenient in administering the amendments to the Clean Air Act. Locally, it is doing battle with Con Edison over the extensive destruction of fish caused by the power station at Indian Point. It has fought the Atomic Energy Commission on several issues—most recently on the program to develop the liquid-metal fast-breeder reactor. In this case, it is representing the Scientists' Institute for Public Information, whose chairman, Barry Commoner, has said that the "N.R.D.C. is rapidly becoming the primary legal arm of the American environmental movement."



About a hundred and fifty of the N.R.D.C.'s friends and supporters came to the luncheon at a certain midtown club. They included the distinguished scientist René Dubos and the noted lawyer Lloyd Garrison. During the cocktail hour beforehand, we talked with Angus Macbeth, one of the N.R.D.C.'s staff of fourteen young attorneys and two young scientists. Along with four of his colleagues, Macbeth had been in the Class of 1969 at the Yale Law School, where they conceived the idea of a public-interest law firm that would undertake litigation on behalf of the environment. They later came together with some environmentalists and lawyers in New York who had similar ideas, and the N.R.D.C. was born.

Mr. Macbeth talked to us about the Indian Point case, which he had been handling. The power plant, one unit of which is already in operation, kills fish by drawing them into its cooling system. Macbeth hoped to get Con Edison to construct a closed-cycle cooling system as soon as possible.

"Wouldn't this raise the cost of electricity?" we asked.

"Possibly," he replied. "But the point is to realize that the cost is going to be paid one way or another. The Atomic Energy Commission has presented evidence showing that most of the striped bass in the Northeast spawn in the Hudson, and they will be endangered by that station. The principle we should follow is to *internalize* the cost."

We sat down to lunch and enjoyed an interesting veal dish accompanied by a seemingly limitless supply of hock. (As we said, the people in the environmental movement know how to live.) The highlight of the luncheon was the presentation of the first Environmental Protection Award, which the N.R.D.C. will give out whenever it feels there is a worthy recipient. The first winner was Whitney North Seymour, Jr., the United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York. In 1970, Mr. Seymour became the first prosecutor to make use of the Refuse Act of 1899 as a device for cleaning up industrial pollution in the nation's rivers. His award turned out to be not a plaque or, even worse, a check but a fine old print of the Hudson, which he had done so much to help protect. Stephen P. Duggan, the chairman of the board of trustees of the N.R.D.C., presented the print, framed, to a touched Mr. Seymour and his wife. After accepting it, Mr. Seymour made a brief speech, in which he likened his office to a squeaky wheel, since it had caused so much trouble for industrial polluters that they readily came forward with plans for cleaning up their discharges. He then pointed out that certain amendments to the Water Pollution Control Act of this October had the effect of repealing the Refuse Act of 1899. "Until the end of 1974, any industrial polluter can gain effective immunity against prosecution simply by filing a permit application," he said. Furthermore, the amendments would make it much more difficult for individual citizens to take action against polluters. "What all this means is that from now on the major responsibility for insuring that the nation's pure-water-enforcement program is properly carried out will fall to public-interest law firms such as the Natural Resources Defense Council," he said. "The N.R.D.C. must now be the squeaky wheel."

Memo

THE editors of the *News* have passed on to us the following letter, sent to them by a Florida hotel owner:

GENTLEMEN:

It seems I have made myself a note to contact you and I now find myself in the predicament of not knowing why. Can you help me out?

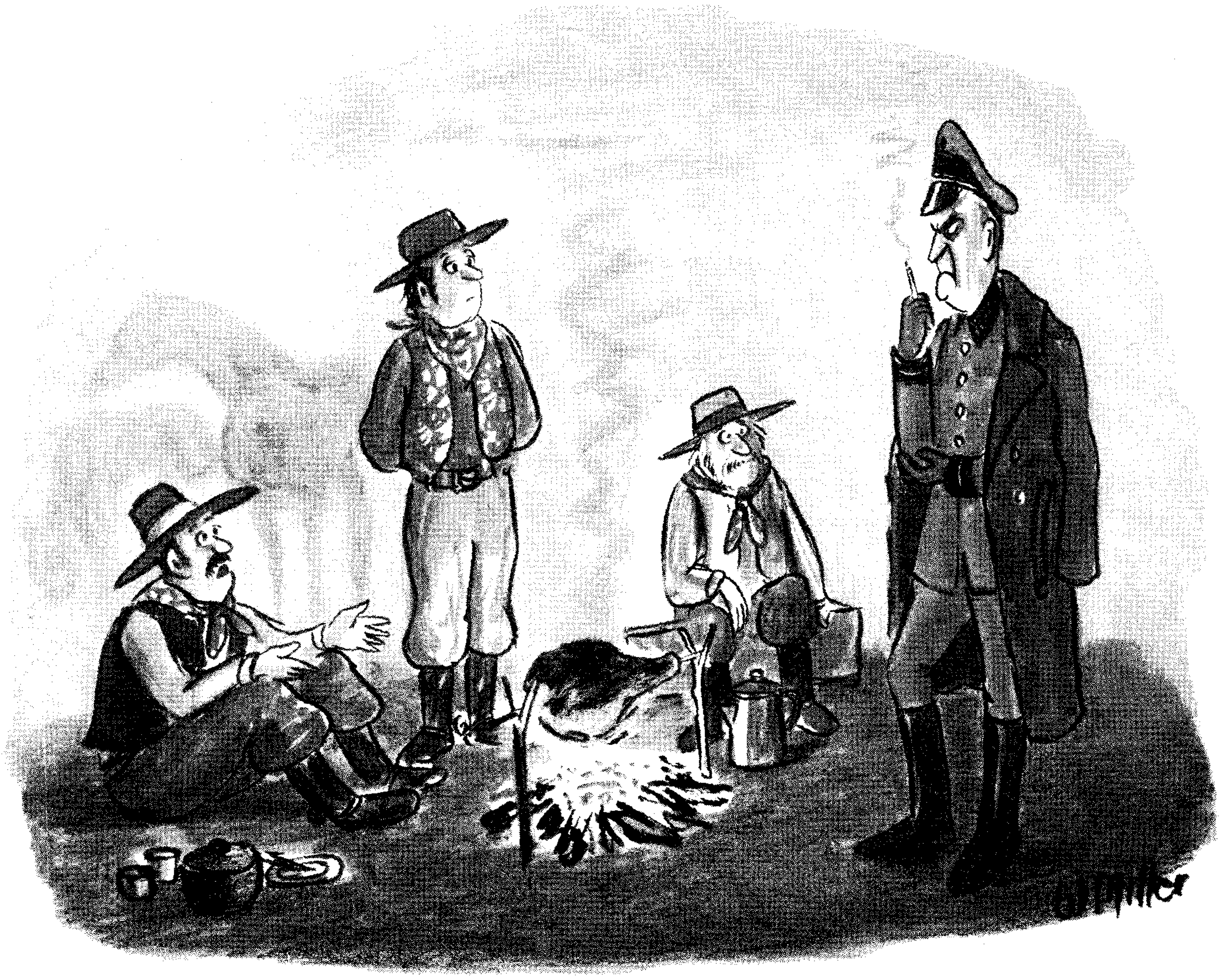
Audubon Show Aftermath

CAN it be a sign of the quiet strength of the New-York Historical Society that it has chosen to wait for a hundred and nine years before exposing an immense cynosure to the public in more than bits and pieces? In 1863, following a whirlwind three-week fund drive, the Society paid John James Audubon's widow four thousand dollars for four hundred and thirty-two original watercolors of birds (and also twenty-seven studies for them) out of the four hundred and thirty-five that were used to produce the engraved prints in "The Birds of America." (In 1966, one more watercolor, of a California condor, was presented to the Society by Mrs. Gratia Rinehart Waters, a granddaughter of Mary Roberts Rinehart.) In 1826, when Audubon was still busy with his "Birds" portfolio, he exhibited two hundred and fifty selections from it at the Royal Institution in Liverpool; a few years ago, at the time of an Audubon Society meeting at the New-York Historical Society, a similar number were briefly shown; and since 1964 thirty or forty have been rotated in a gallery on the first floor. But the Society's present show—the entire run, or flight, of its Audubon birds, hung in three galleries, and in corridors and stairwells throughout the building—is without precedent; this is the first time they have all been on display. (No peeps have been heard from the two missing originals—a black-throated blue warbler and a blue-gray gnatcatcher.)

The réclame of the current magnificent exhibition has produced an unwonted bustle in the Society's ordinarily quiet halls, and prompted us to pay a visit to the Society's director, Dr. James J. Heslin. "Channel 7 was here the day of the opening, and did an interesting account of the show, stressing its natural history as well as its aesthetic aspect," he said. "We had kept most of the drawings flat, in acid-free folders on steel trays in filing cabinets, in an office where qualified visitors could inspect them. For the show, we had several hundred frames made by our carpenter. We've tried to subordinate them—black wood, mostly—to the subject matter. The birds are all under Plexiglas, which filters out ultraviolet rays, so that the pictures won't fade. Hanging was a great problem; Mary Black, our Curator of Painting, Sculpture, and Decorative Arts, did this, but we all pitched in. The smaller pictures have an almost Oriental touch, I think—they're so delicate. We've used plants throughout—we go to nurseries in New Jersey to buy them—and we painted the ceiling of one of the galleries green. Attendance has been extraordinary. Thousands have been here, and we have received an astonishing number of postcards from people out of town asking when the exhibit is open. It is open Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, from one to five, and Saturdays, from ten to five. The Sunday crowds have been so great that we haven't been able to close at five. The show is popular with young people. If you have something really important, aesthetically and historically, it crosses all age groups."

We asked Dr. Heslin about the acquisition of the California condor. "I drove to Mrs. Waters' house, in South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, to pick it up," he said. "I had it carefully wrapped, and put it in the back of my car. I was driving all by myself. I began to worry about an accident. I thought, Why didn't I take somebody with me? I stayed in bed all the next day after I got back."

Dr. H. is a bright, lively, sociable man in his middle fifties who was born



"No offense intended, José. We were only wondering why you never dress like the rest of us gauchos."

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in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and has a Boston University Ph.D. "I taught history there for a couple of years," he said, "and then Bob Henderson, at the time the head of the reading room at the New York Public Library, whom I'd known summers in Maine, got me over there one day and said, 'Jim, when are you coming with us?' I walked around Bryant Park twice, went back in, and said 'Now.' "

In 1955, when Dr. Heslin was assistant to the chief of the American History Division of the Library, he got a call to Buffalo, to serve as Assistant Director of University Libraries at the University of Buffalo, and the next year he was tapped, in a library capacity, by the Historical Society. He became its director in 1960. He and his wife, Phyllis, a medical woman, who used to direct the development of the examinations used for the licensing of registered nurses all over the country, live a few blocks south of the Society. He ordinarily reaches its portals before eight in the morning. "I get up at five-thirty and read the *Times*," he told us. "I'm so busy here that the day is literally over before I know where it's gone."

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LABEL attached to a pair of Japanese-manufactured women's slacks, purchased recently at Alexander's:

> CARE OF THIS GARMENT
> 100% ACRYLIC
> FOR BEST RESULTS:
> HAND WASHABLE
> USE COOL OR LUKEWARM WATER
> THOROUGHLY RINSE
> DO NOT TWIST OR WRING
> ALLOW TEMPERATURE FOR TUMBLE DRYING
> REMOVE GARMENT AS SOON AS DRYER STOPS
> ALSO DRY CLEANABLE
> DO NOT DRY CLEAN

Four Gatherings

AT the Commodore Hotel, we were directed to a room adjoining the Grand Ballroom by an energetic young man from CHIP, the Community Housing Improvement Program, which is an organization of concerned—almost worried—landlords. "It's a seminar on upgrading facilities," said the young man. "Compacters versus incinerator scrubbers. The guy over on the left is in boiler-cleaning." We were in the doorway. The energetic young man left. The man who was in boiler-cleaning got up to speak. "I want to discuss your boiler room," he said. "The boiler room, from time immemorial, has been the heart of your building." A look at a crumpled program on the seat to our right told us that the speaker was Mr. Howard Penzer, that his field was heating equipment and boiler maintenance, and that the title of the seminar we were sitting in on (with about a hundred landlords) was "How to Comply with Current Air Pollution Regulations." Mr. Penzer spoke forcefully, only occasionally glancing at notes. He emphasized the need for preventive maintenance in the boiler room, recommended the use of large, truck-mounted vacuum cleaners for boiler-cleaning, and touched on the problems caused by sludge in a fuel-oil tank. "Very few of us give enough attention to our fuel-oil tank," he said.

In the Grand Ballroom itself, there were dozens of booths stocked with devices designed to tempt the landlord interested in upgrading his facilities. State Housing Commissioner Charles J. Urstadt, who had just given a speech, was there. "There are more kinds of compacter here than there are buildings in New York City. It's an infant industry with too many infants," he said.

We asked him if he could show us a favorite compacter.

"No, I couldn't," he said. "That would constitute endorsement."

We walked around the ballroom alone. We found a lot of compacters—E-Z Pack, Envirpol's Roll-n-Pak, Auto Pak's Auto Gobbler (extrusion-type, continuous-feed, multi-bag compaction system), and Dens-A-Pak, among others—but we didn't stop until we had reached the booth of Garden State Brickface. Garden State Brickface is marketing a masonry process for surfacing buildings which involves no brick at all. Bob Siegel, a heavy-set man wearing glasses and very colorful clothes, told us all about it. He showed us some before-and-after pictures of a nineteenth-century red brick factory building. Before Brickface was applied, the building appeared to be a nineteenth-century red brick factory building. After Brickface was applied, the building looked to be an avant-garde mosque. The "after" façade had no windows and, of course, no red brick. "We did that in two-tone buff," Mr. Siegel said.

"There are no windows in your design," we said.

"Oh, yeah, we got rid of all the gingerbread and stuff," our friend replied.

LATER, in a photographer's studio on the East Side, the new management of *Harper's Bazaar* gave a party to celebrate its new hegemony. New Management parties come in different styles. There is, for instance, the New Management party that promises (out loud) a bold jump away from the past, and then there is, for instance, the New Management party that promises a return to non-controversiality. *Bazaar's* party was of the return-to-non-controversiality variety, and everyone seemed a little anxious—at least, until the room began to fill up. At first, there was edgy talk about newsstand sales and the new publisher's "background in sales," but that settled down, and people began to talk about fashion. We talked with Shirley Lord, who is *Bazaar's* beauty editor. She told us that we are all heading toward a wrinkle-free society. "There hasn't been a really major breakthrough in beauty since Dr. Irvin H. Blank found a way to reintroduce moisture into the skin," she said. "And that was years ago. *However*, I have a scoop on two products that will bring us closer to a wrinkle-free society. I'm writing about them in our March issue, and I won't tell you what they are. I *will* tell you that I've been talking to the wife of the president of Schick about ways to get electrical appliances into beauty. I think that the dressing room of the future is going to have a refrigerator. It will have to have one, you see, to preserve the embryos and hormones that will be an essential part of the wrinkle-free society."

We talked with Mala Rubinstein, a niece of the late Helena Rubinstein, about the wrinkle-free society. "I think it would be frightfully dull, the wrinkle-free society," she said. "I want to have wrinkles. Of course, I want to have only the desirable ones."

WE failed to attend the following gatherings:

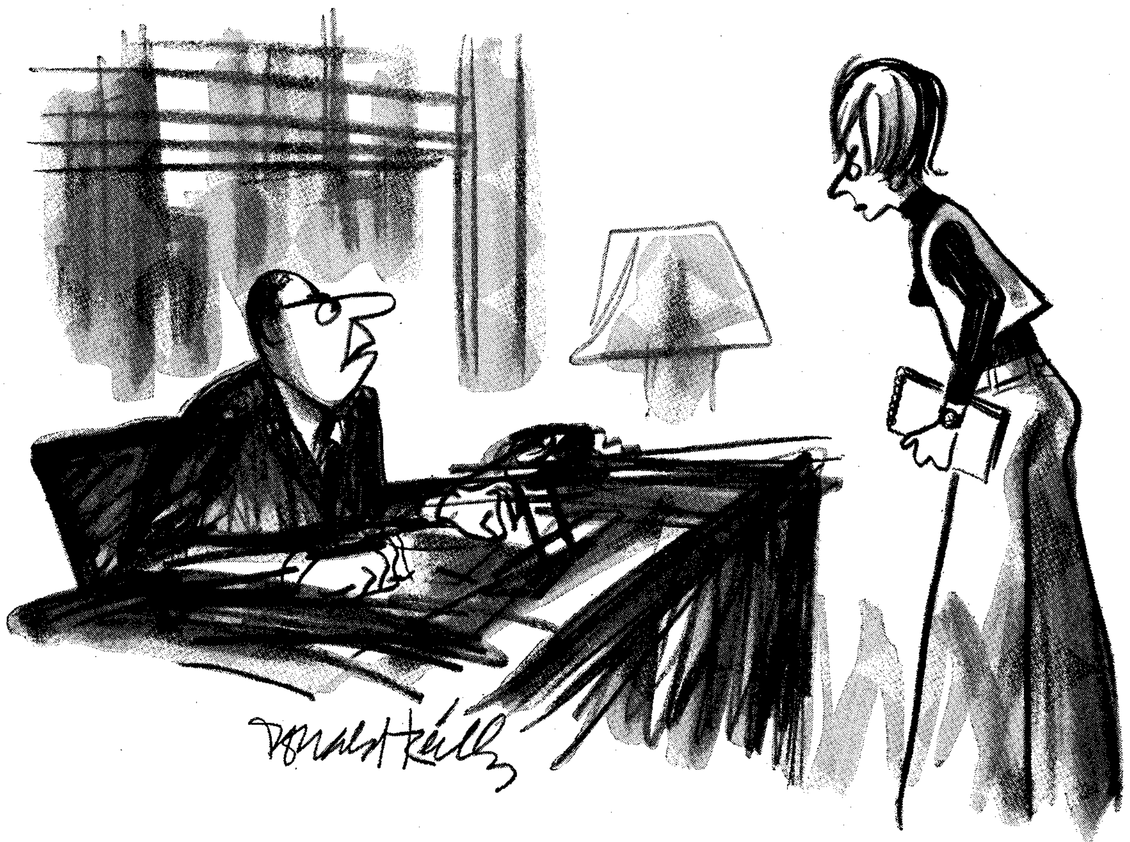
1) A press preview for the exhibition "Marcel Breuer at the Metropolitan Museum of Art."

2) A reception for the eight finalists in the twentieth Summer Festival Queen competition at the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau.

3) The inaugural Needlepoint and Cocktail Hour for Men at the Grenadier, a bar and restaurant on First Avenue at Forty-eighth Street.

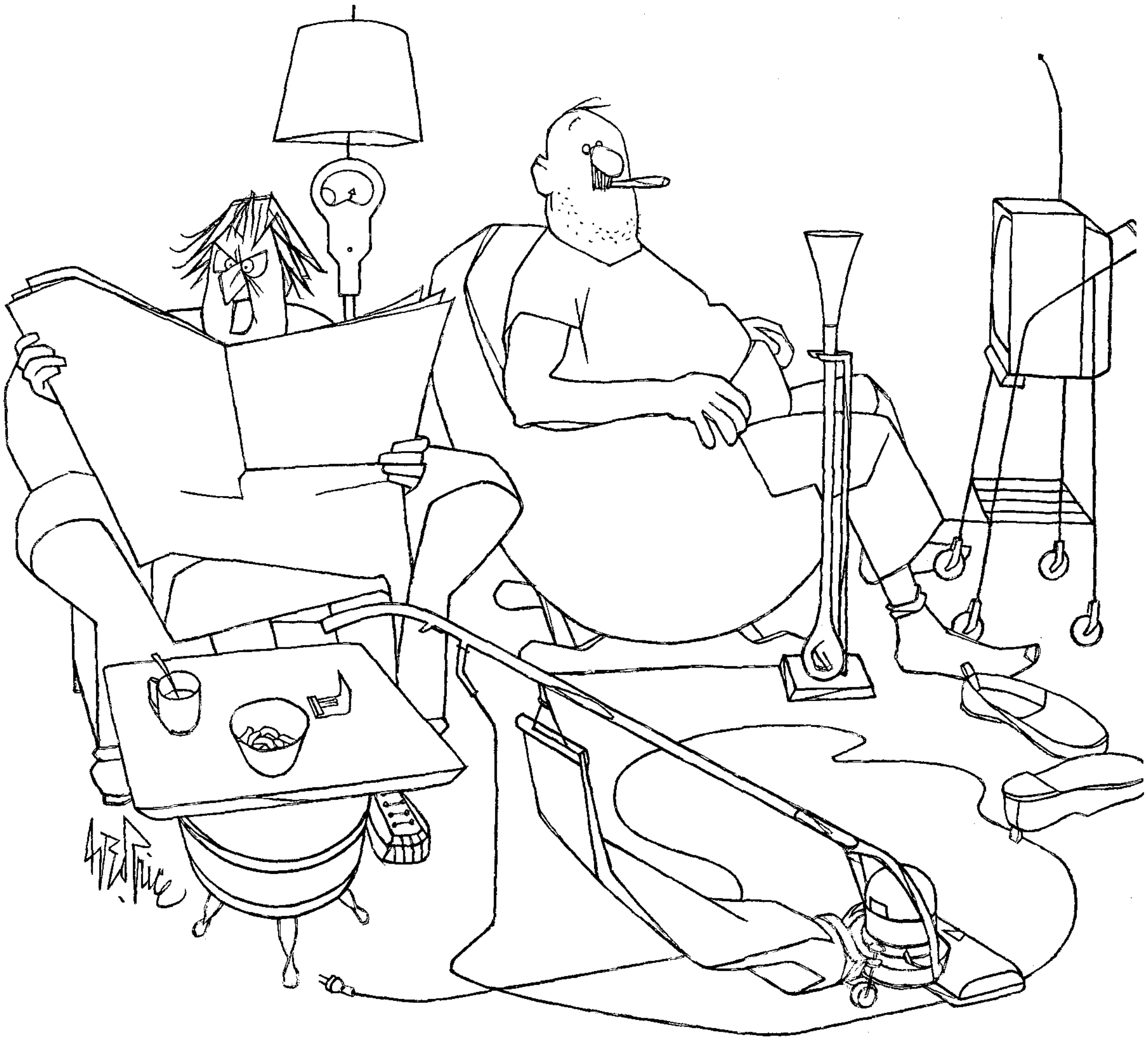
4) A demonstration, sponsored by the makers of Yamaha motorcycles, of safety techniques for motorcycle drivers and passengers, followed by free rides, at the Tavern on the Green.

5) A performance, at the Mercer Arts Center, of the Orgies-Mysteries Theatre, involving the disembowelment of slaughtered animals.



"Let's stop fencing, Ms. Faraday. Will you or will you not take a letter?"

AT the Gotham Book Mart Gallery, there was a party in honor of a new



"Damn! Last week was Take Your Wife Out to Dinner Week!"

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show of Art Nouveau and Art Deco graphics. There were meticulous and very advanced interiors by J. E. Ruhlmann done before 1920, and small things by Georges Barbier. One of the small things by Georges Barbier was called "La Toilette Délicieuse." The Gotham Book Mart Gallery is small itself, and square, and pleasant for a party. Toward the front of the room was a small bar, where wine, red and white, was served in plastic glasses. Frances Steloff, the grand lady of the Gotham Book Mart, was there with her cats. Recently, photographs of Frances Steloff with people like Dylan Thomas and the Sitwells have been blown up very big and placed in the hall outside the Gallery. Some people spoke French, some people wore bow ties. One person who wore a bow tie was a young man named Tom Jones. "I'm writing a book on tea," he said. "I have a friend who works for Wedgwood, and I did a free-lance job for him, and he couldn't pay me money, so he gave me a Wedgwood dessert set. That started me on tea, and it's just kept snowballing." Tom Jones told us about the people at the party. "The man who put this show together is named Charles Fry, and he's a friend of mine. His brother goes to Ohio State and flew in just for tonight, and he's tending the bar as a favor. Charles and his brother could not be less alike."

Mr. Jones introduced us to a good-looking black girl in a smart thirties outfit. Her name was Patricia Collins, and she said she used to work for *Newsweek*, but left, and now works as a hat-check girl at Maxwell's Plum for twice the money. "I'm the only Sarah Lawrence graduate I know who works as a hat-check girl," she said.

THE kickoff party for the New York Erotic Film Festival was held in a health club in the Henry Hudson Hotel. At first, the guests invited to the kickoff party piled up in the lobby of the hotel, because the members of the Henry Hudson's health club were still using the pool. A tall blond girl named Sherri, who was wearing silver pants and a velvet top, guarded the door. Finally, the door was opened, and the guests left the lobby and walked downstairs to the health club.

Some people didn't like the health club, because it was very hot and humid. Some people liked the health club, *because* it was hot and humid. Everyone admired the décor. There was orange shag carpeting, and there were mirrored walls and walls of simulated wood; there were weights and weight-lifting benches. All the usual attention-getting people were there. There was the obligatory boy-with-snake and the obligatory girl-painted-in-silver, and everyone was very polite and looked at them. Tally Brown was there, and Sally Kirkland was there, and Nelson Lyon, who directed the film called "The Telephone Book" and writes film trailers, was there. "This evening, which may seem to be an unparalleled social disaster, will be transformed by its complete obscenity of uncomfortable feeling into an *event*," Nelson Lyon said. He kept introducing people to a friend of his who he said was a classics professor at Hunter College.

Part of the party took place in the pool area, where it was even hotter and more humid than in the weight-lifting area. The boy-with-snake made a brief attempt to put his snake in the pool, but it didn't work out. Susan Blond, an important figure at Max's Kansas City and elsewhere, was in the pool area and was forced by the heat to take off her fur coat. "My coat was sweating," she said. "You can say my coat was sweating. I'm looking very sexy and very cheap tonight, don't you think? My dress was made in London, and it's a real antique, because the shop closed down." Susan Blond's dress was very short and was decorated with a skull-and-bones design and fringe. The words "Sha Na Na" appeared on the back. "All the drug trash is here tonight," Susan Blond said.

IN THE MOUNTAINS

WHEN one lives alone for most of the time and meets almost nobody, then care for one's outward appearance tends to drop away. That was what happened to Pritam. As the years went by and she continued living by herself, her appearance became rougher and shabbier, and though she was still in her thirties, she completely forgot to care for herself or think about herself as a physical person.

Her mother was just the opposite. She was plump and pampered, loved pastries and silk saris, and always smelled of lavender. Pritam smelled of—what was it? Her mother, enfolded in Pritam's embrace after a separation of many months, found herself sniffing in an attempt to identify the odor emanating from her. Perhaps it was from Pritam's clothes, which she probably did not change as frequently as was desirable. Tears came to the mother's eyes. They were partly for what her daughter had become and partly for the happiness of being with her again.

Pritam thumped her on the back. Her mother always cried at their meetings and at their partings. Pritam usually could not help being touched by these tears, even though she was aware of the mixed causes that evoked them. Now, to hide her own feelings, she became gruffer and more manly, and even gave the old lady a push toward a chair. "Go on, sit down," she said. "I suppose you are dying for your cup of tea." She had it all ready, and the mother took it gratefully, for she loved and needed tea, and the journey up from the plains had greatly tired her.

But she could not drink with enjoyment. Pritam's tea was always too strong for her—a black country brew such as peasants drank, and the milk was also that of peasants, too newly rich and warm from the buffalo. And they were in this rough and barely furnished room in the rough stone house perched on the mountainside. And there was Pritam herself. The mother had to concentrate all her energies on struggling against more tears.

"I suppose you don't like the tea," Pritam said challengingly. She watched severely while the mother proved herself by drinking it up to the last drop, and Pritam refilled the cup. She asked, "How is everybody? Same as usual? Eating, making money?"

"No, no," said the mother, not so much denying the fact that this was what the family was doing as protesting against Pritam's saying so.

"Aren't they going up to Simla this year?"

"On Thursday," the mother said, and shifted uncomfortably.

"And stopping here?"

"Yes. For lunch."

The mother kept her eyes lowered. She said nothing more, though there was more to say. It would have to wait till a better hour. Let Pritam first get over the prospect of entertaining members of her family for a few hours on Thursday. It was nothing new or unexpected, for some of them stopped by every year on their way farther up the mountains. However much they may have desired to do so, they couldn't just drive past; it wouldn't be decent. But the prospect of meeting held no pleasure for anyone. Quite often there was a quarrel, and then Pritam cursed them as they drove away, and they sighed at the necessity of keeping up family relationships, instead of having their lunch comfortably in the hotel a few miles farther on.

Pritam said, "I suppose you will be going with them," and went on at once, "Naturally, why should you stay? What is there for you here?"

"I want to stay."

"No, you love to be in Simla. It's so nice and jolly, and meeting everyone walking on the Mall, and tea in Davico's. Nothing like that here. You even hate my tea."

"I want to stay with you."

"But I don't want you!" Pritam was laughing, not angry. "You will be in my way, and then how will I carry on all my big love affairs?"

"What, what?"

Pritam clapped her hands in delight. "Oh, no. I'm telling you nothing, because then you will want to stay and you will scare everyone away." She gave her mother a sly look and added, "You will scare poor Doctor Sahib away."

"Oh, Doctor Sahib," said the old lady, relieved to find it had all been a joke. But she continued with disapproval, "Does he still come here?"

"Well, what do you think?" Pritam stopped laughing now and became offended. "If he doesn't come, then who will come? Except some goats and monkeys, perhaps. I know he is not good enough for you. You don't like him to come here. You would prefer me to know only goats and monkeys. And the family, of course."

"When did I say I don't like him?" the mother said.

"People don't have to *say*. And other people are quite capable of feeling without anyone saying. Here." Pritam snatched up her mother's cup and filled it, with rather a vengeful air, for the third time.

Actually, it wasn't true that the mother disliked Doctor Sahib. He came to visit the next morning, and as soon as she saw him she had her usual sentiment about him—not dislike but disapproval. He certainly did not look like a person fit to be on terms of social intercourse with any member of her family. He was a tiny man, shabby and even dirty. He wore a kind of suit, but it was in a terrible condition and so were his shoes. One eye of his spectacles, for some reason, was blacked out with a piece of cardboard.

"Ah!" he exclaimed when he saw her. "Mother has come!" And he was so genuinely happy that her disapproval could not stand up to him—at least, not entirely.

"Mother brings us tidings and good cheer from the great world outside," Doctor Sahib went on. "What are we but two mountain hermits? Or I could even say two mountain bears."

He sat at a respectful distance away from the mother, who was ensconced in a basket chair. She had come to sit in the garden. There was a magnificent view from here of the plains below and the mountains above, but she had not come out to enjoy the scenery but to get the benefit of the morning sun. Although it was the height of summer, she always felt freezing cold inside the house, which seemed like a stone tomb.

"Has Madam told you about our winter?" Doctor Sahib said. "Oh, what these two bears have gone through! Ask her."

"His roof fell in," Pritam said.

"One night, I was sleeping in my bed. Suddenly—what shall I tell you—crash, bang! Boom and bang! To me it seemed that all the mountains were falling and, let alone the mountains, heaven itself was coming down into my poor house. I said, 'Doctor Sahib, your hour has come.' "

"I told him, I told him all summer, 'The first snowfall and your roof will fall in.' And when it happened all he could do was stand there and wring his hands. What an idiot!"

"If it hadn't been for Madam, God knows what would have become of me. But she took me in and all winter she allowed me to have my corner by her own fireside."

The mother looked at them with startled eyes.

"Oh, yes, all winter," Pritam said, mocking her. "And all alone, just the two of us. Why did you have to tell her?" She reproached Doctor Sahib. "Now she is shocked. Just look at her face. She is thinking we are two guilty lovers."

The mother flushed, and so did Doctor Sahib. An expression of bashfulness came into his face, mixed with regret, with melancholy. He was silent for some time, his head lowered. Then he said to the mother, "Look, can you see it?" He pointed at his house, which nestled farther down the mountainside, some way below Pritam's. It was a tiny house, not much more than a hut. "All hale and hearty again. Madam had the roof fixed, and now I am snug and safe once more in my own little kingdom."

Pritam said, "One day the whole place is going to come down, not just the roof, and then what will you do?"

He spread his arms in acceptance and resignation. He had no choice as to place of residence. His family had brought him here and installed him in the house; they gave him a tiny allowance, but only on condition that he wouldn't return to Delhi. As was evident from his fluent English, Doctor Sahib was an educated man, though it was not quite clear whether he really had qualified as a doctor. If he had, he may have done something disreputable and been struck off the register. Some such air hung about him. He was a great embarrassment to his family. Unable to make a living, he had gone around scrounging from family friends, and at one point had sat on the pavement in New Delhi's most fashionable shopping district and attempted to sell cigarettes and matches.

Later, when he had gone, Pritam said, "Don't you think I've got a dashing lover?"

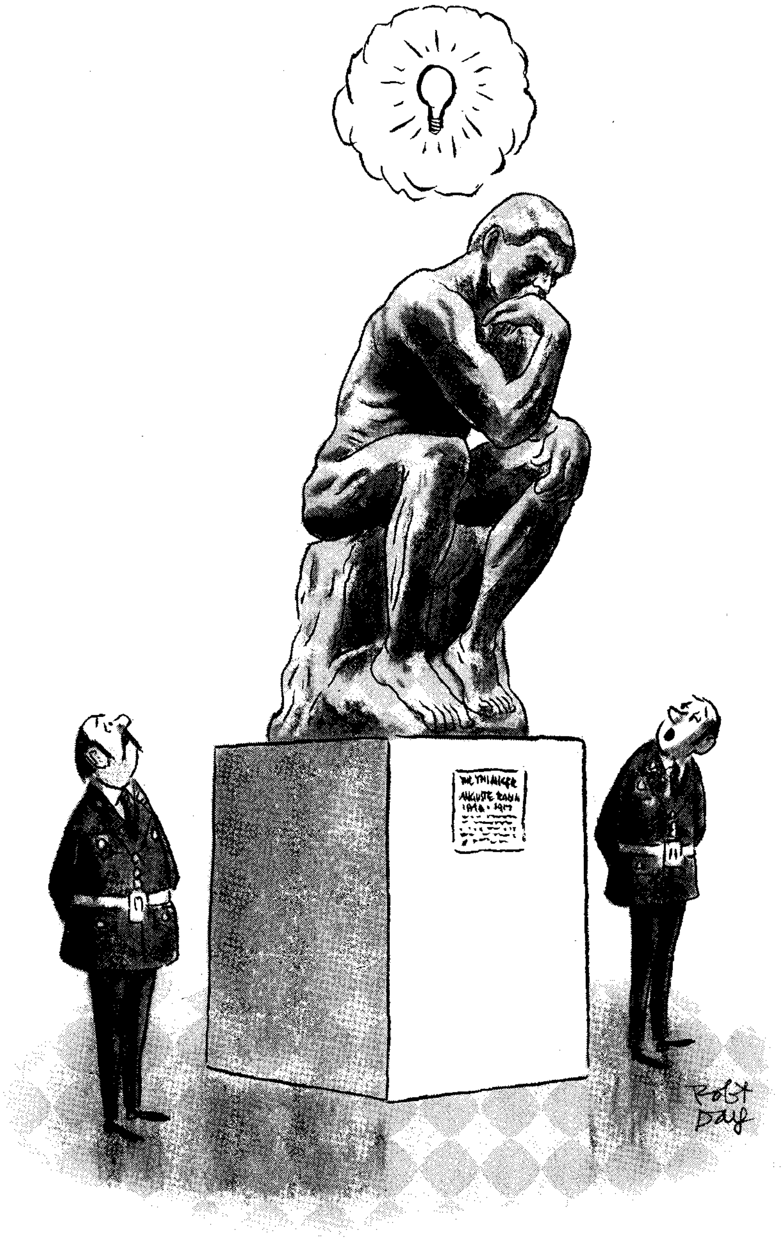
"I know it's not true," the mother said, defending herself. "But other people, what will they think—alone with him in the house all winter? You know how people are."

"What people?"

It was true. There weren't any. To the mother, this was a cause for regret. She looked at the mountains stretching away into the distance—a scene of desolation. But Pritam's eyes were half shut with satisfaction as she gazed across the empty spaces and saw birds cleaving through the mist, afloat in the pure mountain sky.

"I was waiting for you all winter," the mother said. "I had your room ready, and every day we went in there to dust and change the flowers." She broke out: "Why didn't you come? Why stay in this place when you can be at home and lead a proper life like everybody else?"

Pritam laughed. "Oh, but I'm not like everybody else! That's the last thing!"



"Well, finally!"

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The mother was silent. She could not deny that Pritam was different. When she was a girl, they had worried about her and yet they had also been proud of her. She had been a big, handsome girl with independent views. People admired her and thought it a fine thing that a girl could be so emancipated in India and lead a free life, just as in other places.

Now the mother decided to break her news. She said, "He is coming with them on Thursday."

"Who is coming with them?"

"Sarla's husband."

She did not look at Pritam after saying this.

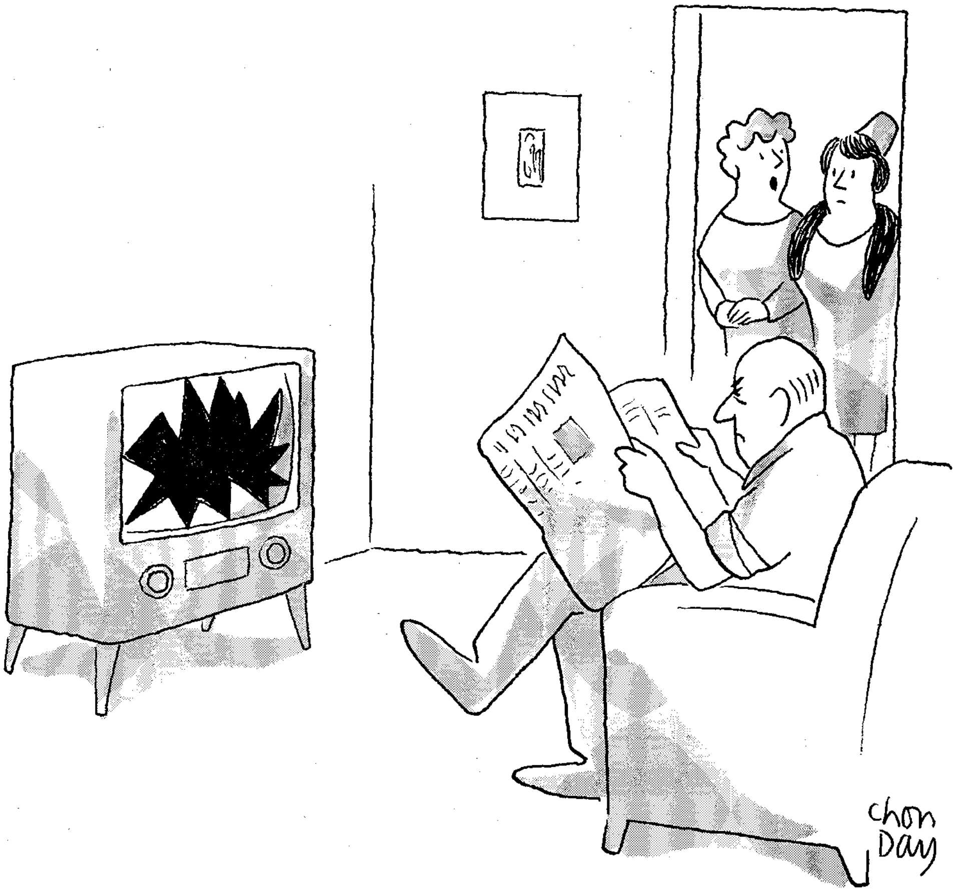
After a moment's silence, Pritam cried, "So let him come! They can all come—everyone welcome. My goodness, what's so special about him that you should make such a face? What's so special about any of them? They may come, they may eat, they may go away again, and goodbye. Why should I care for anyone? I don't care. And you also! You also may go—right now, this minute, if you like—and I will stand here and wave to you and *laugh!*"

In an attempt to stop her, the mother asked, "What will you cook for them on Thursday?"

That did bring her up short. For a moment she gazed at her mother wildly, as if she were mad herself or thought her mother mad. Then she said, "My God, do you ever think of anything except food?"

"I eat too much," the old lady gladly admitted. "Dr. Puri says I must reduce."

PRITAM didn't sleep well that night. She felt hot, and tossed about heavily, and finally got up and turned on the light and wandered around the house in her nightclothes. Then she unlatched the door and let herself out. The night air was crisp, and it re-



"*Jane Fonda.*"

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freshed her at once. She loved being out in all this immense silence. Moonlight lay on top of the mountains, so that even those that were green looked as if they were covered in snow.

There was only one light—a very human little speck, in all that darkness. It came from Doctor Sahib's house, some way below hers. She wondered if he had fallen asleep with the light on. It happened sometimes that he dozed off where he was sitting and when he woke up again it was morning. But other times he really did stay awake all night, too excited by his reading and thinking to be able to sleep. Pritam decided to go down and investigate. The path was very steep, but she picked her way down, as sure and steady as a mountain goat. She peered in at his window. He was awake, sitting at his table with his head supported on his hand, and reading by the light of a kerosene lamp. His house had once had electricity, but after the disaster last winter it could not be got to work again. Pritam was quite glad about that, for the wiring had always been uncertain, and he had been in constant danger of being electrocuted.

She rapped on the glass to rouse him, then went round to let herself in by the door. At the sound of her knock, he had jumped to his feet; he was startled, and no less so when he discovered who his visitor was. He stared at her through his one glass lens, and his lower lip trembled in agitation.

She was irritated. "If you're so frightened, why don't you lock your door? You should lock it. Any kind of person can come in and do anything he wants." It struck her how much like a murder victim he looked. He was so small and weak—one blow on the head would do it. Some morning, she would come down and find him lying huddled on the floor.

But there he was, alive, and, now that he had got over the shock, laughing and flustered and happy to see her. He fussed around and invited her to sit on his only chair, dusting the seat with his hand and drawing it out for her in so courtly a manner that she became instinctively graceful as she settled herself on it and pulled her nightdress over her knees.

"Look at me, in my nightie," she said, laughing. "I suppose you're shocked. If Mother knew. If she could *see* me! But of course she is fast asleep and snoring in her bed. Why are you awake? Reading one of your stupid books—what stuff you cram into your head day and night. Anyone would go crazy."

Doctor Sahib was very fond of reading. He read mostly historical romances and was influenced and even inspired by them. He believed very strongly in past births, and these books helped him to learn about the historical eras through which he might have passed.

"A fascinating story," he said. "There is a married lady—a queen, as a matter of fact—who falls hopelessly in love with a monk."

"Goodness! Hopelessly?"

"You see, these monks—naturally—they were under a vow of chastity and that means—well—you know . . ."

"Of course I know."

"So there was great anguish on both sides. Because he also felt burning love for the lady and endured horrible penances in order to subdue himself. Would you like me to read to you? There are some sublime passages."

"What is the use? These are not things to read in books but to experience in life. Have you ever been hopelessly in love?"

He turned away his face, so that now only his cardboard lens was looking at her. However, it seemed not blank but full of expression.

She said, "There are people in the world whose feelings are much stronger than other people's. Of course they must suffer. If you are not satisfied only with eating and drinking but want something else . . . You should see my family. They care for nothing—only physical things, only enjoyment."

"Mine exactly the same."

"There is one cousin, Sarla—I have nothing against her, she is not a bad person. But I tell you it would be just as well to be born an animal. Perhaps I shouldn't talk like this, but it's true."

"It is true. And in previous births these people really were animals."

"Do you think so?"

"Or some very low form of human being. But the queens and the really great people, they become—well, they become like you. Please don't laugh! I have told you before what you were in your last birth."

She went on laughing. "You've told me so many things," she said.

"All true. Because you have passed through many incarnations. And in each one you were a very outstanding personality, a highly developed soul, but each time you also had a difficult life, marked by sorrow and suffering."

Pritam had stopped laughing. She gazed sadly at the blank wall over his head.

"It is the fate of all highly developed souls," he said. "It is the price to be paid."

"I know." She fetched a sigh from her innermost being.

"I think a lot about this problem. Just tonight, before you came, I sat here reading my book. I'm not ashamed to admit that tears came streaming from my eyes, so that I couldn't go on reading, on account of not being able to see the print. Then I looked up and I asked, 'Oh, Lord, why must these good and noble souls endure such torment, while others, less good and noble, can enjoy themselves freely?' "

"Yes, why?" Pritam asked.

"I shall tell you. I shall explain." He was excited, inspired now. He looked at her fully, and even his cardboard lens seemed radiant. "Now, as I was reading about this monk—a saint, by the way—and how he struggled and battled against nature, then I could not but think of my own self. Yes, I, too, though not a saint, struggle and battle here alone in my small hut. I cry out in anguish, and the suffering endured is terrible but also—oh, Madam—glorious! A privilege."

Pritam looked at a crack that ran right across the wall and seemed to be splitting it apart. One more heavy snowfall, she thought, and the whole hut would come down. Meanwhile, he sat here and talked nonsense and she listened to him. She got up abruptly.

He cried, "I have talked too much! You are bored!"

"Look at the time," she said. The window was milk-white with dawn. She turned down the kerosene lamp and opened the door. Trees and mountains were floating in a pale mist, attempting to surface like swimmers through water. "Oh, my God," she said, "it's time to get up. And I'm going to have such a day today, with all of them coming."

"They are coming today?"

"Yes, and you needn't bother to visit. They are not your type at all. Not one bit."

He laughed. "All right."

"Not mine, either," she said, beginning the upward climb back to her house.

PRITAM loved to cook and was very good at it. Her kitchen was a primitive little outbuilding in which she bustled about. Her hair fell into her face and stuck to her forehead; several times, she tried to push it back with her elbow but only succeeded in leaving a black soot mark. When her mother pointed this out to her now, she laughed and smeared at it and made it worse.

Her good humor carried her successfully over the arrival of the relatives. They came in three carloads, and suddenly the house was full of fashionably dressed people with loud voices. Pritam came dashing out of the kitchen just as she was and embraced everyone indiscriminately, including Sarla and her husband, Bobby. In the bustle of arrival and the excitement of many people, the meeting went off easily. The mother was relieved. Pritam and Bobby hadn't met for eight years—in fact, not since Bobby had been married to Sarla.

Soon Pritam was serving a vast, superbly cooked meal. She went around piling their plates, urging them to take, take more, glad at seeing them enjoy her food. She still hadn't changed her clothes, and the smear of soot was still on her face. The mother—whose main fear had been that Pritam would be surly and difficult—was not relieved but upset by Pritam's good mood. She thought to herself, Why should she be like that with them—what have they ever done for her that she should show them such affection and be like a servant to them? She even looked like their servant. The old lady's temper mounted, and when she saw Pritam piling rice onto Bobby's plate—when she saw her serving *him* like a servant, and the way he turned round to compliment her about the food, making Pritam proud and shy and pleased—then the mother could not bear any more. She went into the bedroom and lay down on the bed. She felt ill; her blood pressure had risen and all her pulses throbbed. She shut her eyes and tried to shut out the merry, sociable sounds coming from the next room.

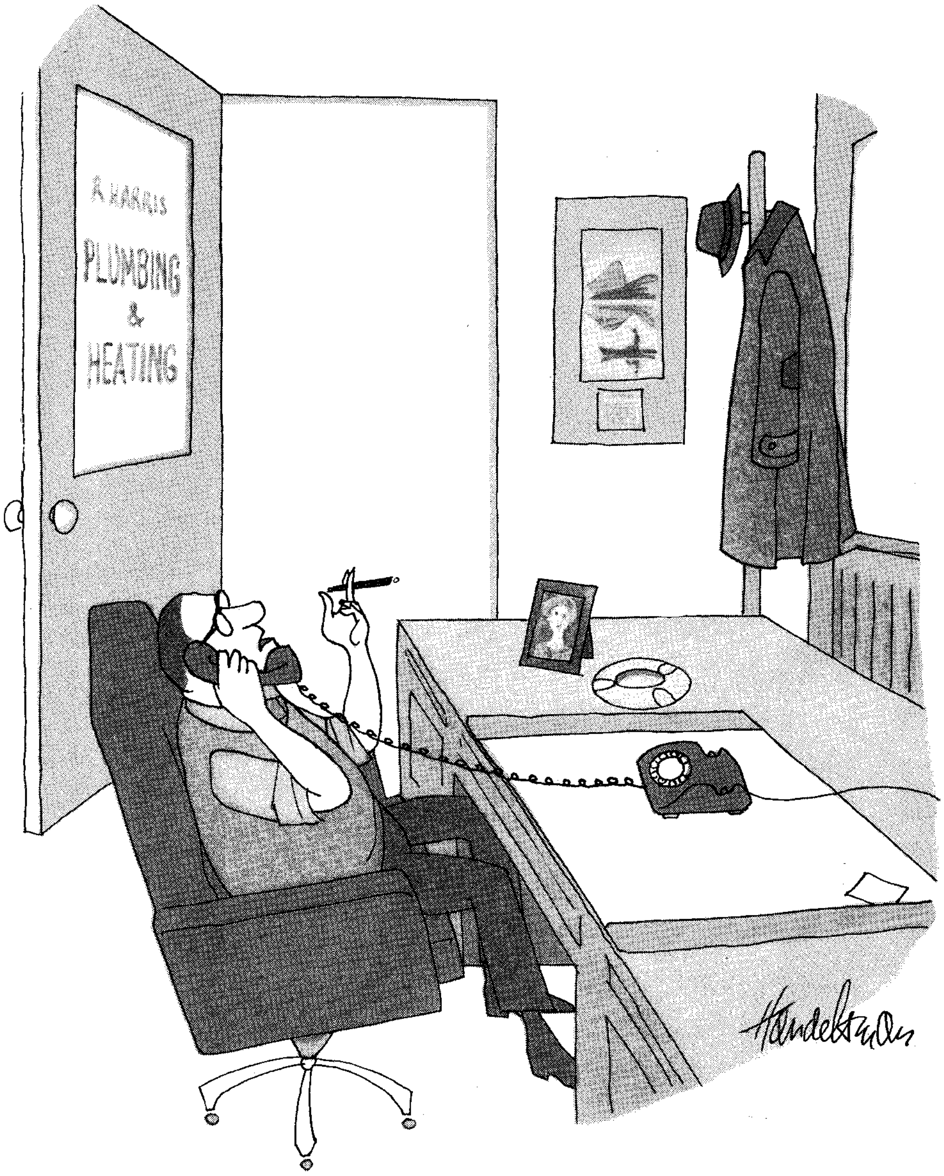
After a while, Pritam came in and said, "Why aren't you eating?"

The old lady didn't answer.

"What's the matter?"

"Go. Go away. Go to your guests."

"Oh, my God, she is sulking!" Pritam said, and laughed out loud—not to annoy her mother but to rally



"And if the plunger doesn't clear up the condition, bring in your drains and we'll have a look at them."

THE PAGE-TURNER

> . . . perhaps we could imagine a book like this one in which the scale represented on each successive page (six inches across) decreases by a factor of 10.—*"The Nature of the Universe," by Clive Kilmister.*

The cover of the book is itself exactly
Page one is you within a small room
Page three already a fair field for your tomb
Page four contains Newark matter-of-factly

Page five appropriates all its frightening streets
On page six Greater Manhattan glumly fits
There is room on page seven for all deceits
And on page eight the earth comfortably sits

And now the pages get much more inspiring
We turn again and not much can be seen
Though on page ten the moon begins soaring
Into details, darkness comes in on page eleven

On page twelve we see bodies not unlike
Our body—let's leave them at this stage
Now we can see the sun the first star for our sake
That moved us from the center of our page

Like us the asteroids are always travelling
And other rocky lumps that never waver
And now miles are an inconvenient thing
The traveller ages less than the observer

That solar system has withered to a dot
And we've been turning pages for light-years
By twenty-two your naked eye is shot
By all the naked stars when night was yours

Naked-eyed page-turners around the world
Turn very rapidly to page twenty-three
Two dinner plates are our galaxy
Vague whiteness in which the main course is still veiled

Let's turn one more page, page twenty-five
Now we are the cluster known as Local Group
Moving hither and thither, as if alive,
And we are, some stars, others merely hot soup

On page twenty-seven we approach the limit
And we are neither unique nor rare
No matter how far we go into it
At the end of our amazement is distant air

Now we really seem to be near the end
Covering one more page at enormous speeds
And what can we expect from our imaginary hand,
On page twenty-eight, when all we see recedes?

—DAVID SHAPIRO

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her, the way she would a child. But the mother continued to lie there with her eyes shut.

Pritam said, "Should I get you some food?"

"I don't want it," the mother said. But suddenly she opened her eyes and sat up. She said, "You should give food to him. He also should be invited. Or perhaps you think he is not good enough for your guests?"

"Who?"

"Who. You know very well. You should know. You were with him the whole night."

Pritam gave a quick glance over her shoulder at the open door, then advanced toward her mother. "So you have been spying on me," she said. The mother shrank back. "You pretended to be asleep, and all the time you were spying on me."

"Not like that, Daughter—"

"And now you are having filthy thoughts about me."

"Not like that!"

"Yes, like that!"

Both were shouting. The conversation in the next room had died down. The mother whispered, "Shut the door," and Pritam did so.

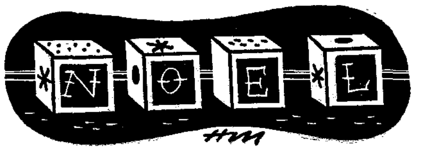
Then the mother said in a gentle, loving voice, "I'm glad he is here with you. He is a good friend to you." She looked into Pritam's face, but it did not lighten, and she went on, "That is why I said he should be invited. When other friends come, we should not neglect our old friends who have stood by us in our hour of need."

Pritam snorted scornfully.

"And he would have enjoyed the food so much," the mother said. "I think he doesn't often eat well."

Pritam laughed. "You should see what he eats!" she said. "But he is lucky to get even that. At least, his family send him money now. Before he came here, do you want to hear what he did? He has told me himself. He used to go to the kitchens of the restaurants and beg for food. And *they* gave him scraps and he *ate* them—he has told me himself. He ate leftover scraps from other people's plates like a sweeper or a dog. And you want such a person to be my friend."

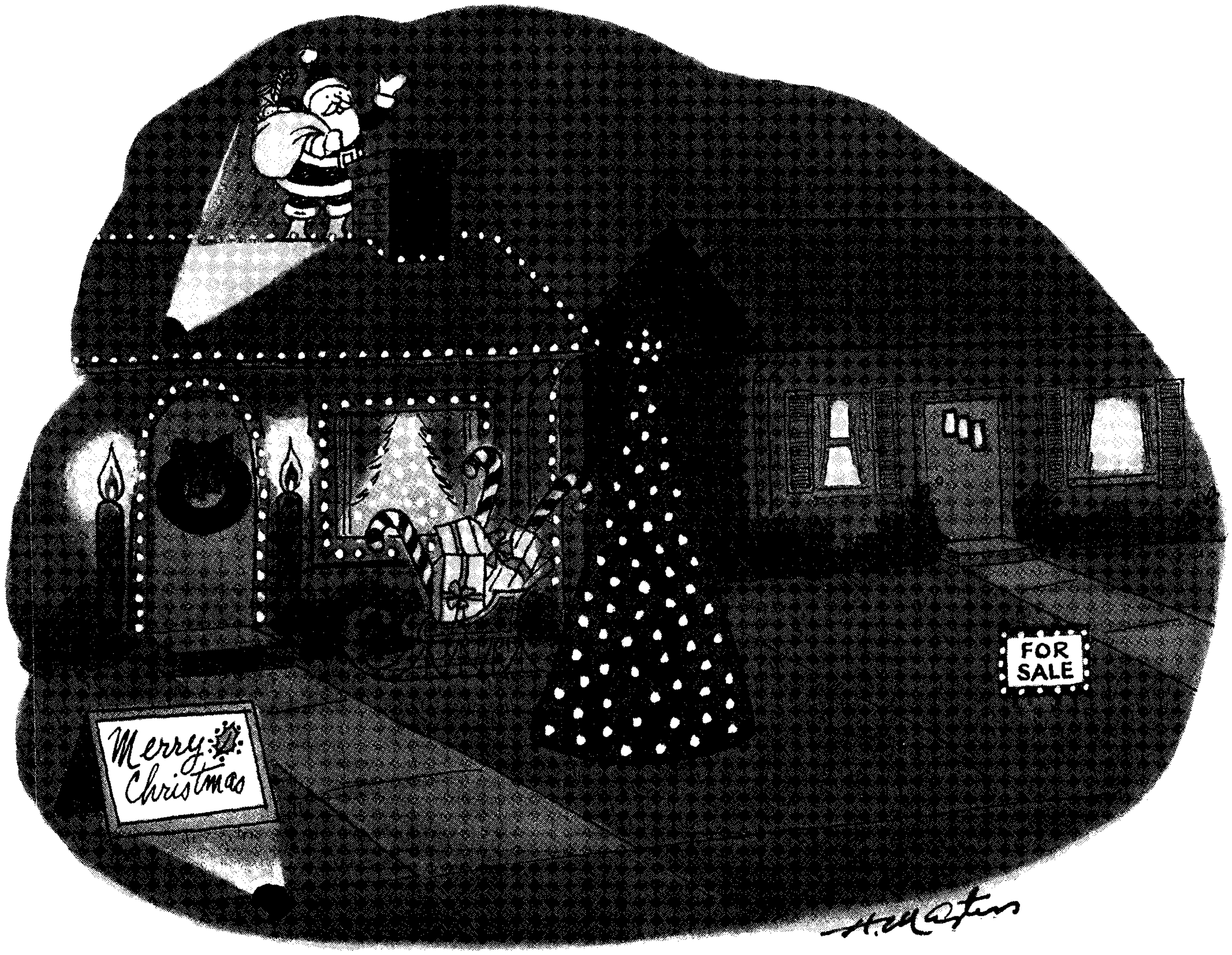
She turned away from her mother's startled, suffering face. She ran out of the room and out through the next room, past all the guests. She climbed up a path that ran from the back of her house to a little cleared plateau. She lay down in the grass, which was alive with insects; she was level with the tops of trees and with the birds that pecked and called from inside them. She often came here. She looked down at the view but didn't see it, it was so familiar to her. The only unusual sight was the three cars parked outside her house. A chauffeur was wiping a windscreen. Then someone came out of the house and, reaching inside a car door, emerged with a bottle. It was Bobby.



Pritam watched him, and when he was about to go back into the house she aimed a pebble that fell at his feet. He looked up. He smiled. "Hi, there!" he called.

She beckoned him to climb up to her. He hesitated for a moment, looking at the bottle and toward the house, but then gave the toss of his head that she knew well, and began to pick his way along the path. She put her hand over her mouth to cover a laugh as she watched him crawl up toward her on all fours. When finally he arrived, he was out of breath and dishevelled, and there was a little blood on his hand where he had grazed it. He flung himself on the grass beside her and gave a great "Whoof!" of relief.

She hadn't seen him for eight years, and her whole life had changed in the meantime, but it didn't seem to her that he had changed all that much. Perhaps he was a little heavier, but it suited him, made him look more manly than ever. He was lying face down on the grass, and she watched his shoulder blades twitch inside his finely striped



shirt as he breathed in exhaustion.

"You are in very poor condition," she said.

"Isn't it terrible?"

"Don't you play tennis anymore?"

"Mostly golf now."

He sat up and put the bottle to his mouth and tilted back his head. She watched his throat moving as the liquid glided down. He finished with a sound of satisfaction and passed the bottle to her, and without wiping it she put her lips where his had been and drank. The whiskey leaped up in her like fire. They had often sat like this together, passing a bottle of Scotch between them.

He seemed to be perfectly content to be there with her. He sat with his knees drawn up and let his eyes linger appreciatively over the view. It was the way she had often seen him look at attractive girls. "Nice," he said, as he had said on those occasions. She laughed, and then she, too, looked and tried to imagine how he was seeing it.

"A nice place," he said. "I like it. I wish I could live here."

"You!" She laughed again.

He made a serious face. "I love peace and solitude. You don't know me. I've changed a lot." He turned right round toward her, still very solemn, and for the first time she felt him gazing full into her face. She put up her hand and said quickly, "I've been cooking all day."

He looked away, as if wanting to spare her, and this delicacy hurt her more than anything. She said heavily, "*I've* changed."

"Oh, no!" he said in haste. "You are just the same. As soon as I saw you, I thought, Look at Priti, she is just the same." And again he turned toward her to allow her to see his eyes, stretching them wide open for her benefit. It was a habit of his she knew well; he would always challenge the person to whom he was lying to read anything but complete honesty in his eyes.

She said, "You had better go. Everyone will wonder where you are."

"Let them." And when she shook her head he said, in his wheedling voice, "Let me stay with you. It has been such a long time. Shall I tell you something? I was so excited yesterday thinking, Tomorrow I shall see her again. I couldn't sleep all night. No, really—it's true."

Of course, she knew it wasn't. He slept like a bear; nothing could disturb that. The thought amused her, and her mouth corners twitched. Encouraged, he moved in closer. "I think about you very often," he said. "I remember so many things—you have no idea. All the discussions we had about our terrible social system. It was great."

Once, they had had a very fine talk about free love. They had gone to a place they knew about, by a lake. At first, they were quite frivolous, sitting on a ledge overlooking the lake, but as they got deeper into their conversation about free love (they both, it turned out, believed in it) they became more and more serious and, after that, very quiet, until in the end they had nothing more to say. Then they only sat there, and though it was very still and the water had nothing but tiny ripples on it, like wrinkles in silk, they felt as if they were in a storm. But of course it was their hearts beating and their blood rushing. It was the most marvellous experience they had ever had in their whole lives. After that, they often returned there or went to other similar places that they found, and as soon as they were alone together that same storm broke out.

Now Bobby heaved a sigh. To make himself feel better, he took another drink from his bottle and then passed it to her. "It's funny," he said. "I have this fantastic social life. I meet such a lot of people, but there isn't one person I can talk *with the way* I talk with you. I mean, about serious subjects."

"And with Sarla?"

"Sarla is all right, but she isn't really interested in serious subjects. I don't think she ever thinks about them. But I do."

To prove it, he again assumed a very solemn expression and turned his face toward her, so that she could study it. How little he had changed!

"Give me another drink," she said, needing it.

He passed her the bottle. "People think I'm an extrovert type, and of course I do have to lead a very extrovert sort of life," he said. "And there is the business, *too*—ever since Daddy had his stroke, I have to spend a lot of time in the office. But very often, you know what I like to do? Just lie on my bed and listen to nice tunes on my cassette. And then I have a lot of thoughts."

"What about?"

"Oh, all sorts of things. You would be surprised."

She was filled with sensations she had thought she would never have again. No doubt they were partly due to the whiskey; she hadn't drunk in a long time. She thought he must be feeling the way she did; in the past, *they* had always felt the same. She put out her hand to touch him—first his cheek, which was rough and manly, and then his neck, which was soft and smooth. He had been talking, but when she touched him he fell silent. She left her hand lying on his neck, loving to touch it. He remained silent, and there was something strange. For a moment, she didn't remove her hand—she was embarrassed to do so—and when at last she did she noticed that he looked at it. She looked at it, too. The skin was rough and not too clean, and neither were her nails, and one of them was broken. She hid her hands behind her back.

Now he was talking again, and talking quite fast. "Honestly, Priti, I think you're really lucky to be living here," he said. "No one to bother you, no worries, and all this fantastic scenery." He turned his head again to admire it and made his eyes sparkle with appreciation. He also took a deep breath. "And such marvellous air," he said. "No wonder you keep fit and healthy. Who lives there?" He pointed at Doctor Sahib's house below.

Pritam answered eagerly. "Oh, I'm very lucky—he is such an interesting personality. If only you could meet him."

"What a pity," Bobby said politely. Down below, there was a lot of activity around the three cars. Things were being rolled up and stowed away in preparation for departure.

"Yes, you don't meet such people every day. He is a doctor, not only of medicine but all sorts of other things, too. He does a lot of research and thinking, and that is why he lives up here. Because it is so quiet."

Now people could be seen coming out of Pritam's house. They turned this way and that, looking up and calling Pritam's name.

"They are looking for you," Bobby said. He replaced the cap of his whiskey bottle and got up and waited for her to get up, too. But she took her time.

"You see, for serious thinking you have to have absolute peace and quiet," she said. "I mean, if you are a real thinker, a sort of philosopher type."

She got up. She stood and looked down at the people searching and calling for her. "Whenever I wake up at night, I can see his light on. He is always with some book, studying, studying."

"Fantastic," Bobby said, though his attention was distracted by the people below.

"He knows all about past lives. He can tell you exactly what you were in all your previous births."

"Really?" Bobby said, turning toward her again.

"He has told me all about my incarnations."

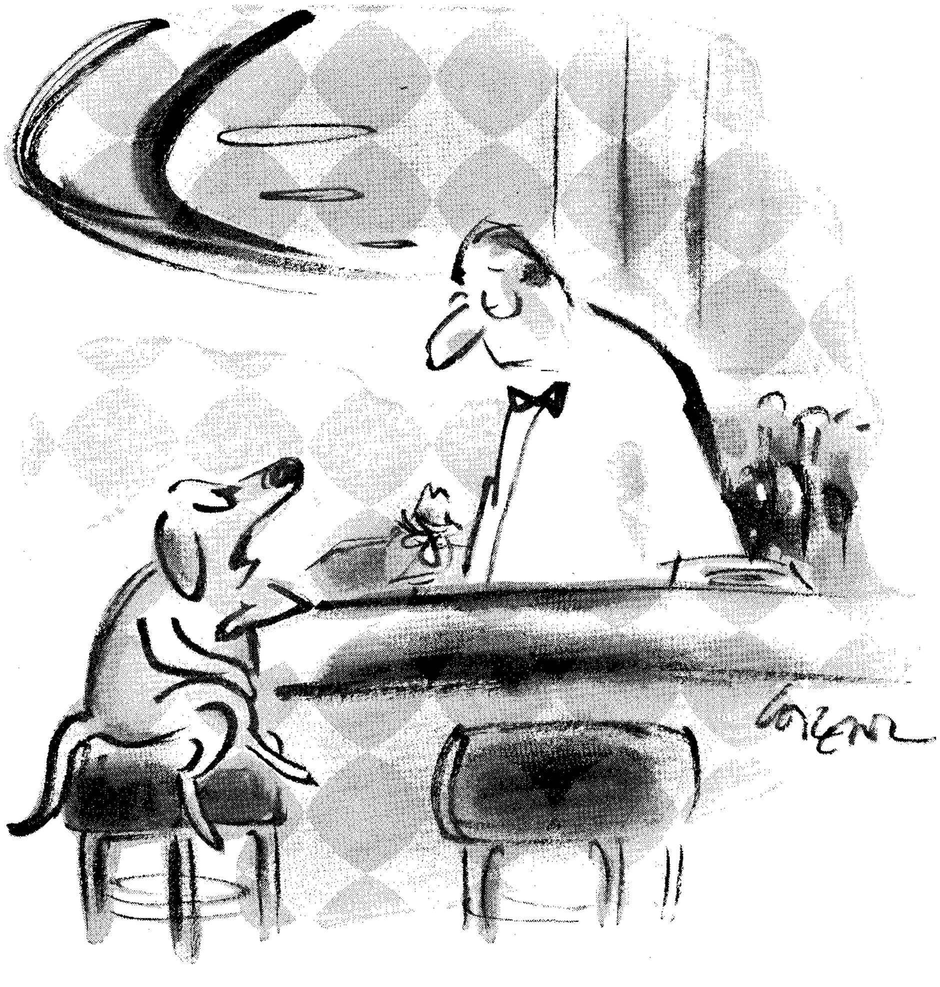
"Really? Would he know about me, too?"

"Perhaps. If you were an interesting personality. Yes, all right, coming!" she called down at last.

She began the steep climb down, but it was so easy for her that she could look back at him over her shoulder and continue talking. "He is only interested in studying highly developed souls, so unless you were someone really quite special in a previous birth he wouldn't be able to tell you anything."

"What were you?" Bobby said. He had begun to follow her. Although the conversation was interesting to him, he could not concentrate on it, because he had to keep looking down at the path and place his feet with caution.

"I don't think I can tell you," she said, walking on ahead. "It is some-



"Arf 'n' arf."

thing you are supposed to know only in your innermost self."

"What?" he said, but just then he slipped, and it was all he could do to save himself from falling.

"In your innermost self," she repeated in a louder voice, though without looking back. Nimbly, she ran down the remainder of the path and was soon among the people who had been calling her.

THEY were relieved to see her. It seemed the old lady was being very troublesome. She refused to have her bag packed, refused to get into the car and be driven up to Simla. She said she wanted to stay with Pritam.

"So let her," Pritam said.

Her relatives exchanged exasperated glances. Some of the ladies were so tired of the whole thing that they had given up and sat on the steps of the veranda, fanning themselves. Others, more patient, explained to Pritam that it was all very well for her to say let her stay, but how was she going to look after her? The old lady needed so many things—a masseuse in the morning, a cup of Horlicks at eleven and another at three, and one never knew when the doctor would have to be called for her blood pressure. None of these facilities was available in Pritam's house, and they knew exactly what would happen—after a day, or at the most two, Pritam would send them an SOS, and they would have to come back all the way from Simla to fetch her away.

Pritam went into the bedroom, shutting the door behind her. The mother was lying on her bed, with her face to the wall. She didn't move or turn round or give any sign of life until Pritam said, "It's me." Then her mother said, "I'm not going with them."

Pritam said, "You will have to have a cold bath every day, because I'm not going to keep lighting the boiler for you. Do you know who has to chop the wood? Me, Pritam."

"I don't need hot water. If you don't need it, I don't."

"And there is no Horlicks."

"Tcha!" said her mother. She was still lying on the bed, though she had turned round now and was facing Pritam. She did not look very well. Her face seemed puffed and flushed.

"And your blood pressure?" Pritam asked.

"It is quite all right."

"Yes, and what if it isn't? There is no Dr. Puri here, or anyone like that."

The mother shut her eyes, as if it were a great effort. After a time, she found the strength to say, "There is a doctor."

"God help us!" Pritam said, and laughed out loud.

"He *is* a doctor." The mother compressed her little mouth stubbornly over her dentures. Pritam did not contradict her, though she was still laughing to herself. They were silent together but not in disagreement. Pritam opened the door to leave.

"Did you keep any food for him?" the mother said.

"There is enough to last him a week."

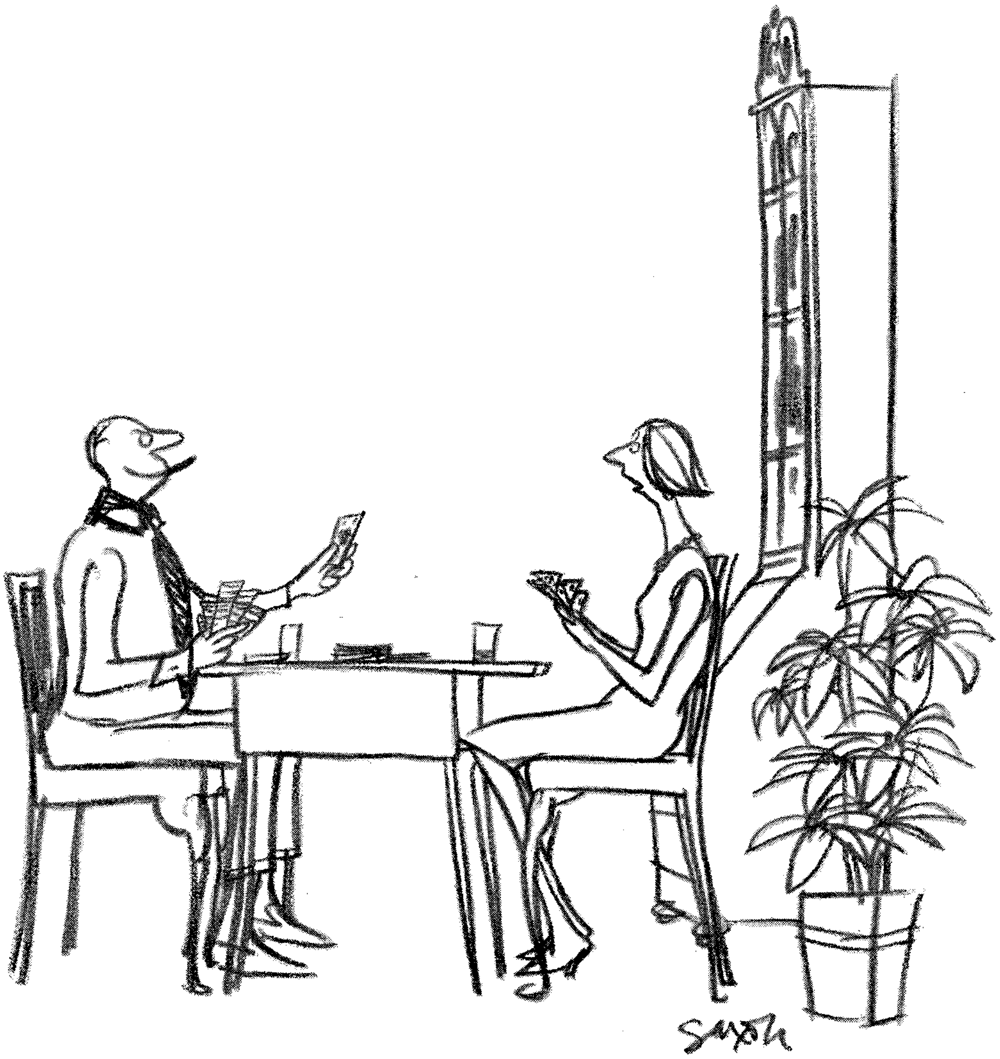
She went out and told the others that her mother was staying. She wouldn't listen to any arguments, and after a while they gave up. All they wanted was to get away as quickly as possible. They piled into their cars and waved at her from the windows. She waved back. When she was out of sight, they sank back against the car upholstery with sighs of relief. They felt it had gone off quite well this time. At least there had been no quarrel. They discussed her for a while and felt that she was improving; perhaps she was quieting down with middle age.

Pritam waited for the cars to reach the bend below and then—quite without malice but with excellent aim—she threw three stones. Each one squarely hit the roof of a different car as they passed, one after the other. She could hear the sound faintly from up here. She thought how amazed they would be inside their cars, wondering what had hit them, and how they would crane out of the windows but not be able to see anything. They would decide that it was just some stones crumbling off the hillside—perhaps the beginning of a landslide; you never could tell in the mountains.

She picked up another stone and flung it all the way down at Doctor Sahib's corrugated tin roof. It landed with a terrific clatter, and he came running out. He looked straight up to where she was standing, and his one lens glittered at her in the sun.

She put her hands to her mouth and called, "Food!" He gave a sign of joyful assent and straightaway, as nimble as herself, began the familiar climb up.

—R. PRAWER JHABVALA



"Gin!"

"You don't love me anymore."

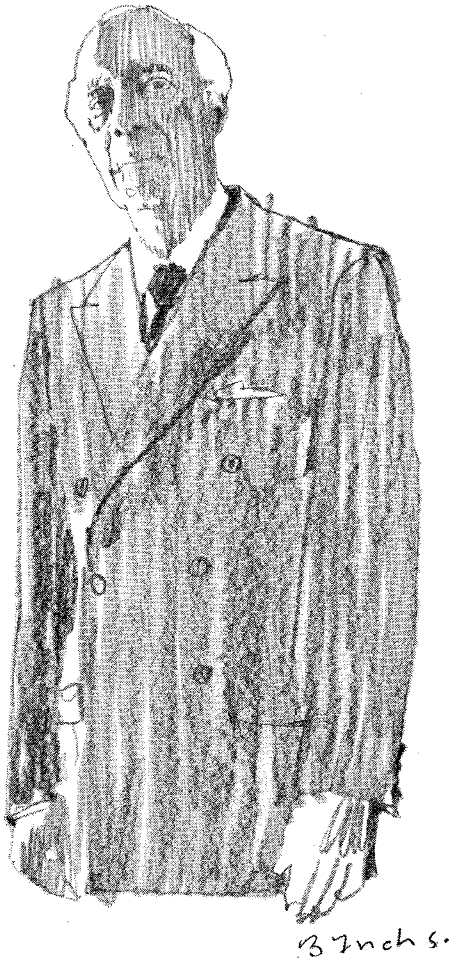
PROFILES

EARLY VOICE

III—THE MARCH

AFTER the collapse of Marcus Garvey's black-nationalist movement, in the mid-nineteen-twenties, there was nothing in America resembling a black mass movement until the late nineteen-thirties, when signs of a new one—quite different in character and purpose from black nationalism—began to appear. And when, in 1941, it emerged fully, in the form of an economic mass movement, there was more than a little irony in the fact that the main source of its leadership and sustenance was the once passive and despised Pullman sleeping-car porter.

In May, 1935, a conference on the economic status of the Negro was held at Howard University, co-sponsored by the university's Division of Social Sciences and an organization called the Joint Committee on National Recovery, which had been formed in 1933 to represent the interests of black workers in matters that came before the agencies of the New Deal. The idea for the conference had originated with Dr. Ralph Bunche, the chairman of Howard's Department of Political Science, and John P. Davis, the executive secretary of the Joint Committee on National Recovery. The Howard conference found that there was a need for closer collaboration among the existing black organizations—political, fraternal, and religious—and a need, as well, for a central organization to embody and articulate the broad objectives of the racial struggle. It was decided, therefore, to form a National Negro Congress. This would not, the conference agreed, replace or duplicate the work of any existing organization but would give strength and support to all the progressive programs of all black groups. Davis was appointed national secretary, and among the prominent black leaders around the country whose support he enlisted were Lester Granger and Elmer Carter, of the National Urban League; Alain Locke, of Howard University; James A. Bray, Randall A. Carter, and W. J. Walls, black churchmen; Midian O. Bousfield, of the Julius Rosenwald Fund; and A. Philip Randolph, the leader of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters in its twelve-year fight against the Pullman Company, first for recognition and then for improved working conditions and better pay. Replying to a letter from Davis in July, 1935, Randolph praised the idea of a National Negro Congress and promised to support it "in any way possible." The first meeting of the Congress took place in the 8th Regiment Armory in Chicago, on February 14, 1936, and continued for two days. There were eight hundred and seventeen delegates, from five hundred and eighty-five political, professional, fraternal, religious, and labor organizations, and more than five thousand observers, including a large number of white Communist sympathizers.



A. Philip Randolph

A week before the Congress opened, the presiding committee, headed by the Reverend Dr. Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church, in Harlem, had invited Randolph to be its first president. This was in recognition not only of what Davis called Randolph's "brilliant fight" in getting the Pullman Company to recognize the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters as the authorized representative of Pullman employees but also of the fact that Randolph was then the most widely known spokesman for black working-class interests in the country. At the time, Randolph was at home, ill, in the Dunbar Apartments, in Harlem. The long struggle against the Pullman Company had left him in poor health, and he was suffering from a respiratory infection, fever, diseased tonsils, chronic laryngitis, and a persistent cough. His doctor had recommended a tonsillectomy and had cautioned Randolph against the abuse of his vocal cords by too much public speaking. Still, as his doctor noted, Randolph was, at forty-seven, "a well-developed and well-nourished man." His body, slender through most of his life, had begun to broaden and flesh out, and his eyes—though their early mixture of diffidence and optimism had given way to a trace of melancholy—mirrored an inner calm, in a face that retained the appearance of a man in his early thirties.

Randolph wired the Congress that, because of illness, he was unable to accept the presidency. That was not the only reason, however; it was simply the easiest to explain. He was still engaged in tough negotiations with the Pullman Company over the first contract the porters would win from the company. And while his colleagues in the union—especially Milton Webster, the first vice-president of the union—made it clear that they would not impose their wishes upon him, they were not at all in favor of his dividing his attention between the Brotherhood and what they called "outside" organizations. One of the executive members of the National Negro Congress was Dr. Charles Wesley Burton, who was a minister, a personal friend of Randolph's, and one of the few black Chicagoans who had supported the Brotherhood from its inception. Urging Randolph to change his mind, Burton assured him that illness was not a serious obstacle, since it was not absolutely necessary for him to come to Chicago in order to accept the presidency of the Congress. Randolph then decided to accept.

Despite Randolph's initial reluctance, there was nothing—next to the presidency of the union—that appealed to him more at the time than the presidency of the National Negro Congress. Throughout the struggle against Pullman, he had regarded the Brotherhood not merely as a labor organization but as the vanguard of a black political movement. The presidency of the Congress—which had among its objectives the organizing of black workers in industrial unions—was attractive both because he could use the office as a platform for organizing black workers and because the Congress itself would be an expression of collective black political will. Randolph's decision was not all vanity, however—as George S. Schuyler suggested when he wrote in his autobiography that "Randolph had never quite been accepted by the N.A.A.C.P. Brahmins up to that time, and he was panting for leadership." It was true that he held a rather high opinion of himself as a spokesman, and it may or may not have been true that he felt insufficiently recognized by the élite of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. But he seems also to have been deeply committed to what he felt his leadership of the Congress might achieve. Then, of course, there were others—the Congress's presiding committee included—who felt that he was the best qualified at the time to lead important black coalitions. The writer Claude McKay, in his book "Harlem: Negro Metropolis," commenting upon Randolph's ability to head a Harlem labor group in the late nineteen-thirties, said:

> Perhaps the one person who is intellectually and practically equipped to make this union a shining success is Mr. Philip Randolph.... Mr. Randolph, more than any other Negro leader, has a comprehensive understanding of the vast conquests of modern industry and the grand movement of labor to keep abreast of it. And he is aware that the Negro group is in a special position and has a special force. His outlook remains unblurred by passion and prejudice. He takes a long, balanced view of men and affairs. He could not be tagged with radical, chauvinist, nationalist, or reactionary labels, or with any other slanderous names such as the Communists and the other labor henchmen attach to those colored people who oppose their unscrupulous exploitation of Negro organizations in the interests of Soviet Russia.... He believes that the mainspring of the Negro minority lies within itself.

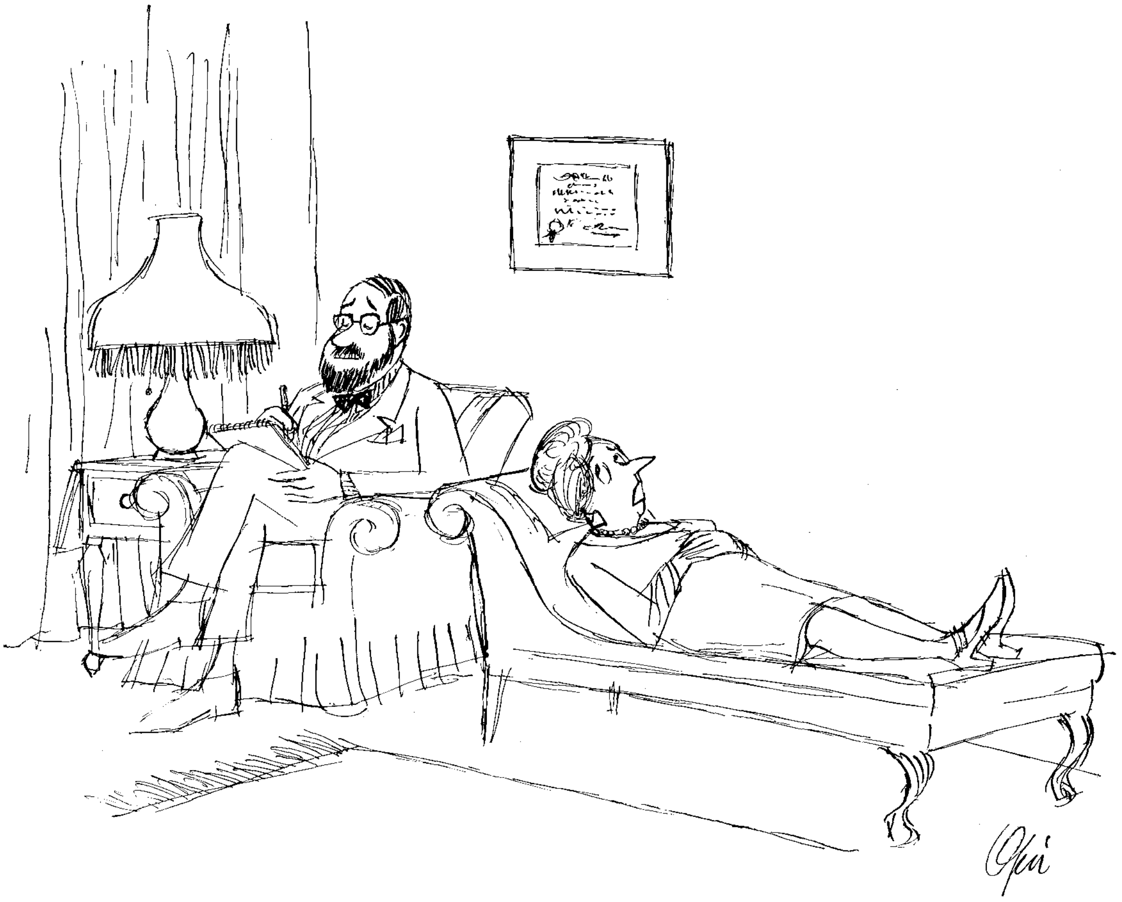
McKay's estimate was accurate—except, as events were to prove, in its statement that Randolph could not be tagged with those "slanderous names."

Randolph composed his presidential address and sent it to Burton, who read it at the opening session of the Congress. The address, ranging widely over current political and racial issues, called for the preservation of democratic institutions against Hitlerism and Fascism and for the organization of black workers—particularly in industrial unions, which, unlike most craft unions, had no constitutional clauses barring black members. The speech, suggesting Randolph's continuing attachment to democratic Socialism, was especially tough on the New Deal. "It does not seek to change the profit system," Randolph wrote. "It does not place human rights above property rights, but gives the business interests the support of the state. It is no insurance against the coming of Fascism or the prevention of war or a recurrent depression, though it be more liberal than the Republican Tories." Then, taking note of a recent shift in Communist policy, in which American Communists had joined liberals in a united front against Hitlerism and Fascism—and because of which black and white Communists had endorsed the National Negro Congress—Randolph warned:

> The united front does not provide an excuse for weakness or timidity, or reliance by any one organization upon the others who comprise it, but, on the contrary, it affords an opportunity for the contribution of strength by each organization to the common pool of organizational power for a common defense against the enemy. Thus the Negro peoples should not place their problems for solution down at the feet of their white sympathetic allies... for, in the final analysis, the salvation of the Negro, like the workers, must come from within.

The other members of the National Negro Congress seem to have been thinking along similar lines at the time, for one of several resolutions the Congress passed before it adjourned declared that "in the words of our national secretary, John P. Davis, 'The National Negro Congress goes on record that it is not and will never be dominated by any political faction or political party.'" Randolph's warning had not been unnecessary, however, for in the audience, though not formally affiliated with the Congress, were scores of white Communist sympathizers.

Though the Communists were no doubt resourceful enough to have found their own means of penetrating the Congress, the task was made much easier for them by the non-Communist membership. Many affiliated groups—especially the religious and fraternal ones—did not wish to contribute to the financial support of the organization. Disturbed by the endorsement that the



"Did you miss me on your vacation?"

Congress had received from the Communists, they were fearful of potential left-wing influence upon their organizations—all of which seemed to leave the Congress no practical alternative to taking money and services from the Communists, who stood willing and ready to give. But they had reason for giving, and they invested so wisely and generously that by 1940 they were able not only to penetrate the Congress but to control it. Randolph had no idea that soon after he had assumed the presidency of the Congress the Communists began contributing heavily to its support and would slowly come to dominate its internal machinery—though from his experience in both radical politics and labor organizing he could not have been naïve about their motives in endorsing the organization in the first place. Replying, at the end of the 1936 meeting, to conservative critics like Dean Kelly Miller, of Howard University, Randolph had denied that the Congress was Communist-influenced. The Congress, he said, "as its name plainly expresses, is a Negro movement, and it has been projected to fight for Negro rights." He continued, "It was not, is not and will not be dominated by either Communists, Republicans, Socialists, or Democrats." After the meeting, the affairs of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters kept him from remaining in close touch with the internal operations of the Congress, and when, in 1937, the Congress held its second meeting, in the Philadelphia Metropolitan Opera House, he had still found no reason to believe that the Congress was anything but "a Negro movement." It was only shortly before the Congress convened for the third time—in the auditorium of the Department of Labor, in Washington, in April of 1940—that he learned of, or realized, the full extent of Communist penetration. Some eight months earlier, the Nazi-Soviet Pact had been signed, the Communist Party line had changed again, and American Communists were no longer interested in the popular front against Hitlerism and Fascism.

At the opening of the third meeting, the keynote of the Congress's new politics was struck when John L. Lewis, the head of the United Mine Workers, who was the guest speaker, demanded that the United States stay out of the war in Europe, stressed the need to fight for democracy at home, and urged the National Negro Congress to affiliate with Labor's Non-Partisan League, a political-action group Lewis and other C.I.O. leaders had founded in 1936. Lewis's speech, Ralph Bunche recalled several years later, "received a tremendous ovation." Randolph's reply marked the end of his presidency. Bunche's eyewitness report, presented in a memorandum prepared for the Carnegie Foundation-Gunnar Myrdal Study, in 1940, said, in part:

> Randolph followed John L. Lewis, and in a very carefully prepared manuscript titled "The World Crisis and the Negro People Today," analyzed the direction of Negro interests in the present day. Randolph was fully aware of the temper of the Congress and knew that the position he would take would be very unpopular. It had been bruited about for some months that there was internal dissension in the Congress and that Randolph . . . and John Davis . . . were at odds on policy. The Auditorium was packed with 1,700 people at the opening meeting when Randolph began his paper. No more than one-third of this audience remained at the conclusion of Randolph's address. But it cannot be said that the audience left only because of the length of Randolph's talk. Within the first fifteen minutes of his paper it was noticeable that an exodus began and this coincided with Randolph's first statement to the effect that the Soviet Union is pursuing power politics and that what is in the national interests of the Soviet Union is not necessarily in the interests of world peace and democracy. . . .
>
> As a matter of fact, Randolph's speech was a very fair one. He merely cautioned the Negro that it would be foolish for him to tie up his own interests with the foreign policy of the Soviet Union or any other nation of the world. Nor would the Negro be sensible in hoping that through tying himself to any American organization, political or labor, he would find a ready solution for his problems. He cautioned the Congress against a too close relationship with any organization, mentioning the major parties, the Communist Party, the Socialist Party (of which he is a member) and the C.I.O. . . . He made it clear that he believed in the program enunciated at the very first meeting of the Congress; viz., the development of a minimum program of action on the basis of which all Negro organizations might unite in a common effort to establish an effective national Negro pressure group. . . .
>
> Randolph's speech threw a bombshell into the Congress. . . . It became apparent immediately that Randolph would either have to resign or would be put out, since the sentiment of the Congress was so definitely in pursuit of different objectives. This, of course, is explained by the composition of the delegates. The vast majority represented unions, and these were almost entirely C.I.O. unions. The Negro rank and file did not know what it was all about, except when perfervid speeches were made demanding anti-lynching legislation, the franchise, and full democracy for the Negro. . . . John Davis, it is said, stayed up all Friday night writing a reply to Randolph's address, as the report of the executive secretary to the Congress. This report devoted a minimum of attention to the work of the Congress, but was a deliberate attempt to reply to the statements made by Randolph the night before. . . .
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> The real drama of the Congress occurred . . . when the Resolutions Committee presented its report and when Randolph resigned from the presidency. . . .
>
> Edgar Brown, a Negro government employee . . . arose and defended Roosevelt's peace policy and his policy toward Negroes when the resolution on imperialism was up for consideration. As soon as he mentioned President Roosevelt he was denounced in a roar of boos and hisses. . . .
>
> John Davis spoke on behalf of the resolution on the imperialist war and it was adopted by acclaim.
>
> Randolph spoke in opposition to the resolution on unity with Labor's Non-Partisan League. He stated: "I am in opposition to the resolution on the grounds that it is in violation of the minimum program policy of the Congress because it introduces a controversial issue. A minimum program is one on which all members can agree. By aligning the Congress with the League you are breaking up the Congress. It is impossible to rally the Negro masses behind a partisan program. I know the temper of this Congress but I would not be true to you if I did not register my exception and my opposition to this resolution. I am opposed to the Congress making alliance with any party or with any political group. . . ."
>
> When the report of the Resolutions Committee was adopted as a whole, a dozen people who were standing on the floor went without recognition. Randolph arose to make a few remarks just before the report of the Presiding Committee was to be given. His remarks were extemporaneous, as follows: "When the Negro Congress was organized I was urged by Mr. Davis and Dr. Burton to serve as President. I at first refused but later accepted reluctantly. . . . Now we have come to a point in the development of the organization where a departure from the principles of minimum demands is reached, and where policies are adopted to which I am opposed. For these reasons it is impossible for me to continue as President of the Congress. I wish to make it clear that the reports in the press of personal differences between John P. Davis and me are untrue. There are no personal differences between us. We are friends and I have high regard for the ability of Mr. Davis, but we do disagree on certain policies of the Congress. We disagree, for example, on the alliance of the Congress with Labor's Non-Partisan League. We disagree on the policy of tying up the Congress too closely with the C.I.O., for I believe that whenever the Congress is tied up too closely with any organization it loses its mass character. I am compelled also to warn the delegates of this Congress against the tie-up with any political organization. . . . We have received donations from the Communist Party, and that is not a healthy condition. I believe that this Congress should

• •

> be dependent upon the Negro people alone, for wherever you get your money, you get your policies and ideas. The Congress will be responsible to the organization from which it gets its money. I also disagree with the policy toward the Soviet Union. I oppose any coöperation with the Soviet Union. It has been said that if there was a war between the United States and the Soviet Union the Negro people would not fight against the Soviet Union. John Davis and I disagree on that. For these reasons I have concluded that I can no longer serve."

Randolph's position on the war in 1940 was, of course, the direct opposite of the doctrinaire one that he had taken during the First World War. The reason, he explained, was that the threats Hitlerism and Fascism posed to democratic institutions in 1940 were far more serious than those posed in 1918, and made it imperative for blacks to support the war against Nazism. That same year, Randolph resigned briefly from the Socialist Party—which had maintained its doctrinaire anti-war position—because, he said, he could not in good conscience support the Party's decision to remain neutral in a war between the Western democracies and Nazi Germany.

Thus, it was now time for Randolph to be tagged with the "slanderous names" that, McKay wrote, Communists attached to "those colored people who oppose their unscrupulous exploitation of Negro organizations." No sooner had the Congress's Washington meeting adjourned than Randolph was attacked nationally as a "Red-baiter," "a frightened Negro bourgeois," and "a traitor to the cause of his race." Under the bombardment, he was forced to release a statement explaining the stand he had taken in Washington. It said, in part:

> I am opposed to the National Negro Congress depending upon the Communists or C.I.O. for its financial maintenance, because I am opposed to the Congress being dominated by either. . . . The Congress should be uncontrolled and responsible to no one but the Negro people. But it will not be . . . unless the Negro people supply the money for its maintenance. . . .

If the flow of congratulatory letters Randolph received was any indication, he had struck a responsive chord among most black Americans. One writer said, "I see you more now as my ideal. I am proud of the stand you took regarding the Congress. It will go down in history as one of the courageous acts of your life."

WHERE the majority of black Americans were concerned, the New Deal had turned out to be a revolution only in their expectations—the most notable exceptions being those who had found it easier since 1933 to organize trade unions or to gain admission to the more progressive ranks of the labor movement. By late 1940 and early 1941, with Hitler's armies marching across Europe, America's defense industry began to boom. But the Americans who were reaping the benefits of the industrial boom—getting the jobs to build the ships, the planes, the tanks, and the guns—were almost entirely white. Turned away at the gates of defense plants, the masses of blacks remained largely on relief—the New Deal program that benefitted most of them—or in temporary emergency work.

Recalling those days, the magazine *American Labor* said, in August, 1968:

> Building contractors begged for construction workers, but 75,000 experienced Negro carpenters, painters, plasterers, cement workers, brick-layers and electricians could not get employment. It had been announced that 250,000 workers would be absorbed in supplying defense needs, but there was little place for Negro workers, regardless of training.
>
> The president of North American Aviation set forth the industry's thinking in a press interview, declaring that "regardless of training, we will not employ

Negroes in the North American plant. It is against company policy."

Standard Steel Corporation told the Kansas City Urban League: "We have not had a Negro worker in twenty-five years, and do not plan to start now."

From the June, 1942, issue of the Federal Security Agency publication: "Over 500,000 Negroes who should be utilized in war production are now idle because of the discriminatory hiring practices of war industries. Several million other Negroes engaged in unskilled occupations are prevented from making greater contributions."

When Negroes of Seattle . . . demanded the elimination of the union color bar at the Boeing Aircraft plant, the district organizer of the International Association of Machinists declared: "Labor has been asked to make many sacrifices in this war and has made them gladly, but this sacrifice . . . is too great."

In a Newport, Rhode Island, war housing project, where it was required to admit all families of war workers, it was said: "In these critical times it is more important than ever to preserve the principle of white supremacy."

Nor were the hands of the federal government clean. According to Will Winton Alexander, former assistant administrator of the Resettlement Administration, when complaints of discrimination started pouring in, Sidney Hillman, the co-director (with William Knudsen) of the Office of Production Management, was urged to write anti-discrimination clauses into the contracts the government was awarding defense plants: "He was just timid . . . didn't have any confidence in himself in the field of politics. We said, put it in the contracts. Put the responsibility for its enforcement on the contractor. But he wouldn't do it." And when blacks began to enlist in the armed services they were sent mostly to Jim Crow units in Jim Crow training camps, and assigned mainly the duties of laborers and servants.

And yet, despite the effect that all this had upon black morale, President Roosevelt—benefitting from the great esteem in which his wife, Eleanor, was held—remained the white American most admired by black citizens. Though the New Deal had not fundamentally altered the plight of black Americans, there was a feeling among them that here, for the first time in this century, was an Administration whose philosophy included a genuine concern for their problems. Said the magazine *Crisis*, in its election issue of 1940, "Most important contribution of the Roosevelt administration to the age-old color line problem in America has been its doctrine that Negroes are a part of the country and must be considered in any program for the country as a whole. The inevitable discriminations notwithstanding, this thought has been driven home in thousands of communities by a thousand specific acts."

But none were less ready to pass over the "inevitable discriminations" than the leaders of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. Among the resolutions the union passed at its fifteenth-anniversary convention—at the Salem Methodist Church, in Harlem, in September, 1940—was one calling upon the President, the Congress, and the heads of government departments "to see to it that no discrimination is practiced against American citizens entering all departments of the Army, Navy and Air Corps on account of race or color." One of the guests at the convention was Mrs. Roosevelt. On September 16th, she addressed the convention's anniversary dinner, in the Mecca Temple (now the City Center). Stressing "the fineness in people," she promised to coöperate with any effort "to make this a better country, not for you alone, but for all of us."

Two days after Mrs. Roosevelt addressed the Brotherhood's anniversary dinner, she telephoned Stephen Early, Secretary to the President, to relate to him the outcome of a conversation she had just had with her husband. Early was to arrange a meeting at the White House among the President; Under-Secretary of War Robert Patterson; Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox; Walter White, executive secretary of the N.A.A.C.P.; T. Arnold Hill, director of the Department of Industrial Relations of the National Urban League; and Randolph. Mrs. Roosevelt said that the meeting was "important and immediate," and that its purpose was "to discuss the rights of Negroes—their rights to volunteer, their rights under the Conscription Act, their general rights to participate in the whole structure of national defense, but particularly the Army and Navy." But the meeting, on the morning of Septem-

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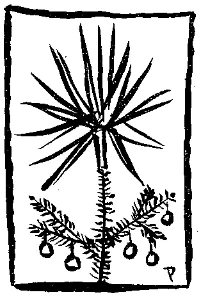
ber 27th—at which White, Hill, and Randolph submitted a memorandum calling for the immediate and complete integration of the armed services and "equitable participation" in defense industries—produced nothing to match the swiftness and concern with which Mrs. Roosevelt had acted. In fact, her good intentions were hopelessly mangled in the Administration's clumsy and intransigent policy and public-relations machinery. On October 9th, Early called a press conference to announce "the War Department policy in respect to Negro participation" in national defense. "You will remember," Early told the press, "that . . . the President held a conference . . . with Walter White and, I think, two other Negro leaders. . . . As a result of that conference, the War Department has drafted a statement of policy with regard to Negroes in national defense." The statement said, in part, that "the policy of the War Department is not to intermingle colored and white enlisted personnel in the same regimental organizations." Reporting Early's announcement, newspapers informed the country that "the segregation policy was approved after Mr. Roosevelt had conferred with Walter White [and] two other Negroes."



Randolph was "shocked and amazed" at the impression Early's announcement had created—that the black leaders had acquiesced in "the segregation policy." And White telegraphed a strong protest to Early. When no public denial of any kind came from the White House, White wrote Early again to insist that "a moral obligation rests upon the White House to correct the implication for which it is responsible." There was still no public denial; Early simply wrote to assure White, "as emphatically and as honestly as it is possible for any man to speak to another, that there was no disposition or intention on my part . . . to cause you or your colleagues any embarrassment whatsoever." But by then it was rather difficult to accept Early's protestations. As White said later, in his autobiography, "A Man Called White," the Democratic Party had feared the damaging effect that Early's announcement might have upon Roosevelt's reëlection campaign, and this turned into "consternation when shortly afterward Early kicked in the groin a New York City Negro policeman who had been assigned to protect the President, when the officer refused to permit Early to cross a police line."

Realizing that this could cost the Democrats millions of black votes, White now tried to drive a tougher bargain with the White House: instead of calling merely for a retraction of Early's statement, he demanded that the President fire Early from his staff—clearly, the price for black support in the election.

As everyone well knew, however, black support for Roosevelt was so solid that not even Stephen Early could undermine it. He kept his job in the White House, and, soon after, Roosevelt wrote White, Hill, and Randolph, expressing regret "that there has been so much misinterpretation of the Statement of War Department Policy" and that "your own position, as well as the attitude of both the White House and the War Department, has been misunderstood." The President continued, "The plan . . . on which we are all agreed, is that Negroes will be put into all branches of the service, combatant as well as supply. Arrangements are now being made to give, without delay, training in aviation to Negroes. Negro reserve officers will be called to active service and given appropriate commands. Negroes will be given the same opportunity to qualify for officers' commissions as will be given to others."

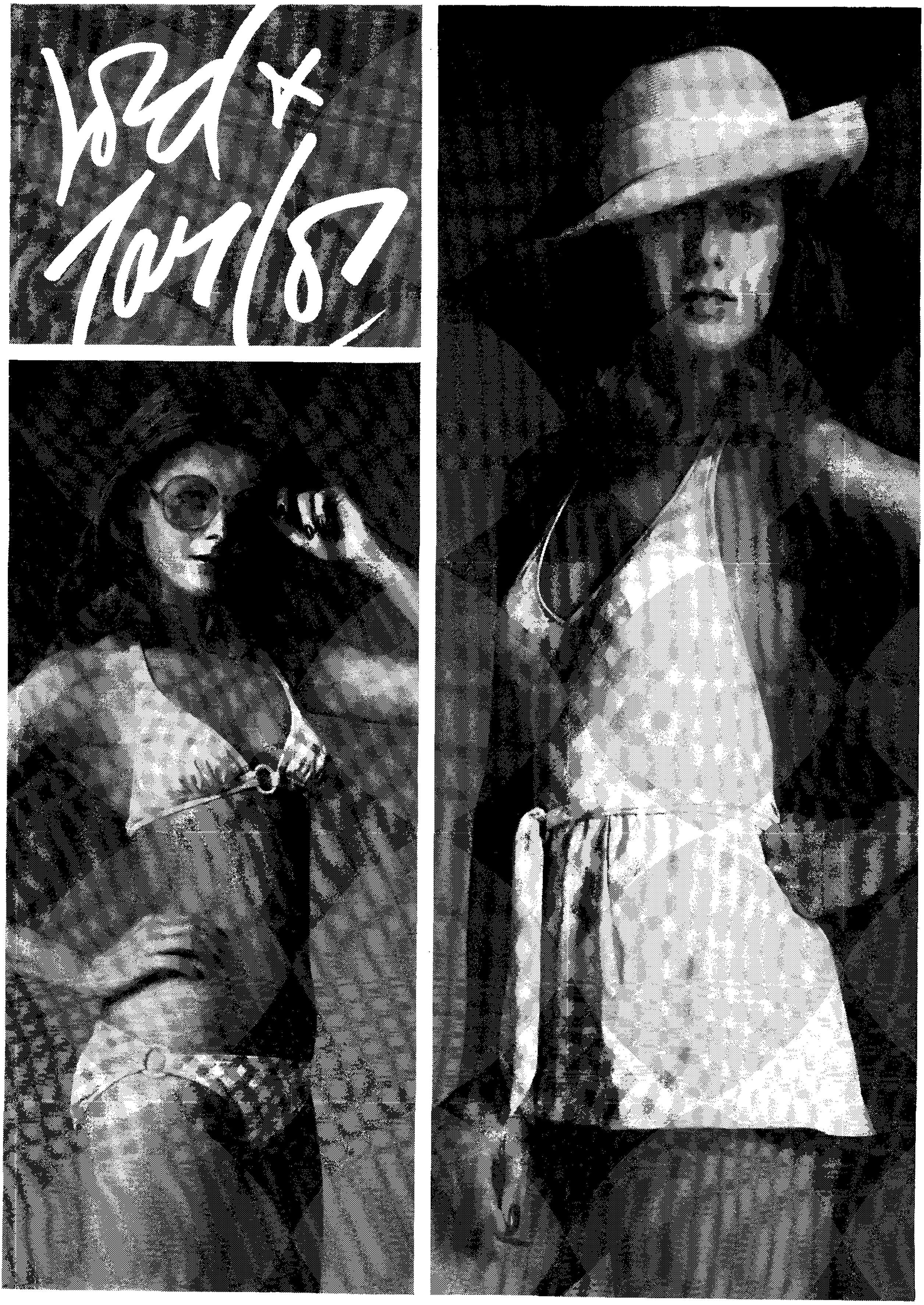
White appears to have been satisfied with the President's clarification of the armed-services question, for Joseph P. Lash, Mrs. Roosevelt's biographer, has written, "The Monday before election [White] sent Eleanor a note: '. . . I would be grateful if you would give the President the enclosed personal note of thanks for what he did in the matter of integration of Negroes in the armed forces of the United States.' And to the President he wrote, 'I want to send you this personal word of thanks for all you did to insure a square deal for Negroes in the defense of our country. We have worked night and day during recent weeks to take personally to the people the things you did and wrote. I am certain tomorrow will reveal that Negroes know the truth.' He was right. An analysis of fifteen Negro wards in nine northern cities showed that Roosevelt had captured four in 1932, nine in 1936, and fourteen in 1940."

But Randolph was not at all happy with the result of the White House conference, for blacks in the armed services were still segregated, and blacks were still excluded from the defense industry. He began to feel, in fact, that it was probably a mistake to continue such modes of protest—public statements, telegrams to Washington, and conferences in the White House. What was now needed, he felt, was mass action by the black people themselves.

IN December, 1940, Randolph and Webster left New York by train to visit Brotherhood divisions in the South. As the train rumbled through Virginia, Webster recalled at the 1956 convention of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, both men were silent. Finally, Randolph broke the silence. "You know, Web," he said, "calling on the President and holding these conferences are not going to get us anywhere." The remark pleased Webster. He was still, despite the Brotherhood's experiences under Coolidge and Hoover, a staunch Republican, and, he noted, "Anything said about a Democrat was all right with me."

The two men discussed possible courses of action, and on their first Southern stop, in Savannah, Georgia, they called a public meeting to announce that they were "gathering ten thousand Negroes to march on Washington to demand jobs in the defense industry." Since in the Black Belt at the time discretion in such matters was, by consensus, the better part of valor, people in Savannah helped the two Northerners arrange the meeting, then withdrew in silence—much like taking cover after lighting a fuse. "It scared everybody to death," Webster reported. "The head colored man in Savannah opened up the meeting and introduced me, and ran off the platform to the last seat in the last row. And when I looked up there a second time, he was gone." From Savannah they went to Jacksonville, Tampa, and Miami, telling about the march at each stop.

Back in New York, Randolph went to White, of the N.A.A.C.P.; Mary McLeod Bethune, of the National Council of Negro Women; and Lester Granger, of the National Urban League, to enlist their support. Despite their conservative attitude toward such undertakings, the leaders endorsed Randolph's proposal, and, soon after, a March on Washington Committee was formed, with Randolph as director and with a sponsoring committee made up of White; Granger; the Reverend Dr. William Lloyd Imes, of Harlem's St. James Presbyterian Church; Frank Crosswaith, of the Negro Labor Committee and a former organizer of the Brotherhood; Richard Parrish, who was president of the Association of Negro College Students of New York; Dr. Rayford Logan, of Howard Uni-



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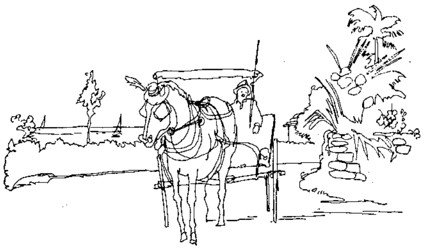

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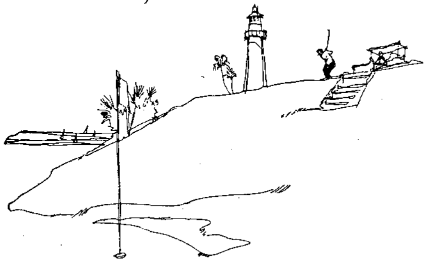

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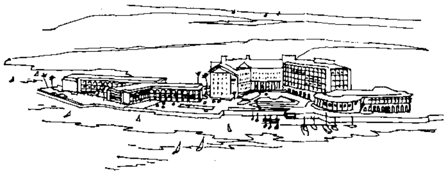

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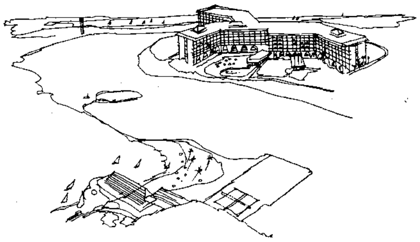

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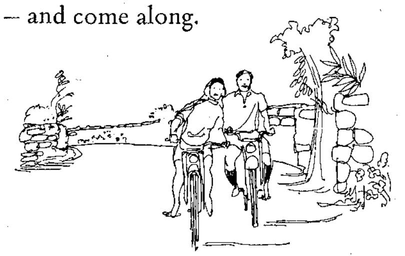

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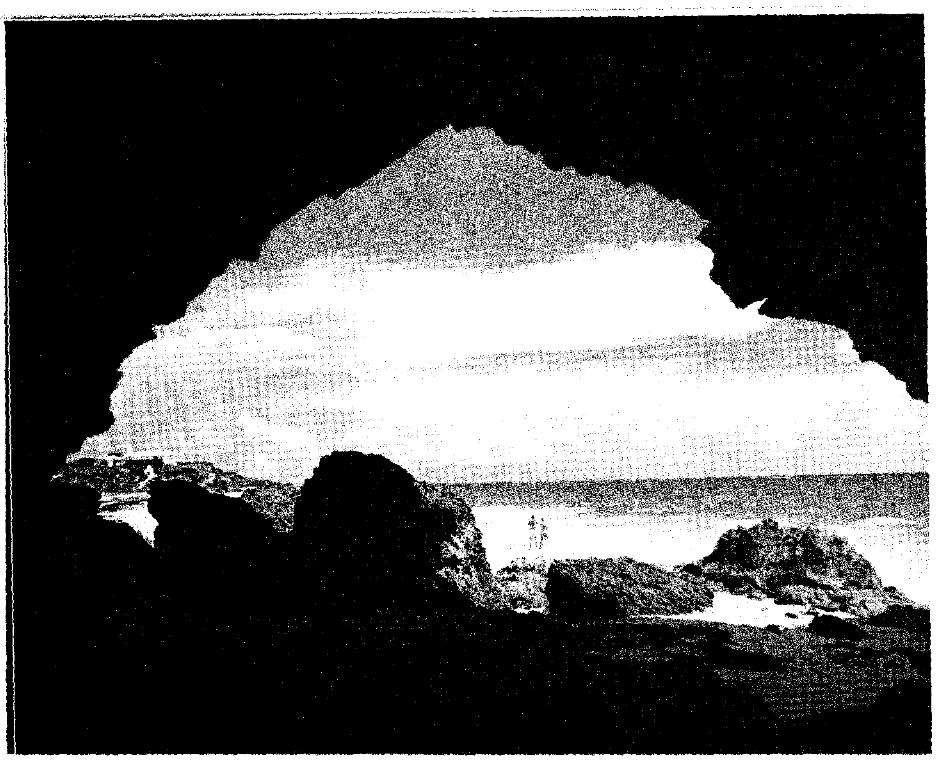

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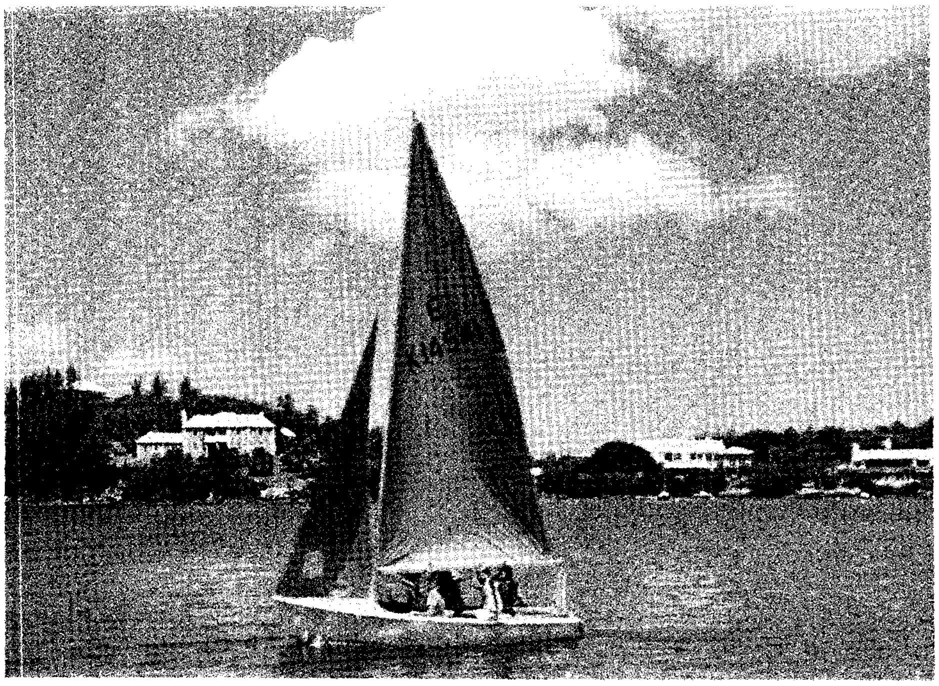

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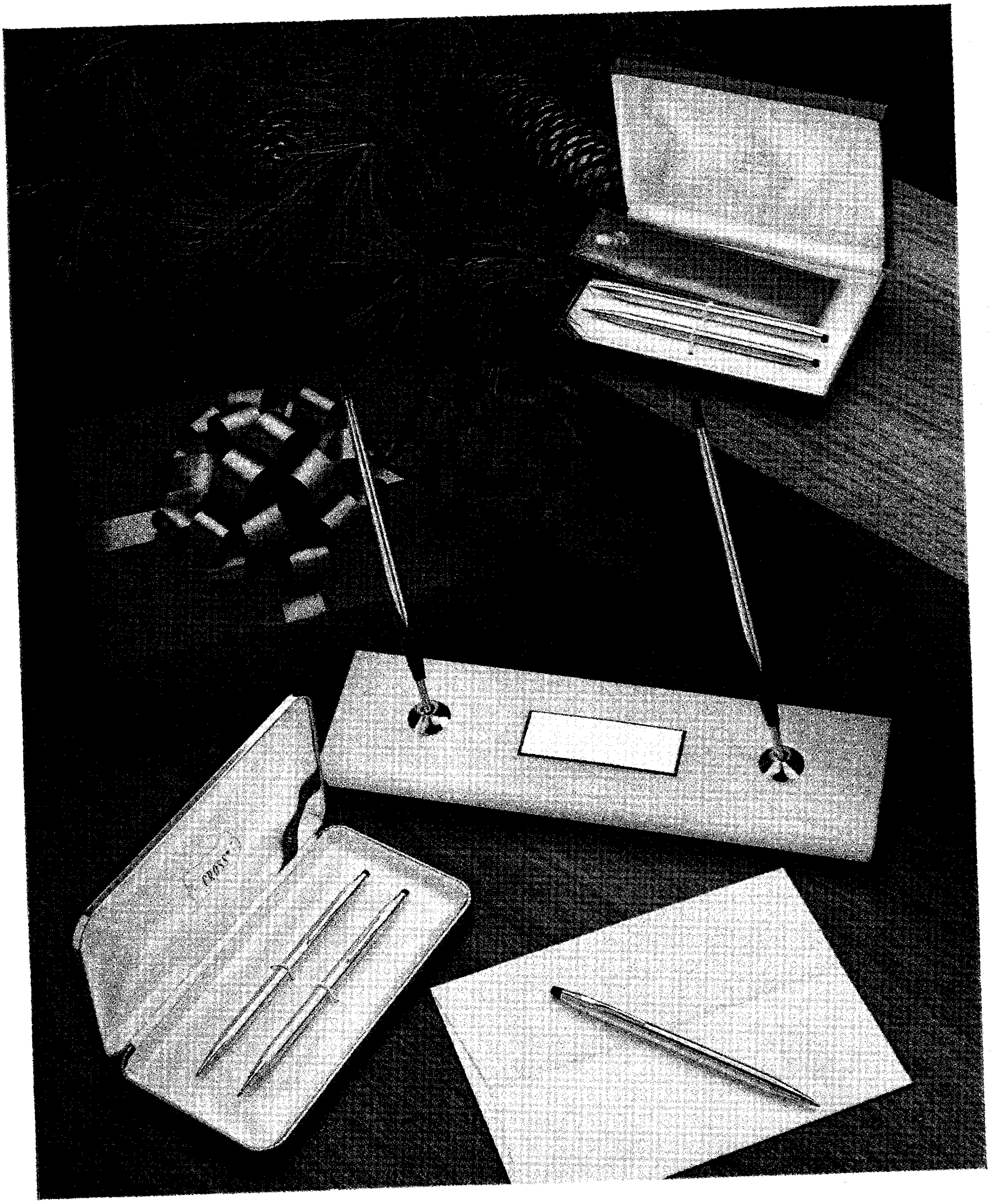

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versity; J. Finley Wilson, Grand Exalted Ruler of the Improved Benevolent Protective Order of Elks of the World; Layle Lane, vice-president of the American Federation of Teachers; Noah A. Walters, of the Laundry Workers Joint Board of Greater New York; E. E. Williams, of the Plasterers and Drillers Union; and the Reverend Dr. Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., of the Abyssinian Baptist Church. Regional committees were set up in cities across the country, supported by the local divisions of the Brotherhood. In Harlem, Brotherhood organizers fanned out through the streets, and into the shops, the bars, and the beauty parlors, publicizing the march and raising money for it. By the end of May, with the march scheduled for July 1st, Randolph, responding to pressure from supporters, raised the ante. He was calling now for a hundred thousand marchers. In a press release on May 29th—one of several he issued from the Brotherhood's office—Randolph said, “When 100,000 Negroes march on Washington, it will wake up Negro as well as white America. . . . I call upon Negroes everywhere to gird for an epoch-making march and demonstration. . . . Let the Negro masses march! Let the Negro masses speak!”

OFFICIAL Washington was not only impressed by Randolph's plans; it was also alarmed. People like Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins, Secretary of War Henry Stimson, and Sidney Hillman and William Knudsen, of the Office of Production Management, could no longer dismiss the march as pure talk after they had received letters from Randolph inviting them to address the masses he proposed to lead to Washington on July 1st. Mrs. Roosevelt, who had also received a letter, replied immediately, saying that she had taken up the matter with the President, “and I feel very strongly that your group is making a very grave mistake at the present time to allow this march to take place.” She added, “I am afraid it will set back the progress which is being made. . . . I feel that if any incident occurs as a result of this, it may engender so much bitterness that it will create in Congress even more solid opposition from certain groups than we have had in the past.” Knudsen sent a copy of his letter to Early, at the White House, and Early, after consulting the President, wrote to Wayne Coy, of the Office of Emergency Management, asking whether “it would not be possible, since this movement originates in New York, for you to appeal to Mayor LaGuardia to exercise his persuasive powers to stop it.”

LaGuardia's standing among blacks in New York was well known. And he had an even higher standing among the leadership and the New York membership of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. As a United States Representative in the late nineteen-twenties, he had been one of the Brotherhood's most reliable supporters in Washington. As an attorney, he had once assured Randolph, during the Brotherhood's struggle for recognition, that his services were available to the union without charge. He had never turned down an invitation from the porters to speak at their conventions. And he was a personal friend of Randolph and his wife, Lucille. So if there was anyone in New York who stood a good chance of persuading Randolph to call off the march, it was Mayor LaGuardia. Thus, a meeting was arranged at City Hall among LaGuardia, Mrs. Roosevelt, Walter White, and Randolph. The meeting took place on June 13, 1941. Mrs. Anna Rosenberg, regional director of the Social Security Board, was also there. According to Joseph P. Lash, Roosevelt had called in Aubrey Williams, the head of the National Youth Administration, and told him, “Go to New York and try to talk Randolph and White out of this march. Get the missus and Fiorello and Anna and get it stopped.”

Lash provides this account of the meeting:

> “You know where I stand,” Eleanor said to Randolph and White. “But the attitude of the Washington police, most of them Southerners, and the general feeling of Washington itself are such that I fear that there may be trouble if the march occurs.” When White explained that they had tried unsuccessfully all spring to see the President about Negro grievances, she assured him she would get in touch with the President immediately, “because I think you are right.”

But White, though he enjoyed a higher standing in the White House than Randolph, was merely one of the supporting characters in the drama of the threatened march; it was Randolph who was the protagonist.

Mrs. Roosevelt reported back to the President, and Mayor LaGuardia informed the White House that, as far as he could see, nothing would stop the march unless Roosevelt agreed to call in Randolph and White “and thresh it out right then and there” with his Cabinet aides. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt agreed, and the White House meeting was held on June 18th. Present were Roosevelt, White, and Randolph; Robert Patterson, the Under-Secretary of War; Frank Knox, the Secretary of the Navy; Hillman and Knudsen; and Mrs. Rosenberg, Williams, and LaGuardia. According to Lash, before the meeting began, “the President saw Anna Rosenberg, who had become his link with LaGuardia and who briefed him on what the Negro leaders wanted, which was essentially an order that would make nondiscrimination in defense industry not only a matter of policy but of mandate, with a Fair Employment Practice Committee set up to enforce it.” Lash adds, “The upshot of the June 18 conference was that the President asked the Negro group to meet with LaGuardia, Williams, and Mrs. Rosenberg to draft the kind of order they thought he should issue.”

According to Randolph and others, however, it had not been so easily won. Here is a reconstruction of several accounts Randolph has given of the meeting:

> “Hello, Phil,” the President said. “Which class were you in at Harvard?”
>
> “I never went to Harvard, Mr. President.”
>
> “I was sure you did,” Roosevelt replied. “Anyway, you and I share a kinship in our great interest in human and social justice.”
>
> “That's right, Mr. President.”
>
> Roosevelt, a man of great charm, had merely embarked upon one of his favorite filibuster stratagems. But, finding he could not engage Randolph in small talk, he turned raconteur and started regaling his audience with old political anecdotes. Randolph, unfailingly well mannered, allowed himself to be entertained. But the clock was running, the President's time was no doubt well budgeted, and Randolph had no way of knowing when Roosevelt might suddenly inform the gathering that it was time for him to leave for another appointment. So, with as much graciousness as he could command, Randolph broke in: “Mr. President, time is running on. You are quite busy, I know. But what we want to talk with you about is the problem of jobs for Negroes in defense industries. Our people are being turned away at factory gates because they are colored. They can't live with this thing. Now what are you going to do about it?”
>
> “Well, Phil, what do you want me to do?”
>
> “Mr. President, we want you to do something that will enable Negro workers to get work in these plants.”
>
> “Why,” Roosevelt replied, “I surely want them to work, too. I'll call up the heads of the various defense plants and have them see to it that Negroes are given the same opportunity to work as any other citizen in the country.”
>
> “We want you to do more than that,”

Randolph said. “We want something concrete, something tangible, definite, positive, and affirmative.”

“What do you mean?”

“Mr. President, we want you to issue an Executive Order making it mandatory that Negroes be permitted to work in these plants.”

“Well, Phil,” Roosevelt replied, “you know I can’t do that. If I issue an Executive Order for you, then there’ll be no end to other groups coming in here and asking me to issue Executive Orders for them, too. In any event, I couldn’t do anything unless you called off this march of yours. Questions like these can’t be settled with a sledgehammer.”

“I’m sorry, Mr. President, the march cannot be called off.”

“How many people do you plan to bring?” Roosevelt wanted to know.

“One hundred thousand, Mr. President.”

Roosevelt seemed torn between alarm and disbelief. Perhaps this was a bluff. He turned to Walter White, as if to a man whose word he could trust, looked White squarely in the eye for a few seconds, then asked: “Walter, how many people will really march?”

White did not blink. He said, “No less than one hundred thousand, Mr. President.”

Roosevelt was not amused. “Call it off,” he said curtly, “and we’ll talk again.”

Randolph said he had a pledge to honor with his people, and he could not go back to them with anything less than an Executive Order.

It was Mayor LaGuardia who broke the impasse.

“Gentlemen,” he said, “it is clear that Mr. Randolph is not going to call off the march, and I suggest we all begin to seek a formula.”

Roosevelt welcomed the opening and asked Randolph, White, LaGuardia, Williams, and Mrs. Rosenberg to go into an anteroom and work out a solution. But the only solution proposed was the one Randolph had already rejected—the President’s promise to call up the heads of defense plants and urge them to follow a nondiscriminatory policy. When both Randolph and LaGuardia dismissed the proposal, a committee of five was appointed to draw up an Executive Order to be submitted to the President. This satisfied Randolph, and he left for New York—to continue preparing for the march, at least until he was assured that the President would sign the order. It took several days to work out a draft of the order that was acceptable to Randolph—one that had teeth in it and could be enforced—but, finally, on June 25th, six days before the march was scheduled to take place, the President signed and issued Executive Order 8802, declaring it to be the policy of the United States “that there shall be no discrimination in the employment of workers in defense industries or government because of race, creed, color, or national origin,” and that “it is the duty of employers and of labor organizations . . . to provide for the full and equitable participation of all workers in defense industries.” To enforce the order, the President appointed a temporary Committee on Fair Employment Practice, which would “receive and investigate complaints of discrimination” and take “appropriate steps to redress grievances.”

Randolph now called off the march, but his decision was hotly contested by the more militant elements of his following. Chief among these was the Youth Division of the Negro March Committee, led by Richard Parrish, of the Association of Negro College Students in New York, and made up of young radicals—including Bayard Rustin, who had recently joined the Youth Division after quitting the Young Communist League at the City College of New York and renouncing Communism. Protesting Randolph’s failure to consult them before calling off the march, the young militants accused him of selling out to Roosevelt and demanded that he reschedule the march to take place within ninety days. The majority of Randolph’s following applauded his handling of the march strategy. As one black newspaper commented, he had “demonstrated to the Doubting Thomases among us that only mass action can pry open the iron doors that have been erected against America’s black minority.”

Though the Executive Order had said nothing whatever about segregation in the armed forces—an issue that had played as important a part in the origins of the March on Washington movement as discrimination in the defense industry—it represented one of the historic breakthroughs of the black struggle. No longer could blacks be barred from equal opportunity in federal employment or in any institution fulfilling government contracts. The 1941 order was the first major act by the national government to remedy the abuses suffered by black citizens in the betrayals of Reconstruction, the disillusionment that followed the First World War, the privations of the Depression, and the unfulfilled expectations of the New Deal. “Never [before] in the history of the United States,” Roy Wilkins, assistant secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., wrote at the time, “has a President issued an Executive Order which is at once a condemnation of racial discrimination as a policy and a powerful aid, economically, to the well-being of Negro citizens.”

As a result of his victory over the government, Randolph became, and would remain for almost a decade, the most popular and sought-after black political figure in America. Two weeks after he had won the Executive Order, the New York *Amsterdam News* ranked him “along with the great Frederick Douglass” and called him “the man of the hour.” In 1943, W. E. B. Du Bois, who had once considered Randolph a radical nuisance, praised his action “that compelled the issue of Executive Order 8802” as “the most astonishing in our later leadership.” And years later Murray Kempton, recalling the Brotherhood’s role in the events of 1941, wrote that the union “had become a kind of cathedral,” and that Randolph, who “might have been nothing without it except a voice insistent and off the beat,” had, as president of the Brotherhood, become “a paladin of the Negro community.”

Amid the applause that greeted the news of Roosevelt’s Executive Order, Randolph announced that the March on Washington Committee would become a permanent movement. Its objectives, he said, would be to serve as a watchdog over the enforcement of the order, to carry on a campaign for a permanent Committee on Fair Employment Practice, to represent the temper of the masses at the time, and to engage in other protest activities. Since one of these activities would revolve around “the refusal of Negroes to obey any law which violates their basic citizenship rights,” as Randolph said, he declared that the movement would adopt Gandhi’s tactics of nonviolent civil disobedience and noncoöperation—which prompted some newspapers to start referring to him, approvingly, as “the American Gandhi.”

While most of the followers of the March on Washington movement were swept along by the social emotions of the day and by the spirit of Randolph’s leadership, they did not have

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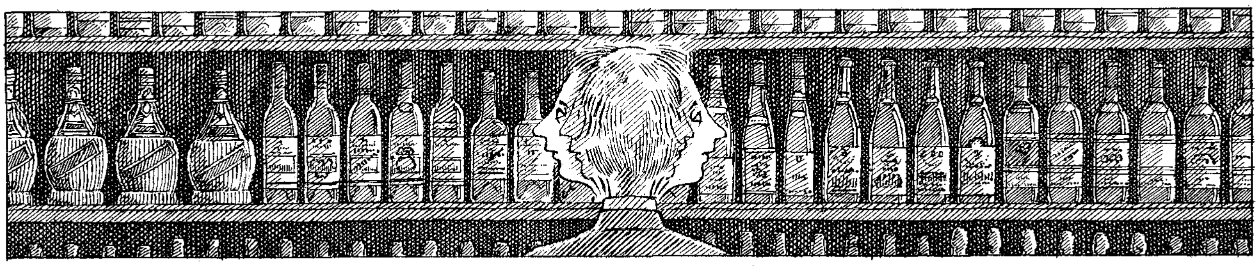
IF YOU FEEL LOST IN A WINE STORE, HERE'S HOW TO FIND YOURSELF.



The difficult thing about buying wine is that there are so many wines to buy.

On the one hand, we're fortunate that there are so many good wines from which to choose.

On the other, the over 500 different kinds of wine, and the hundreds of different brands of each, domestic and imported, make the task of learning about wine almost impossible. Most people throw up their hands when confronted with so many choices and just grab a bottle because they like the label.

We at Inglenook Vineyards realize it's impossible to make a wine expert of you in one ad. But we can give you some pointers and a basic starting point, so that you'll have a better idea of how to go about buying wine.

TIP NO. 1: START SOMEWHERE.

First off, you need a starting point. You should become thoroughly familiar with four or five wines. Then when you try new wines, you'll have a basis for comparison.

We've arbitrarily listed five wines below which we feel are a good place to start. They're not the final answer, of course, because there is none. But they do represent five totally different, easy to distinguish tastes.

FIVE BASIC TASTES TO START WITH.

Name	Color	Taste
Pinot Chardonnay	White	Dry
Sylvaner Riesling	White	Semi-Dry
Charbono	Red	Dry
Gamay Beaujolais	Red	Semi-Dry
Gamay Rosé	Rosé	Dry

TIP NO. 2: BE HUMBLE.

When you go to buy these wines, don't be afraid to admit you're not the world's foremost expert on wine. There are so many wines, and vintages, and so forth that it's safe to say that *nobody* is the world's foremost expert on wine. So get all the help you can.

There is usually one person in every wine store who knows more than you do—the manager. Get his opinions on vintages, vintners, and the like. But make sure he drinks and enjoys wine regularly himself. If this is the case, you've chosen the right store, and found someone who can save you years of fiddling around in the dark.

TIP NO. 3: READ THE LABEL.

The better wines are generally produced and bottled solely at the winery.

This insures almost total control of a wine's production by the vintner. So look for the words "Produced and Bottled by." In French, these words read, "mis en bouteilles au chateau" and in German the term is "Original Abfullung." Otherwise the wine could have been made in one place, blended in another, and aged in still another.

Even better are the words, "Estate Bottled." This means that the grapes were grown under control of the vintner and in the vicinity of the vintner's chateau or estate. Only a few American wines bear this marking, and finding one in a wine store is a good way to find yourself.

Which leads us to Inglenook.

TIP NO. 4: SPEND MONEY.

Unfortunately, the age old saying "you get what you pay for" is generally true when it comes to wine.

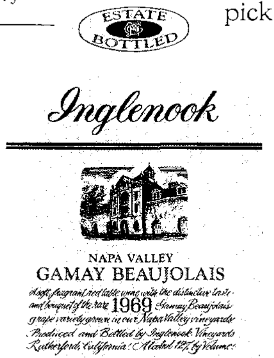
Meticulous tending of grapes and vines costs money, vintaging costs more money, and estate bottling costs even more.

And even though we all know someone who picked up a bottle of 99¢ imported wine and raved about it for years, you have to write it off to chance. For it just isn't possible to consistently produce great wine at a low cost.

Inglenook Estate Bottled wine is the most expensive wine made in America.

It comes from the Napa Valley, it's all vintage dated, and it's all produced and bottled by us.

So the next time you get that old lost feeling when buying wine, let Inglenook be your guide.


ESTATE BOTTLED
Inglenook
NAPA VALLEY
GAMAY BEAUJOLAIS
A soft, fragrant red table wine with the distinctive taste and bouquet of the rare 1969 Gamay Beaujolais grape variety grown in our Napa Valley vineyards
Produced and Bottled by Inglenook Vineyards Rutherford, California. Alcohol 12% by Volume

INGLENOOK

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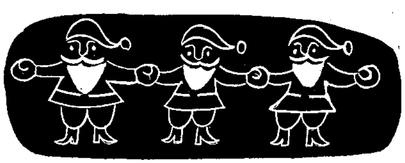
much of a sense of belonging to a formal organization. "The power of the new movement is mysterious," wrote Edwin R. Embree, a contemporary commentator, in his book "13 Against the Odds." "It has almost no organization, no big machine for promotion and publicity. Yet it grips the people's imagination and holds their loyalty. Masses of the darker common people are looking to Randolph as the Modern Messiah." At times, however, this loyalty would undergo a severe strain, because people who belonged to something called a March on Washington movement fully expected to be marching. No matter how many school and bus boycotts the movement called, or how many picket lines it threw up around City Hall, if it didn't march on Washington it wasn't the kind of movement people thought they had joined. Yet it made no sense for the movement to march if there was no pressing reason to do so. When the movement came into being, early in 1941, its immediate objective had been to march on the capital to force President Roosevelt's hand. But now that the Executive Order had been won there was no new urgent demand being made on Washington. The threat of a new march was simply being dangled over Washington's head to prevent any slackening of enforcement of the Executive Order—and to lobby for a permanent Committee on Fair Employment Practice. Thus, when Randolph kept holding out the threat of another march on Washington, many of his followers became impatient. By early 1942, however, after American emotions had flared over the attack on Pearl Harbor, and the country had entered the war, those who had been calling impatiently for a march were drowned out by those who declared that such an action would be damaging to the national interest.

In view of the patriotic pressure, Randolph could now stop threatening to march. But the movement had to be kept together, and its major objectives sustained. So, shelving the march idea for the time being, he began calling instead for a series of mass rallies throughout the country—to demonstrate to Washington that the march movement had lost none of its energy and that, while respecting the demands of patriotism, the movement had not abandoned its goals. These rallies, held in the summer of 1942, marked the peak of the movement's popularity. The largest took place in the Chicago Coliseum and in New York's Madison Square Garden. On June 16th, the night of the New York rally, Randolph called upon businesses in Harlem to dim their lights and close their doors, and for fifteen minutes the community was, in his words, "dark, dry, and silent." In Madison Square Garden, a crowd of more than twenty thousand was addressed by leaders of almost all the important civil-rights, religious, fraternal, labor, and liberal organizations in New York City—so many, in fact, that Randolph, the main attraction, did not get a chance to deliver his prepared address. But though he did not get a chance to speak, Randolph's leadership had been recognized in the reception he received when he entered the Garden. As he moved up the aisle, ushered by a hundred uniformed Pullman porters in front and fifty Pullman maids behind, the audience stood and applauded while the Brotherhood's marching band played the union's battle song, "Hold the Fort For We Are Coming."

THOUGH President Roosevelt's Executive Order did not touch upon the problem of segregation in the armed forces, Randolph and the March on Washington movement decided against pressing a military-desegregation campaign at that time. They felt that such a campaign, by arousing public feeling—black feeling, at any rate—against the military, might tend to hamper the nation's war effort. Three years after the war, however, when President Truman called for a peacetime draft, a new opportunity arose for Randolph—if not for the march movement, which was then in decline—to wage a crusade against the racial practices of the armed services. The 1948 draft bill, proposing universal military training, contained no provisions on segregation. This omission, Randolph said in a statement to the press, was "pregnant with indecency." In November, 1947, he and Grant Reynolds, the Commissioner of Correction for New York State, had founded the Committee Against Jim Crow in Military Service and Training—which was expanded, in 1948, into the League for Nonviolent Civil Disobedience Against Military Segregation.

Next to Randolph and Reynolds, the most important figure in the League was Bayard Rustin, the executive secretary, who actually ran it. Rustin, one of the young militants who had denounced Randolph for calling off the March on Washington in 1941, was now, at thirty-eight, a confirmed pacifist, a member of the Society of Friends, co-secretary, with James Farmer, of the Race Relations Department of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and field secretary of the Congress of Racial Equality, which was founded in 1942. When he joined Randolph in the League for Nonviolent Civil Disobedience Against Military Segregation, Rustin had recently finished serving more than two years of a three-year sentence in the Lewisburg Penitentiary as a conscientious objector.



On March 22, 1948, after Randolph had made it clear that the League would be satisfied with nothing less than an Executive Order against military segregation, Truman invited a group of black spokesmen to the White House to discuss the subject. Among them were Randolph, Walter White, Mary McLeod Bethune, Lester Granger, and Charles Houston, a special counsel for the N.A.A.C.P. As Randolph remembers it, the meeting proceeded smoothly and amicably until he said to Truman, "Mr. President, after making several trips around the country, I can tell you that the mood among Negroes of this country is that they will never bear arms again until all forms of bias and discrimination are abolished."

In a battle of bluntness, of course, Truman came out second to no man, and he told Randolph, "I wish you hadn't made that statement. I don't like it at all."

Charles Houston intervened. "But, Mr. President, don't you want to know what is happening in the country?"

Truman said he certainly wanted to know what was happening in the country; a President attracted more than enough yes-men.

"Well, that's what I'm giving you, Mr. President," Randolph said, seizing the opportunity Houston had offered him. "I'm giving you the facts."

When the President allowed him to continue, Randolph ran headlong into Truman again: "Mr. President, as you know, we are calling upon you to issue an Executive Order abolishing segregation in the armed forces."

At this point, Truman simply thanked his visitors for coming and said there didn't seem to be much more that they could talk about.

Truman's rebuff merely increased Randolph's defiance, however. Nine days later, testifying during hearings on the Universal Military Training bill, Randolph told the Senate Armed Services Committee, in part:

> This time Negroes will not take a Jim Crow draft lying down. The conscience

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WHAT IS 4-CHANNEL SOUND?

The basic principle behind all 4-channel systems is pretty much the same. With stereo, the music you hear has been divided into 2 parts. In 4-channel sound, the music is divided into 4 parts. So you get 4 different speakers playing 4 different parts. But to make matters confusing, there are two kinds of 4-channel systems. Discrete. And matrix.

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A discrete system is the only one that gives you pure 4-channel sound. Because it's the only system that separates the sound into 4 distinct parts. There are 4 separate signals. That go through 4 separate amplifiers. And come out of 4 separate speakers. So a musician has control over the sound he wants you to hear. He can position just guitars on speaker A. Just brass on speaker B. Just strings on speaker C. Just voices on speaker D. With that high degree of sound separation and steady sound positioning, a musician can give you the feeling of being in the best possible place for hearing his music. Right on stage. Or right in the middle of the audience.

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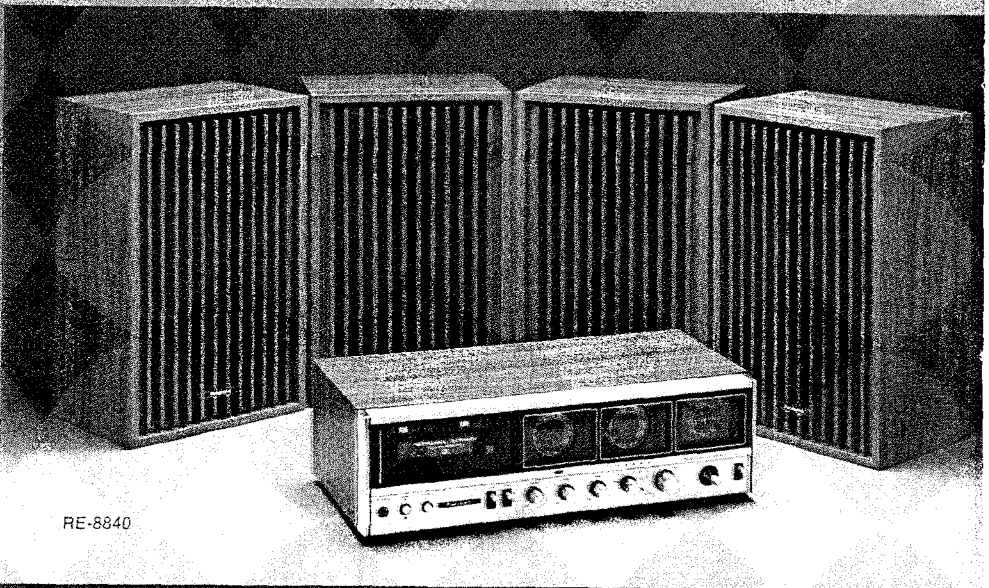

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SL-800 CD-4 RECORD CHANGER

Each system has something special. The RE-8840 can play 4-channel tapes in your house, car, or boat. Because the 8-track player slides out and fits into an optional car/boat bracket. And when you're home, the 4-channel balance scope lets you adjust the sound for anywhere in the room.

The bonus with the RS-864S is that you can record 2-channel tapes. As well as listen to 4-channel tapes. There are 2 VU meters. And Pana-Ject. To automatically eject the tape when it's finished.

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Besides playing 8-track cartridges, each system in Series 44™ has FM, AM and FM stereo radios. A stereo eye that lights up when you're tuned into a stereo station. A stereo selector switch. FET to bring in distant FM stations. And AFC to keep them from drifting away. You also get Panasonic's solid-state engineering and lush walnut wood cabinetry.

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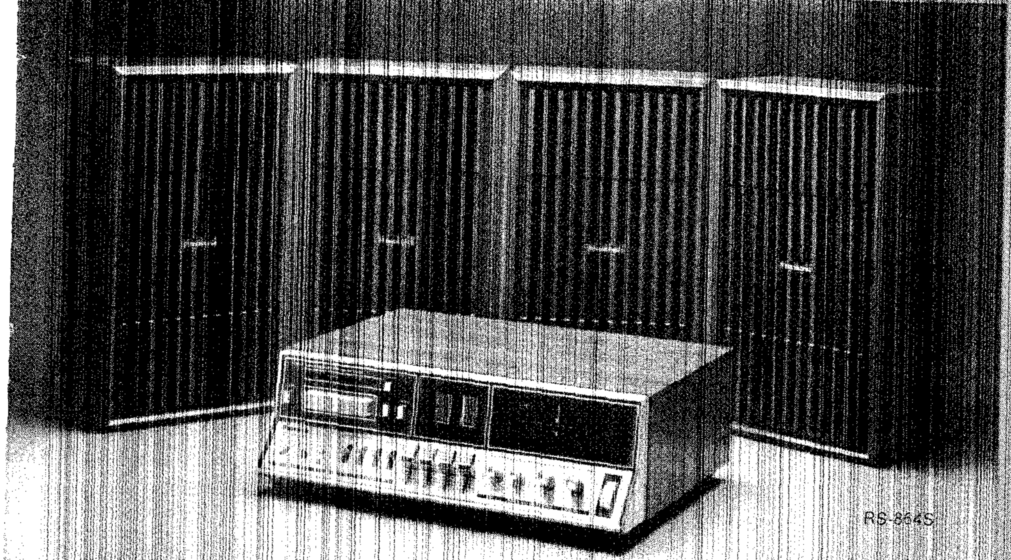
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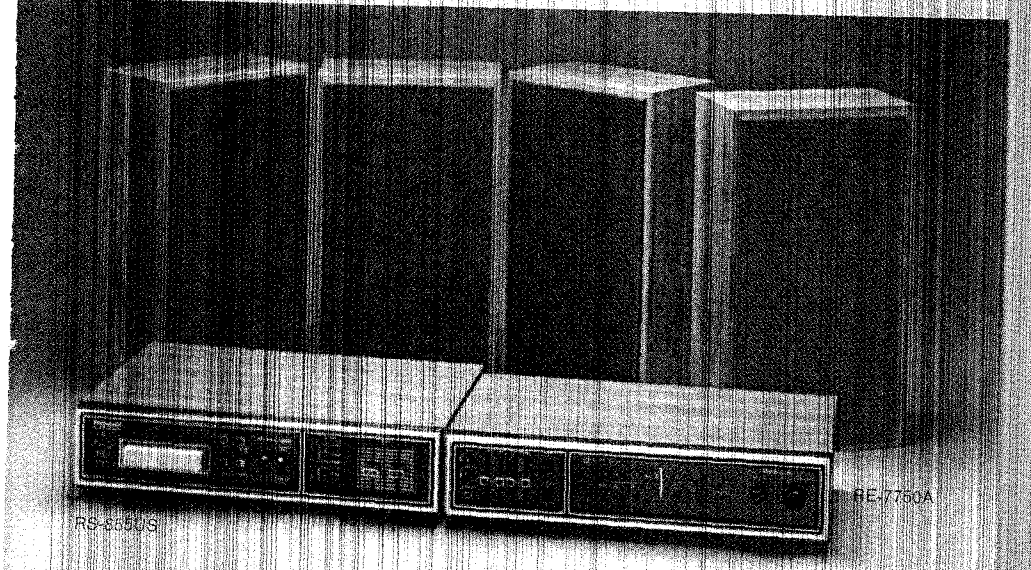
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> of the world will be shaken as by nothing else when thousands and thousands of us second-class Americans choose imprisonment in preference to permanent military slavery. . . . I personally will advise Negroes to refuse to fight as slaves for a democracy they cannot possess and cannot enjoy. Let me add that I am speaking only for myself. . . . But Negro leaders in close touch with G.I. grievances would feel derelict in their duty if they did not support such a justified civil-disobedience movement—especially those of us whose age would protect us from being drafted.

One of Randolph's admirers on the committee, Senator Wayne Morse, of Oregon, was distressed:

> MORSE: But on the basis of the law as it now exists . . . the doctrine of treason would be applied to those people participating in that disobedience?
>
> RANDOLPH: Exactly. I would be willing to face that doctrine on the theory and on the grounds that we are serving a higher law than the law which applies the act of treason to us when we are attempting to win democracy in this country and to make the soul of America democratic.

If it was Morse's intention to frighten Randolph out of his purpose, he did not have to wait very long for the news that he had failed. On his way from the Armed Services Committee hearings, Randolph stopped off at the old March on Washington capital headquarters to address a group of young people who had gathered in front of the building to await his report of the confrontation with the committee. "I am prepared to oppose a Jim Crow Army until I rot in jail," he told them. And when he was back in Harlem he launched a series of public meetings, held at the corner of Seventh Avenue and 125th Street, at which he counselled young men to refuse induction into a segregated Army. In giving such counsel, he said, he was fully aware that he was violating the Selective Service Act. "My exemption from the draft is merely by accident of birth," he told one of the meetings. "And it imposes on me and others a special responsibility, a special moral obligation, not to expect of our younger brothers a conduct that the rules of self-respect and human decency preclude."

The black community had mixed feelings about all this. Once again, Randolph lost the support of his old friends at the *Amsterdam News*. It was difficult to understand, said the paper's editor and publisher, C. B. Powell, in a signed editorial, why Randolph and Reynolds "should advocate a line of action that could easily lead to the rule of the minority, violence, or revolution." Powell went on, "To counsel Americans not to enlist in the armed forces could so weaken the defense of the nation that a powerful totalitarian state could be tempted to step in and take over." A prominent black stockbroker in Washington, D.C., wrote to assure President Truman that Randolph spoke only for himself and a handful of others, and that "you or anyone else who presumes that he did speak with authority did me an injustice, and . . . insulted the intelligence and loyalty of most of the colored citizens of this our country." Calling Randolph's the "extremist" viewpoint among black citizens, the Pittsburgh *Courier* said, "The Negro has never produced any traitors and we do not believe he ever will." In a statement expressing "grave concern," the National Urban League warned that Randolph's campaign "would weaken the foundations of law on which our democratic processes rest."

In July, 1948, while Hubert Humphrey, at the Democratic National Convention, in Philadelphia, was waging his historic fight against the Dixiecrats to obtain a strong civil-rights plank in the Party's platform, scores of blacks, led by Randolph, were picketing the convention hall. Randolph's own picket sign read "Prison Is Better Than Army Jim Crow Service." Under the combined pressure of the Randolph campaign, the Humphrey civil-rights floor fight, and the need to retain the black vote in the November elections, President Truman, on July 26th—two weeks after the convention ended—issued Executive Order 9981, calling for an end to military discrimination "as rapidly as possible." The language was not clear, however—the word "segregation" was not used—and Randolph sent a telegram to Truman asking whether "you interpret your Executive Order on Armed Services to mean that its policy and purpose is to eliminate discrimination and segregation." When Truman replied, through Senator J. Howard McGrath, one of his spokesmen, that the order did indeed ban segregation, Randolph called off the civil-disobedience campaign and wired congratulations to the President for his "high order of statesmanship and courage."

Now—much as in the summer of 1941—Rustin, along with the radical-pacifist wing of the League for Nonviolent Civil Disobedience Against Military Segregation, refused to accept Randolph's decision to call off the campaign. The order, said Rustin and his followers, was neither strong enough nor positive enough, so they would

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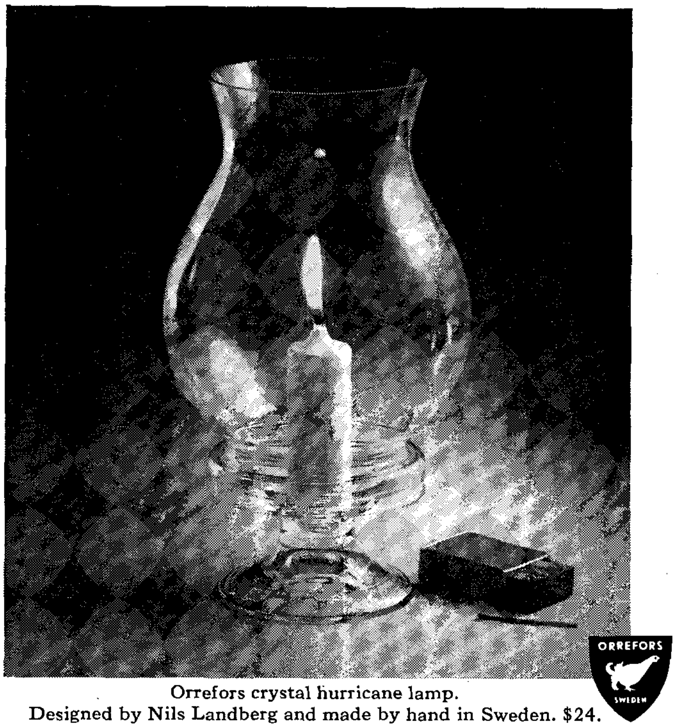

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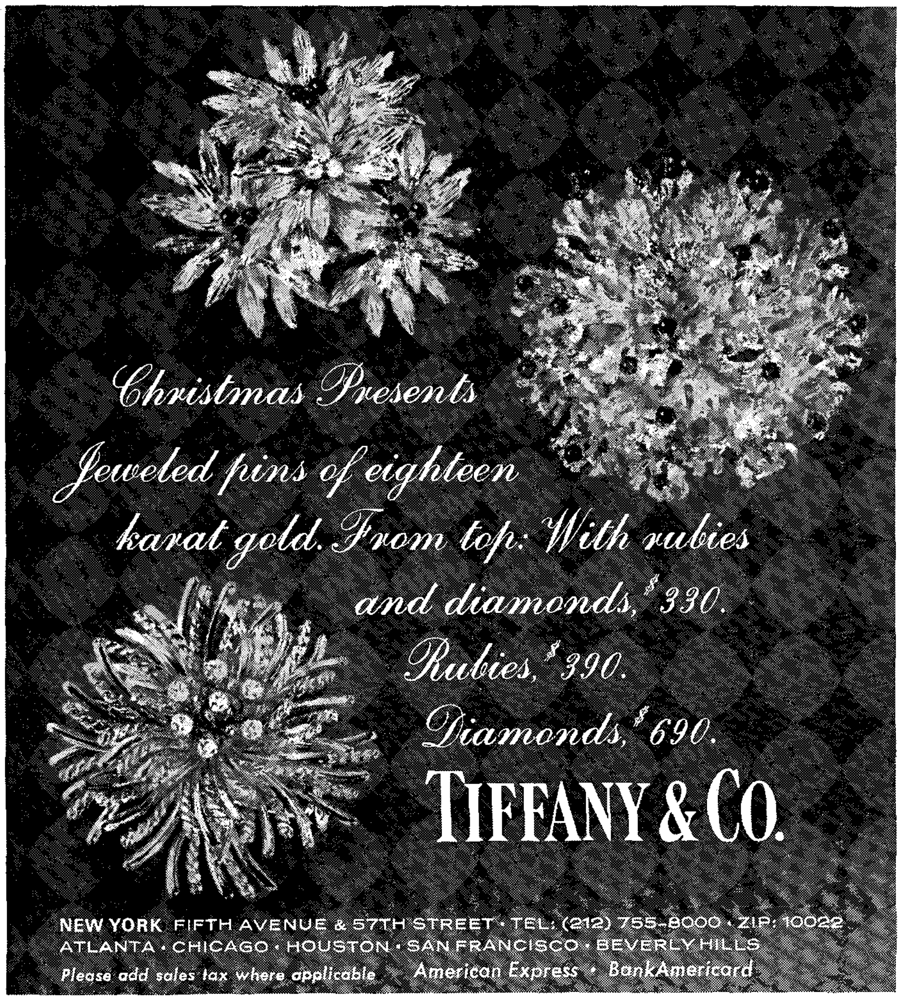

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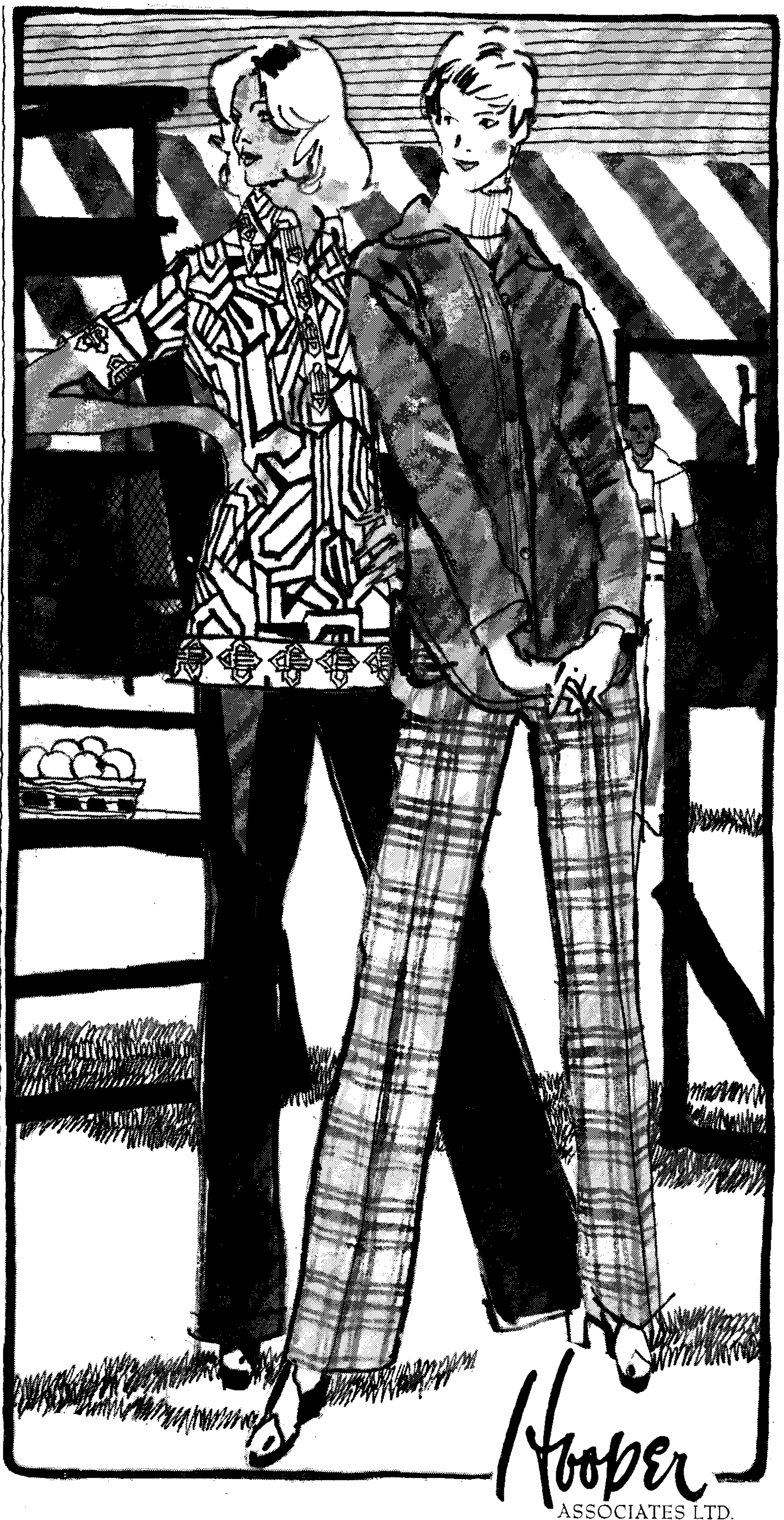
carry on the disobedience campaign with or without Randolph. Randolph told the rebels that they were welcome to proceed by themselves if they wished, but that he himself was not only calling off the campaign but also disbanding the League. Again Rustin balked. Disbanding the League, he argued, would be unfair to blacks who were still in jail for refusing to serve in the armed forces. The most widely publicized case was that of Winfred Lynn, a Long Island landscape gardener and a brother of Conrad Lynn, a prominent civil-liberties attorney. Lynn had been imprisoned after informing his draft board that while he was "ready to serve in any unit of the armed forces of my country which is not segregated by race," he would "not be compelled to serve in a unit undemocratically selected as a Negro group." Rustin and his supporters felt that both the campaign and the League should remain in existence to press for the release of prisoners like Lynn, as well as for an "unconditional . . . law stating that non-segregation in military service is the national policy." Randolph replied that he was bound by honor to keep his word to the President: he had demanded an Executive Order as the condition for discontinuing the campaign, and his demand had been met. Thus, there was no further need for the campaign or for the League. He did not believe "in civil disobedience for its own sake, but only as a drastic last resort." On August 17, 1948, he asked Rustin to call a press conference for four the following afternoon in order that he might announce the dissolution of the League. Rustin agreed. "But what we didn't tell Randolph," he said later, "was that at ten o'clock in the morning we were going to call a press conference of our own, where we were going to denounce him as an Uncle Tom, a sellout, a reactionary, and an old fogy who did not understand the spirit of young people. So we had our press conference, and in the afternoon Randolph had his, and, of course, it was we who got the big headlines."

In October, 1948, Rustin and his followers were still sending out letters on the stationery of the League for Nonviolent Civil Disobedience Against Military Segregation, and Randolph was called upon to explain why a movement he had publicly disbanded was continuing to function, in apparent defiance of his orders. Randolph issued a statement saying that the League was being used by "a pacifist nucleus . . . to resist military segregation as a front for ulterior purposes." By "pacifist nucleus," Randolph meant not only Rustin and his followers but also A. J. Muste, who was one of the country's leading exponents of radical pacifism and had had a major influence on the evolution of Rustin's pacifist ideas. The pacifists had been welcomed into the League, Randolph explained, because he felt that their philosophy "would help keep a potentially violent movement nonviolent in spirit and action." They had indeed helped to do that, but "we became very much disillusioned with unethical tactics within the pacifist nucleus," he said, adding, "Good faith demands aboveboard dealings with draft-age youths and a separation of pacifist aims as such from the *anti-Jim Crow* campaign."

The League for Nonviolent Civil Disobedience Against Military Segregation finally collapsed in November, 1948. "Without Randolph," Rustin recalls, "we didn't have the strength to carry on or the clout to raise money." The young rebels dispersed, and, as he said years later, "feeling rotten over what I had done," Rustin avoided Randolph for more than two years. "When I finally got up the courage to walk into his office one day, he was, as usual, standing at his desk, with arms outstretched, waiting to greet me. 'Bayard,' he said, 'where have you been? You *know* I've needed you.' Such character! He never said a word about what I had done to him."

WHILE waging his public battle against discrimination during the nineteen-forties, Randolph was continuing to combat racism within the councils of organized labor. When he and the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters joined the American Federation of Labor, in 1929, the A.F.L. was dominated not just by unions that excluded black members but by the craft-union philosophy, to which Randolph, an advocate of industrial unionism, had never subscribed. It must also have been quite difficult for Randolph to have any faith in the integrity of an organization that—though it had gone on record in 1890 as looking with "disfavor upon trade unions having provisions which exclude from membership persons on account of race or color"—claimed that it was powerless to do anything about unions which engaged in such a practice.

Though Randolph's was the loudest and most insistent voice for racial justice in the A.F.L., it was neither the only nor the strongest one raised for industrial unionism. Among the minority of industrial unions in the A.F.L.—most of which organized black workers



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on a basis of equality—were the United Mine Workers, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. And there was no more forceful spokesman for industrial unionism in the A.F.L. than John L. Lewis, the leader of the United Mine Workers, which, when Samuel Gompers was president of the A.F.L., had more than half of the total black membership in the Federation. It was because of William Green's origins in the Mine Workers that, as president of the A.F.L., he had felt sympathetic toward the earlier struggles of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. It was Green, in fact, who had cajoled the A.F.L. into admitting Randolph's union in 1929. Green's concern for the Brotherhood had developed out of the personal admiration he and Randolph felt for each other. But, whatever early Mine Worker influences had shaped his social attitudes as a trade unionist, and however personally likable he was, Green was unable to give any substantial support to Randolph's struggle in the A.F.L., because, even as president, he had virtually no power. An ex-secretary-treasurer of the Mine Workers, Green had been appointed president of the A.F.L. in 1924, when Samuel Gompers died. He was a mild-mannered man, who, it seemed, would have been happier discharging the duties of a country parsonage than reigning over contentious labor princes.

At the beginning, Randolph's struggle seemed a hopeless undertaking. For all the power and attractiveness of his voice, hardly anybody listened to it. As most of the craft unions saw it, their constitutions were their own business, not the A.F.L.'s, and they would bar black members for as long as they pleased. Randolph, however, according to John Brophy, an officer of the C.I.O., continued to be "a thorn in the side of prejudice and discrimination and some union officials." Brophy, in an unpublished reminiscence, went on, "It didn't deter him from introducing an annual resolution on the subject and to continue to call for fair treatment for the Negro in the interests of interracial justice. . . . Randolph was a *magnificent orator . . . with great* powers of reasoning. Idealism radiated from him. He emphasized the ethical as well as what was practical for the trade union."

The anti-discrimination resolution that Randolph introduced at almost every A.F.L. convention contained two main demands: that the Federation pursue a more vigorous policy of organizing black workers and, more important, that unions guilty of excluding black members be ordered by the A.F.L. to end the practice—especially since it was in violation of the Federation's stated principles—and, if they failed to comply, be expelled. The A.F.L.'s response to these demands was to state that its member unions were autonomous bodies and that it had neither the power nor the right to dictate policy to them. This, Randolph later said, was "baloney," for the A.F.L. *had* from time to time overruled the autonomy of its member unions when they had been found to be engaging in corrupt practices. Why, then, could not the Federation overrule its unions' Jim Crow policies? At the 1934 convention, in San Francisco, Randolph called upon the Federation to "go on record for the elimination of the color clause and pledge from the constitution and rituals of all trade and industrial unions," and to "expel any union which violates the constitution" of the A.F.L. "by maintaining said color bar." Roy Burt, of the Laundry and Dry Cleaning International Union, replied, "The A.F.L., however, cannot interfere with the autonomy of National and International Unions. The American Federation of Labor cannot say who are eligible and who are not eligible to membership in National and International Unions. That is the right of the . . . Union itself, of which it cannot be deprived."

Except for Milton Webster, the first vice-president of the Brotherhood, who had accompanied Randolph to every A.F.L. convention since 1936; C. L. Dellums, the Brotherhood's fourth vice-president, who went occasionally; and John L. Lewis (up to the time he and his Committee for Industrial Organization were suspended from the A.F.L., in 1936), Randolph had little or no support on the floor of the annual conventions. Regarded by many as a troublemaker, he was sometimes hissed when he got up to speak, or interrupted by the rumble of chairs as delegates took the opportunity to repair to the bar for a drink. Webster has recalled, "Nobody spoke to him. When he passed anyone at the convention, they would say, 'There goes the Number One hell-raiser in the A.F.L.' " Randolph says, "John L. Lewis was the only one who would have anything to do with the Brotherhood delegation. He would leave his seat among the oth-

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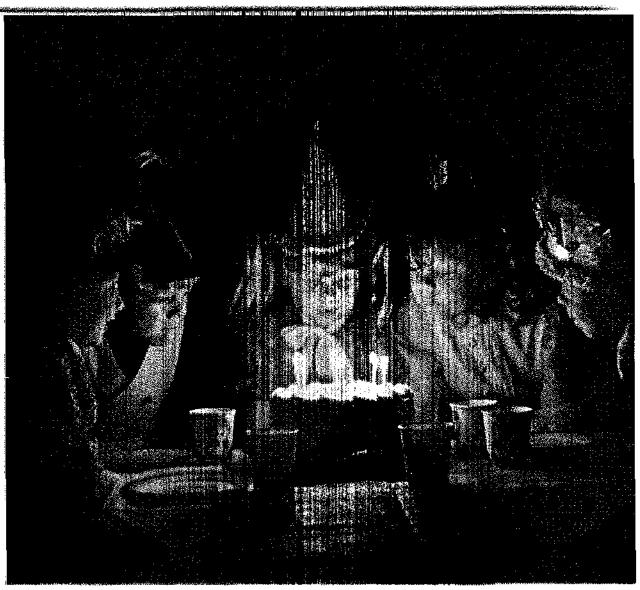

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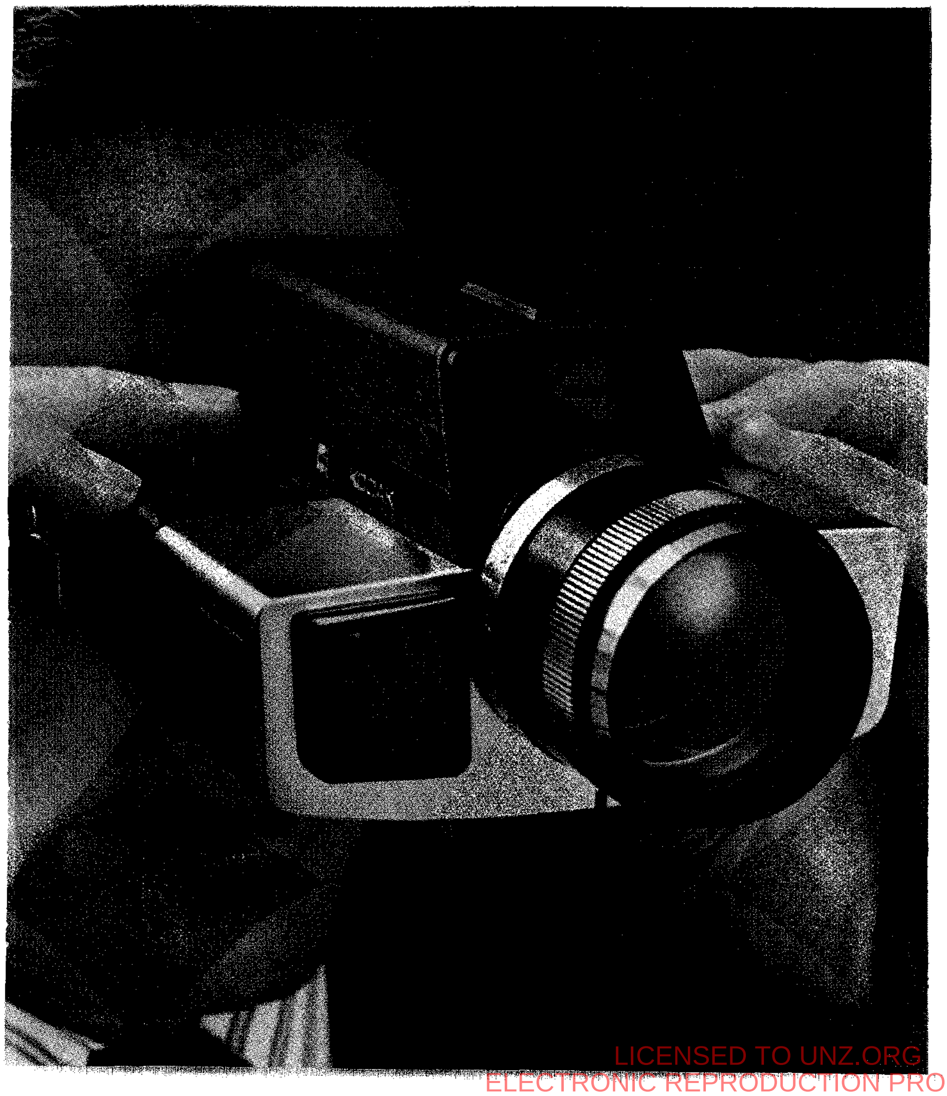

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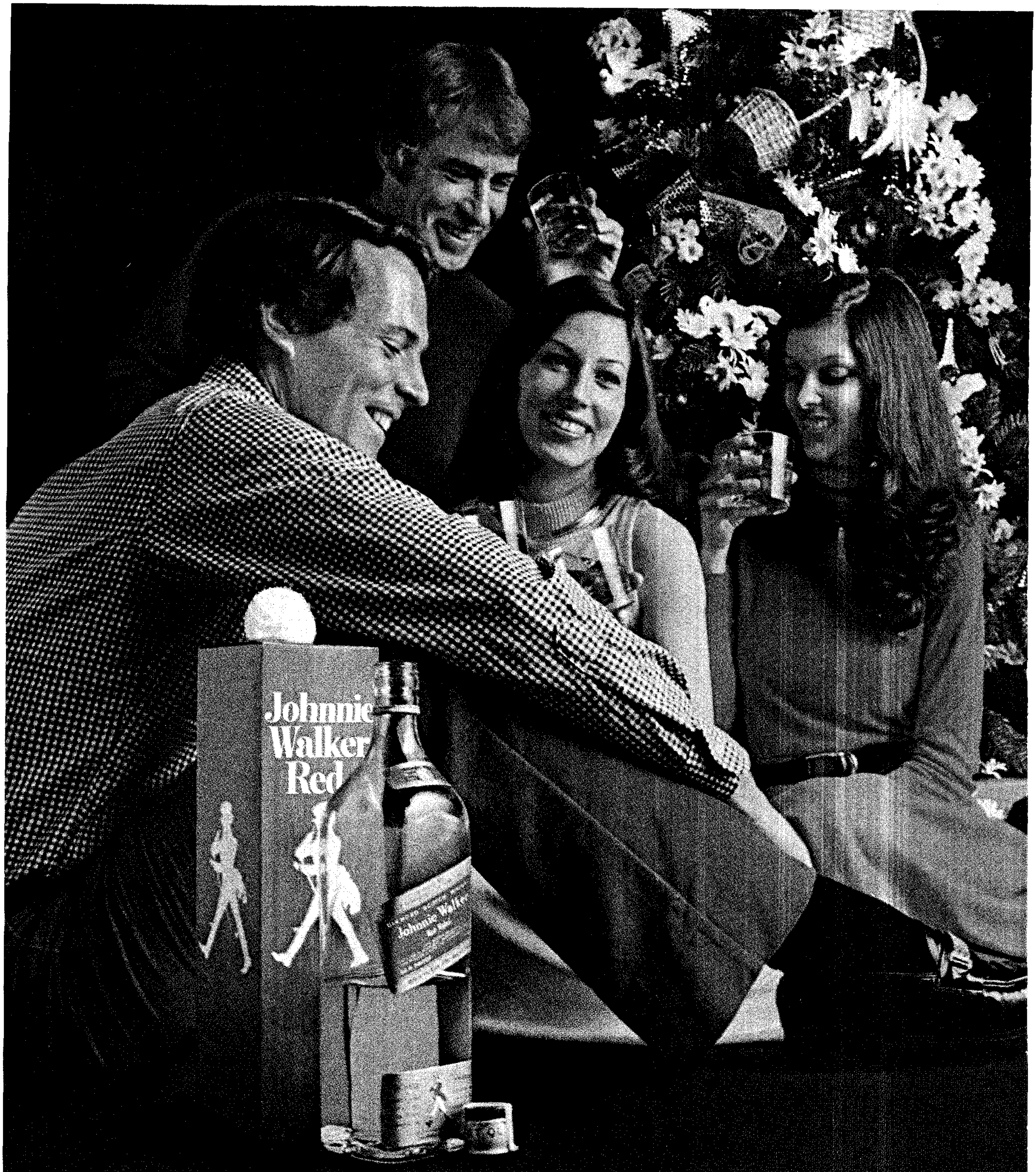
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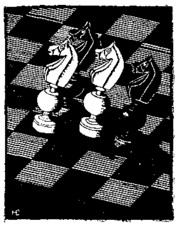
er vice-presidents on the platform and come down on the floor to sit at our table. It used to make the rest of the big unionists mad." According to the late Julius Hochman, general manager of the New York Dress Joint Board of the I.L.G.W.U., "There is no question that Randolph had a very hard time, but it never really touched him, he couldn't be humiliated." A. H. Raskin, of the *Times*, who covered several of the conventions, has recalled, "John P. Frey used to get up and mock Randolph in a terribly degrading way. Frey had a mean look about him, and invented a lot of background about Randolph. It was just miserable. But Phil took it all with his usual dignity, no personal bitterness. He and Webster were always together. Webster was more of the get-along type—hale fellow, very likable guy, though a good deal tougher. At least, he gave the appearance of toughness, but his basic quality was, I suspect, geniality. He and Phil made a good team, having qualities that supplemented each other. But they really weren't part of the closeness of the conventions. You could see that they were isolated, sort of strangers clinging to one another. They were really alone all the time. Whenever they were with the others, there was a sort of strain."

Recalling Randolph's speech at the 1934 convention, Jacob Potofsky, of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, says, "His . . . was a voice in the wilderness. . . . He had oratorical gifts and he made a terrific impression, but there was no action." And James Wechsler has written of the 1941 convention, which he covered for *PM*, that Randolph "rose in lonely valor at that session to plead his case against discrimination. . . . He spoke with an eloquence and passion that no one else approached. . . . No one was moved to speak in his support. He betrayed no outward anguish about the silence; I may have felt lonelier than he did."

Randolph speaks in a different key, however, when he talks about his annual frustrations at the A.F.L. conventions. "We gave them hell every year," he says today, apparently enjoying the memory. "They didn't pass our resolutions, but we brought them religion." And, as the labor historian Walter Galenson wrote, Randolph profoundly influenced the "evolution of A.F.L. racial policies during the 1930's." His progress was not noticeable until later—particularly during the nineteen-fifties, when a number of craft unions removed the color clauses from their constitutions, and black membership in organized labor showed a dramatic increase. Still, even through the fifties and the early sixties, Randolph continued to press his brand of religion upon the labor movement.

THE early nineteen-fifties marked the end of Randolph's preëminence as a black political figure in America—the end of a status he had enjoyed since the late nineteen-thirties, when he and the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters won their long struggle against the Pullman Company. That is not to say, of course, that he ceased to be a source of any influence in black affairs. Though with the rise of the modern civil-rights movement he no longer dominated the broad arena of the freedom struggle, he remained the principal black spokesman for political and trade-union democracy and for an economic solution to the American race problem. And since, according to Jorge Luis Borges, the essential dates of history remain secret for a long time, one cannot say when the mass energies he had helped to mobilize and release during the nineteen-forties ceased, if they ever did, to actuate the civil-rights protest movement of the nineteen-fifties and the nineteen-sixties.

But Randolph was simply never again to be the No. 1 black political figure in the country after the fifties. There was, to be sure, nothing premature in his passage from the center of the black stage. For one thing, he had turned sixty-one in 1950. The times he once dominated were rapidly changing. The political consciousness he once helped to raise—to which he had been able to appeal with consummate ease and, at times, with telling effect—had grown beyond his control. And if it made no sense to dismiss him as a useless anachronism, it was nevertheless true that the generous and graceful style of his spirit, his social conscience, and even his speech—shaped in an old-world morality and fired in the radical enthusiasms of the first two decades of the century—were slowly receding before the more furious, abrasive, and staccato sensibilities of a new day.



THE modern stage of the civil-rights struggle had signalled its approach in 1947, when the Congress of Racial Equality, led by men like James Farmer, Bayard Rustin, and A. J. Muste, embarked upon the first Freedom Rides through the upper

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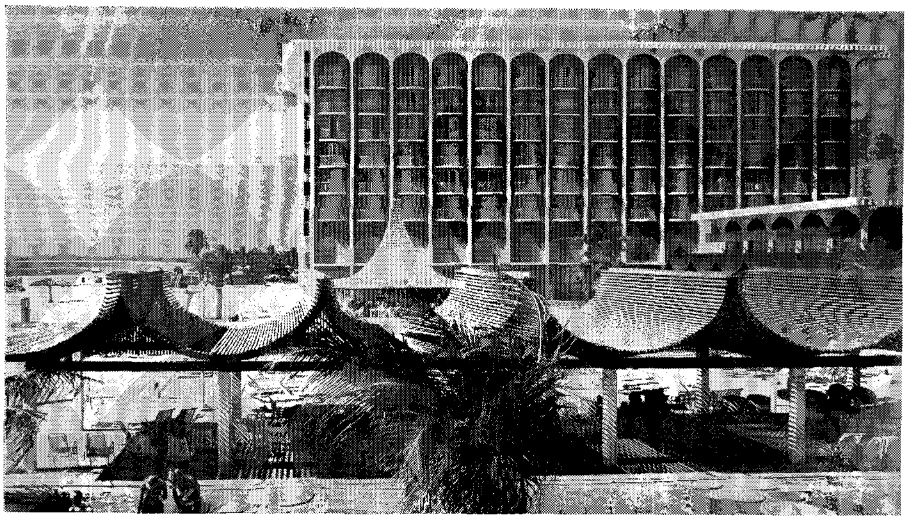

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South. And it seems to have emerged fully after 1954, when, as a result of litigation by the N.A.A.C.P., the Supreme Court handed down its historic desegregation decision overturning the old doctrine of separate-but-equal public schools. There followed an unprecedented upsurge of black-protest activity in the South, one of the earliest and most spectacular instances being the Montgomery bus boycott of 1955-56, led by the young Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. In 1957, nine children in Little Rock attracted worldwide attention to the American race problem when, despite Governor Orval Faubus, they integrated Central High School. In 1960, after black college students in Greensboro, North Carolina, had launched the sit-in movement, the Student Nonviolent Coördinating Committee was formed. In 1961, a revitalized Congress of Racial Equality again set out on Freedom Rides, this time through the Deep South. Dr. King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, organized after the Montgomery bus boycott had achieved its purpose, became the spearhead of the large-scale direct-action street demonstrations against segregated public facilities across the South. The N.A.A.C.P., the oldest and most highly respected of the freedom organizations, which had excelled at silent but indispensable court litigation, and the National Urban League, which had devoted itself to essentially friendly persuasion, were both swept into aggressive mass motion. Quite often, possibly against their wishes, they found themselves in the streets shouting, along with everybody else, "Freedom Now!"

The country had never before been confronted by such an urgent, angry, broadly based, and eclectic black-protest movement—of churches, labor unions, intellectuals, political liberals, students, militant activists. Nor had it ever been required to lend its ear to such a cacophony of black leaders, all driven by a common impulse and engaged in forwarding a common cause but still jealous enough of each other to want to preserve the distinctive nuances of their voices and the special character of their activities. The major personalities were Dr. King, of S.C.L.C.; Roy Wilkins, of the N.A.A.C.P.; James Farmer and Floyd McKissick, of CORE; Lester Granger and, later, Whitney Young, of the National Urban League; John Lewis, Stokely Carmichael, James Forman, and Robert Moses, of S.N.C.C.; Dorothy Height, of the National Council of Negro Women; and Bayard Rustin, roving theoretician and strategist to the different groups, and a radical conscience in his own right. Of course, among the authentic militant voices of the early sixties were also those of men like Elijah Muhammad and Malcolm X. But theirs was a different, more strident music, several beats away from the ecumenical rhythms of the civil-rights protest movement.

With no protest organization of his own, Randolph, in Harlem, hovered like a professor emeritus over the struggle, neither wholly welcome nor wholly unwanted. Many of the younger leaders, especially when his ideas or opinions got in their way, dismissed him, with whispered annoyance, as the old man. He cast too tall a shadow out of the past; his prestige interfered too much with their freedom. Hadn't he already had his innings? But, despite the coolness toward him, Randolph, as much by his presence as by his intrusions, was playing a vital role in the life of the civil-rights movement. He was providing it—from the Brotherhood's office, in Harlem—with something it sorely needed, or, at any rate, lacked: a unifying center. The different leaderships were frequently a splintering of jealousies over who had prior claims to what areas of activity; who deserved credit for what programs and what successes; whose tactics were more relevant to the nature of the struggle; who was too militant or too conservative. It was not always easy, therefore, to get the different leaders to sit together in the same room, unless they were representing their organizations at the White House—or unless Randolph had called them together to enlist their common support for a program of his devising. He was the only figure, Murray Kempton has said, who could reconcile "the painful personal differences" that befell "the Negro protest movement at the height of its sweep and its fashion." And Kempton has explained, "Randolph is alone among these leaders because he neither feels hostility for nor excites it in any other of them." But, though he was always careful not to show it, Randolph had his favorites. He was closest in political outlook to Rustin, and relied heavily on the younger man's talents as an organizer. And he was closest in ethical temper to Dr. King, whom he regarded as the moral leader of the civil-rights struggle. Nor was he above exploiting the leaders' jealousies in order to bring them together. His genius, says Bayard Rustin, "was to use Dr. King as his left leverage." Rustin adds, "Often when he wanted all the leaders to support a program or demonstration, he

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got King's coöperation first, for he knew that once King agreed to come in, none of the others would want to stay out." It was by the use of such tactics that he got the majority of the leaders to support the Prayer Pilgrimage to Washington, D.C., in May, 1957; the 1958-59 Youth Marches for Integrated Schools; and—the monument to his interest in a civil-rights coalition—the 1963 March on Washington.

One afternoon in December, 1962, Randolph and Rustin were sitting in the Brotherhood's headquarters, discussing the course of the protest movement and particularly the mass demonstrations Dr. King was leading in the South. Rustin, then executive secretary of the War Resisters League, often dropped in for such a chat. The two now got along like old friends, for they had a deep respect for each other's political history and accomplishments. There was a certain physical resemblance between them, as well. Both Randolph, who was then seventy-three, and Rustin, who was fifty-two, looked a good ten years younger than their ages. Moreover, both stood over six feet tall and had physiques that suggested an early debt to athletics. There was also in the appearance of both what Robert Penn Warren, writing of Rustin, called "a strange mixture of strength and sensitivity." For all Rustin's veneration of Randolph, his own credentials as an activist were unchallengeable, and in his career as a radical he had sustained wounds of spirit and body that Randolph had never known. In 1942, he had been savagely beaten by police in Tennessee when he refused to ride in the back of a bus. During the Second World War, he had spent twenty-eight months in the Lewisburg Penitentiary as a conscientious objector. Arrested on CORE's first Freedom Ride, in 1947, he had spent twenty-two days of a thirty-day sentence on a North Carolina chain gang. And during the years of his civil-rights activities he had logged twenty-four arrests. As for his other credentials, in the early nineteen-fifties, as chairman of America's Free India Committee, he had gone to India; his talents as an organizer had also taken him to Ghana, Nigeria, and Tanganyika, where he worked with Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe, and Julius Nyerere, and to England, where he helped organize the Aldermaston peace marchers. He had also helped Dr. King organize the Montgomery bus boycott in 1955, and had later drawn up the blueprint for S.C.L.C. And, as Randolph could hardly forget, he had been an activist in the March on Washington Movement in 1941, and the League for Nonviolent Civil Disobedience Against Military Segregation in 1948.

During their chat in the Brotherhood's office that December day, Randolph said that while Dr. King's street demonstrations in the South were imperative, a complementary demonstration was needed that would combine civil-rights aims with national economic demands. Rustin, who was a Socialist, like Randolph, and shared his economic approach to the race problem, said he could not agree more. Randolph asked if Rustin had any ideas. Rustin said no—except, perhaps, a huge march on the nation's capital, calling for jobs, a higher minimum wage, and a guaranteed income. Randolph said that that was a splendid idea, and that he would be glad to receive a memorandum from Rustin outlining it in detail.

Two months later, after conferring with Norman Hill, an assistant program director of CORE, and Tom Kahn, a white Socialist, Rustin returned with a blueprint for a march that would include all the civil-rights organizations. Noting that Rustin's blueprint contained only economic demands, Randolph said it would have to be extended to contain the broad demand for freedom as well. Rustin said, "Fine. We have the best of both worlds. We'll call it a march for jobs and freedom." And this time, unlike Randolph's threatened march in 1941, the troops would indeed descend upon Washington.

Rustin and Randolph brought all the major American civil-rights organizations into their plans, and Rustin was named the key organizer for the march. His instructions were to organize a demonstration of a hundred thousand people in Washington, D.C., on August 28, 1963, and he carried out his instructions from a small, ramshackle office on West 130th Street. Visitors found it hard to believe that an enterprise of such proportions was being planned amid such humble appointments, in an office furnished with nothing more than a water cooler, a few creaky old desks and chairs, and a small bank of temporary telephones. Assisted by a handful of black and white volunteers, Rustin prepared thousands of letters, instruction manuals, and newsletters; called upon hundreds of different organizations to participate; coördinated, across the country, the chartering of buses, trains, and

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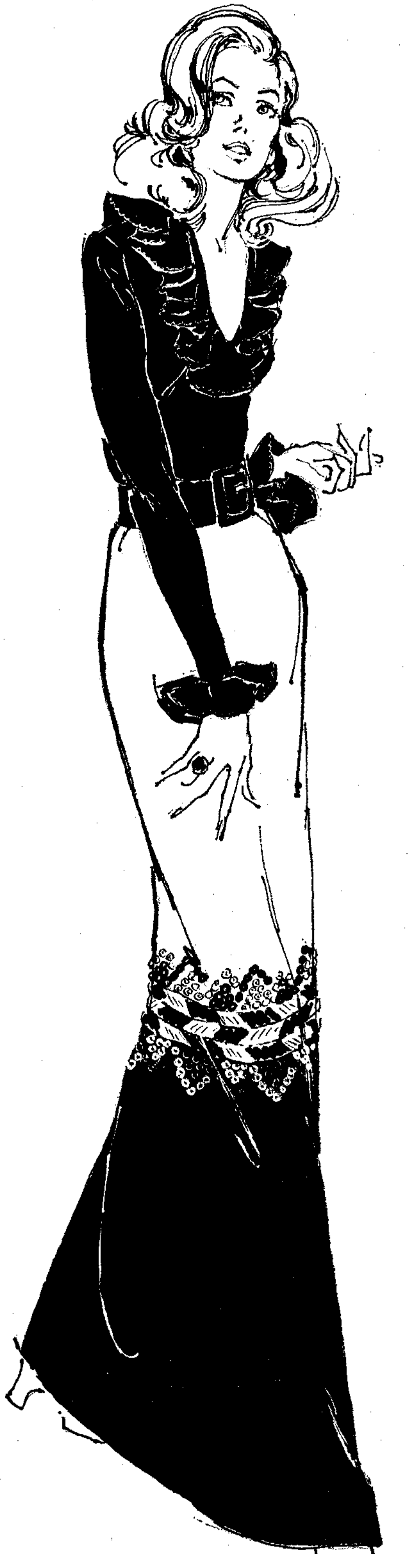

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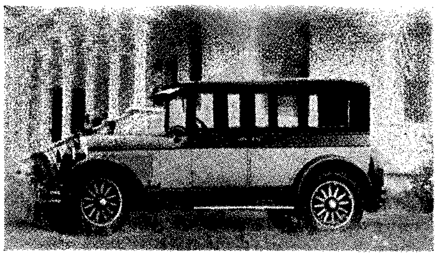

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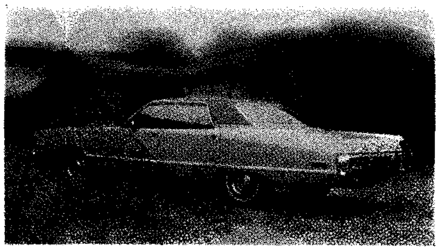

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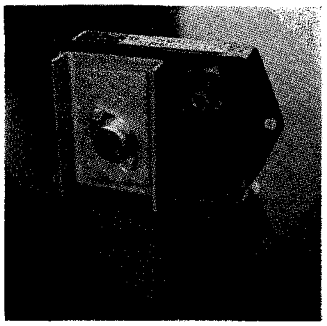

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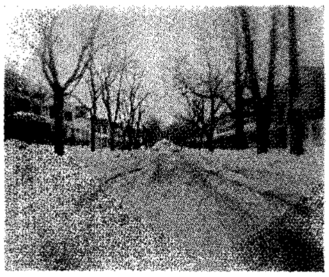

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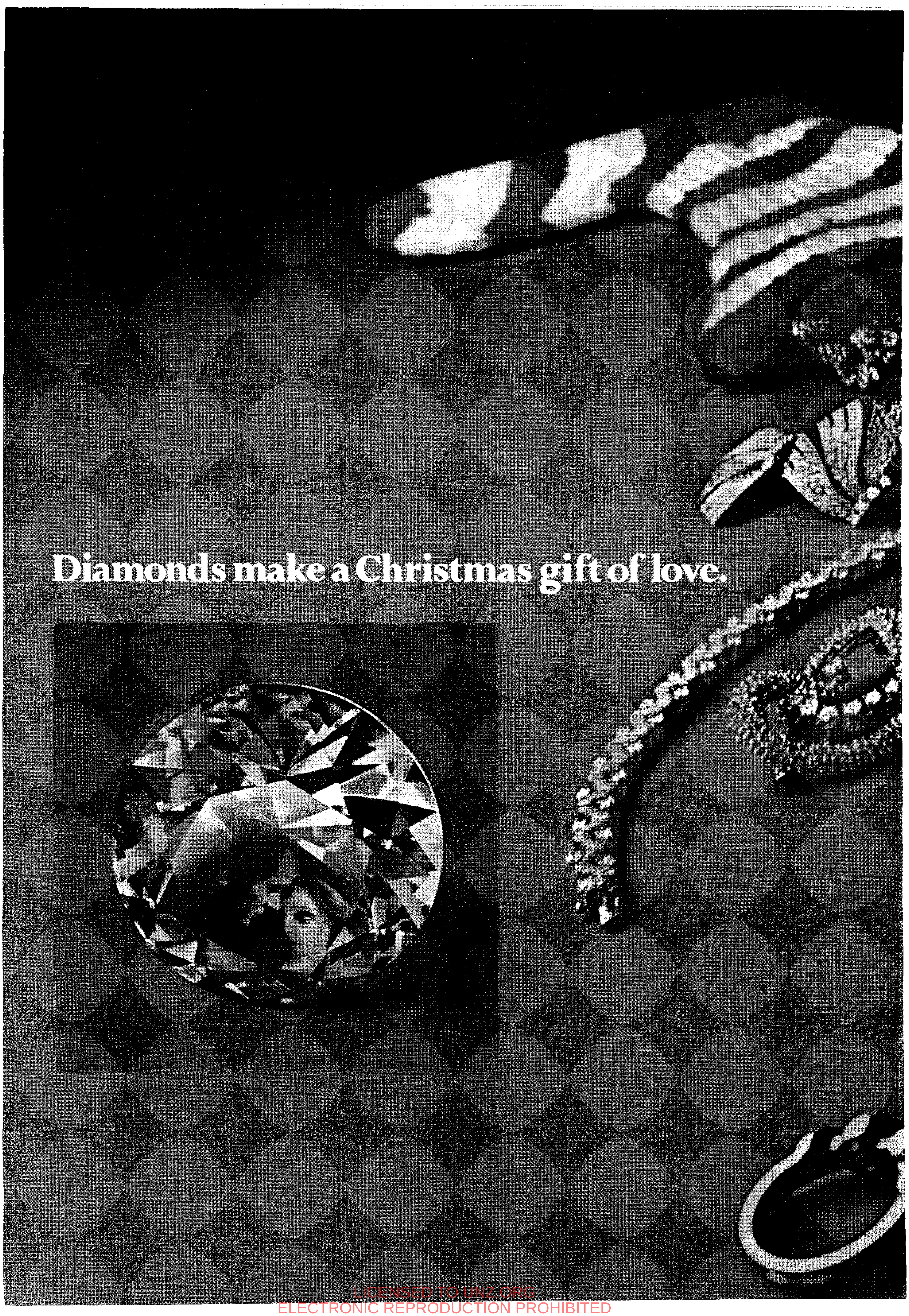
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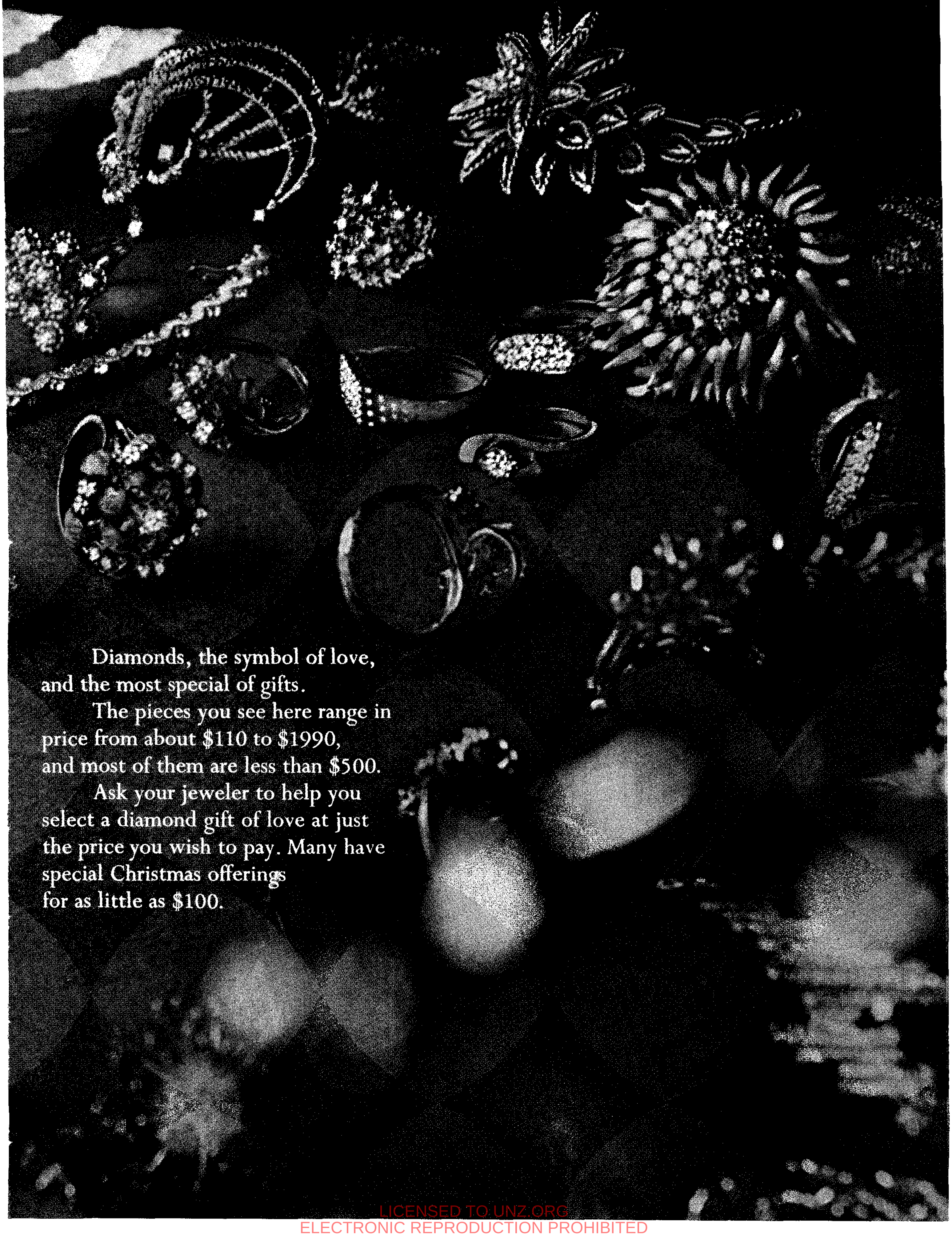Jewelry shown is not actual size.

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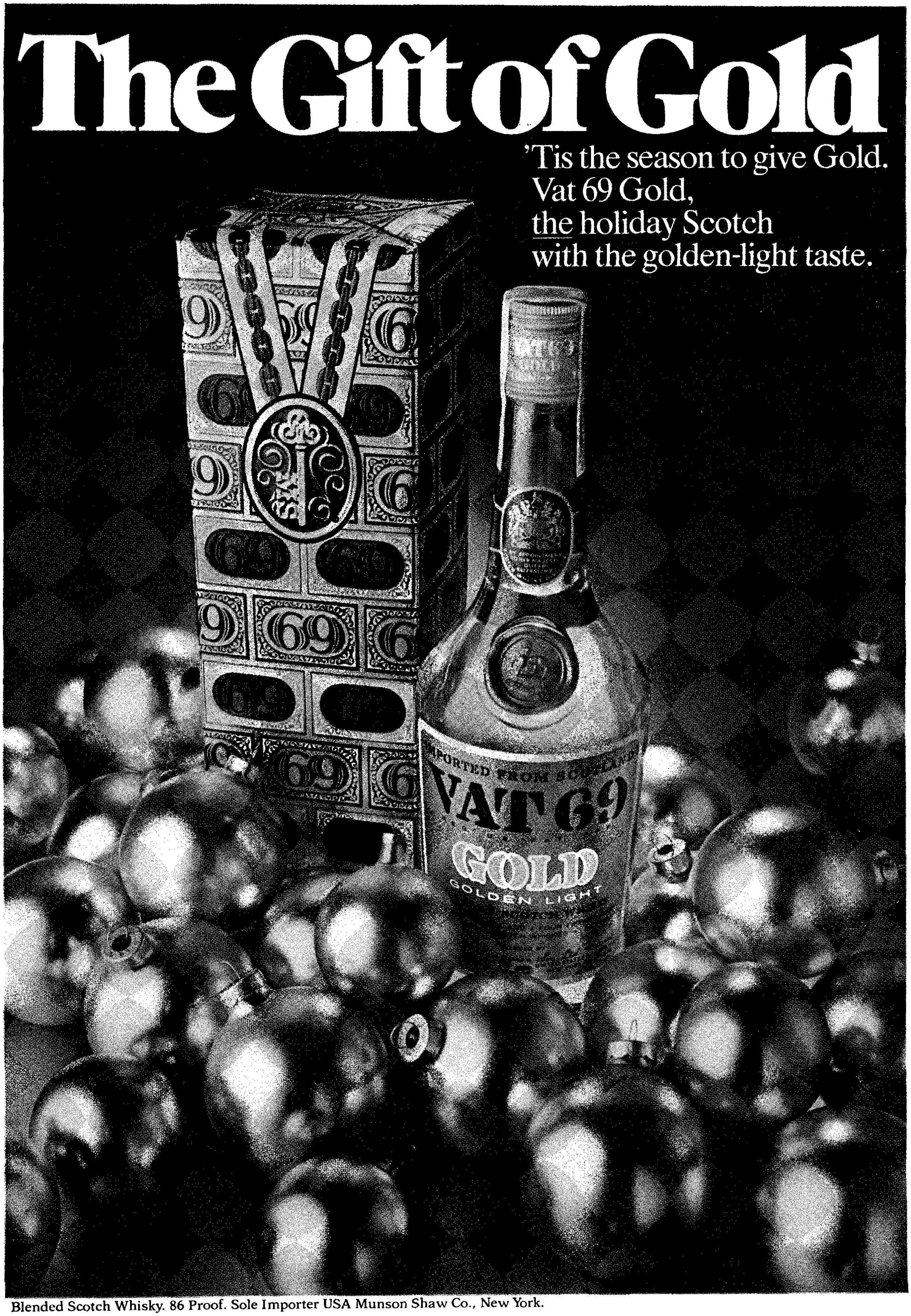
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airplanes; and designed the master plan for getting a hundred thousand marchers in and out of Washington on the same day. The accomplishments would be far in excess of what could reasonably have been expected of such a modest outfit. Rustin and his helpers would not only bring more than two hundred thousand people into Washington, they would also display an astonishing mastery of the logistics involved in staging such a huge public event. They would mount and discipline what would be up to then the largest number of civilians ever to enter the nation's capital together. Above all, they would assemble in one place the broadest coalition of racial, political, religious, and conscience groups the country had ever seen.

But there were some serious political obstacles on the way to August 28th. In June, his civil-rights message having gone to Congress, President Kennedy was expressing fears about "demonstrations which can lead to violence," and, consequently, damage or destroy the prospects for the passage of civil-rights legislation. His fears, whether or not they would be allowed to affect the plans already laid, could not be lightly dismissed, for no President in our century had displayed a greater concern for the problems of black Americans. In any event, on June 22nd Kennedy invited the march leaders to a meeting at the White House. The delegation included John Lewis, of S.N.C.C.; Dr. King, of S.C.L.C.; Whitney Young, of the National Urban League; James Farmer, of CORE; Roy Wilkins, of the N.A.A.C.P.; and Randolph, who was the national director of the march. According to Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., then one of Kennedy's aides, they were "as gifted and impressive a group as one could find in the country." After informing his visitors of the special problems he faced in getting his civil-rights legislation through Congress, the President turned his attention to the demonstration they were planning to mount, practically on the doorsteps of Congress. "We want success in Congress, not just a big show in the capital," he told the group. "Some of these people are looking for an excuse to be against us. I don't want to give any of them a chance to say, 'Yes, I'm for the bill, but I'm damned if I will vote for it at the point of a gun.' It seemed to me a great mistake to announce a march on Washington before the bill was even in committee."

Randolph, a veteran of such White House confrontations, summed up the inevitability of an event that had swelled beyond its conception as a political tactic into a welling tide of the popular will. "The Negroes are already in the streets," he said. "It is very likely impossible to get them off. If they are bound to be in the streets in any case, is it not better that they be led by organizations dedicated to civil rights and disciplined by struggle rather than to leave them to other leaders, who care neither about civil rights nor about nonviolence?"

The majority of Randolph's colleagues on the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Executive Council also opposed the march. At a meeting in Unity House, in Pennsylvania, on August 13th, the council issued a statement supporting the goals of the march but withholding endorsement of the march itself. The council said, however, that individual unions were free to make their own decisions. Walter Reuther, one of the dissenters from the Executive Council's statement, called it "anemic," while Randolph described it as "a masterpiece of noncommittal noncommitment." The A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s fears were similar to those of President Kennedy. "The civil-rights legislation had not yet been enacted," George Meany explains today, "and while we did not object to any of our affiliates' participating, we were worried that the march might touch off a situation which might set us back legislatively."

But, as Randolph had told President Kennedy, nothing could stop the march now—not a vicious personal attack made by Strom Thurmond on Bayard Rustin from the floor of the Senate, or Washington's annoyance that for an entire day, as James Reston said, "inhabitants of this privileged sanctuary" would be unable to buy a drink at a bar, get a taxi downtown, "or count on the colored cook coming in for dinner." Finally, everyone was resigned to the inevitable. President Kennedy even informed the leaders that he would be glad to receive them at the White House when the march was over.

Two days before the march, Randolph appeared before the journalists of the National Press Club to defend the coming demonstration. He told them:

> Demonstrations are the hallmark of every revolution since the birth of civilization. . . . These are the outbursts . . . the manifestations of deep convictions about the evils that people suffer. While they sometimes take the form of some irrational upsurge of emotionalism, they come from the fact that the peoples are the vic-

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tims of long-accumulated wrongs and deprivations. Therefore, these are an outburst and an outcry for justice, for freedom. And there is no way . . . to stem these demonstrations until the cause is removed, and the cause is racial bias, the cause is exploitation and oppression, the cause is a second-class citizen in a first-class nation. This is the reason for the March on Washington movement. This is the reason for the civil-rights revolution.

On August 28th—after linking arms with leaders of the civil-rights coalition at the head of a great procession down Constitution Avenue—Randolph was the first person to address the gathering of more than two hundred thousand at the Lincoln Memorial. In what was probably the last major speech of his public life, he said, in part:

> Let the nation and the world know the meaning of our numbers. We are not a pressure group, we are not an organization or a group of organizations, we are not a mob. We are the advance guard of a massive moral revolution for jobs and freedom. . . . But this civil-rights revolution is not confined to the Negro, nor is it confined to civil rights, for our white allies know that they cannot be free while we are not. And we know that we have no future in a society in which six million black and white people are unemployed and millions more live in poverty. . . . We want a free democratic society dedicated to the political, economic, and social advancement of man along moral lines. . . . We know that real freedom will require many changes in the nation's political and social philosophies and institutions. For one thing, we must destroy the notion that Mrs. Murphy's property rights include the right to humiliate me because of the color of my skin. The sanctity of private property takes second place to the sanctity of the human personality. It falls to the Negro to reassert this priority of values, because our ancestors were transformed from human personalities into private property. It falls to us to demand full employment and to put automation at the service of human needs, not at the service of profits. . . . Those who deplore our militance are in fact supporting segregation and exploitation. They would have social peace at the expense of social and racial justice.

Then, after introducing the other speakers, Randolph presented Dr. King, "a man who personifies the moral leadership" of the civil-rights revolution, and before the day was over King, in his celebrated address, not only justified Randolph's claim but stamped himself as one of the nation's most inspiring witnesses to the long dream of freedom.

August 28, 1963, expired upon the hauntingly beautiful strains of "We Shall Overcome," the black vesper hymn of that period. It was one of the last times that the song sounded so sweet or conveyed its peculiar mix-

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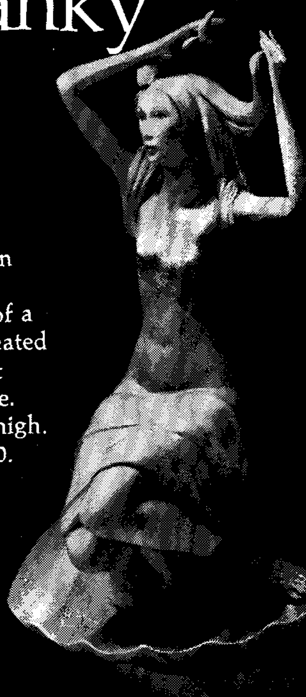
ture of melancholy, yearning, and stubborn faith. Today, if one tries to recapture the words, across the gap of almost a decade, they do not come with any magic at all—their melody clinging, it seems, to the monumental face of that August evening.

Whatever happened to the promise that once gave such life to "We Shall Overcome" is, at least in part, what tends to happen to a good deal of the American sense of social obligation. In such matters, a large number of Americans, uneasy at having to remain in daily touch with what they suspect to be their better impulses, use them up in one big spree—one sweeping declaration or one large burst of public sentiment. In retrospect, it appears that many of the people at the Lincoln Memorial on August 28, 1963, were unable or unwilling to take the sustained political action necessary to fulfill their sense of the country's social obligation.

Before the March on Washington was a week old, there were expressions of doubt about what would become of its aspirations. James Baldwin, warily perceptive of his country and his countrymen, remarked, "The day was important in itself, and what we do with this day is even more important." Two days later, James Reston, in the *Times*, said in greater detail what may have been going through Baldwin's mind: "This whole movement for equality in American life will have to return to first principles before it will 'overcome' anything. And as moral principles preceded and inspired political principles in this country, as the church preceded the Congress, so there will have to be a moral revulsion to the humiliation of the Negro before there can be significant political relief." Expressions of uncertainty at the time they were made, both remarks appear a decade later to have been prophetic. Few people seem to have gone back to first principles, for the moral energy that swept more than two hundred thousand marchers into Washington has—if one judges by the withdrawals, the polarizations, the hardened strain of meanness in the contemporary spirit—left no enduring political legacy for our time, with the possible exception of the voting-rights legislation, passed in 1965, that reënfranchised hundreds of thousands of black voters in the South.

By the mid-sixties, the Vietnam war not only had reared up as one of the distractions from social concerns at home but had created a particular crisis within the civil-rights movement. Randolph's Freedom Budget for All Amer-



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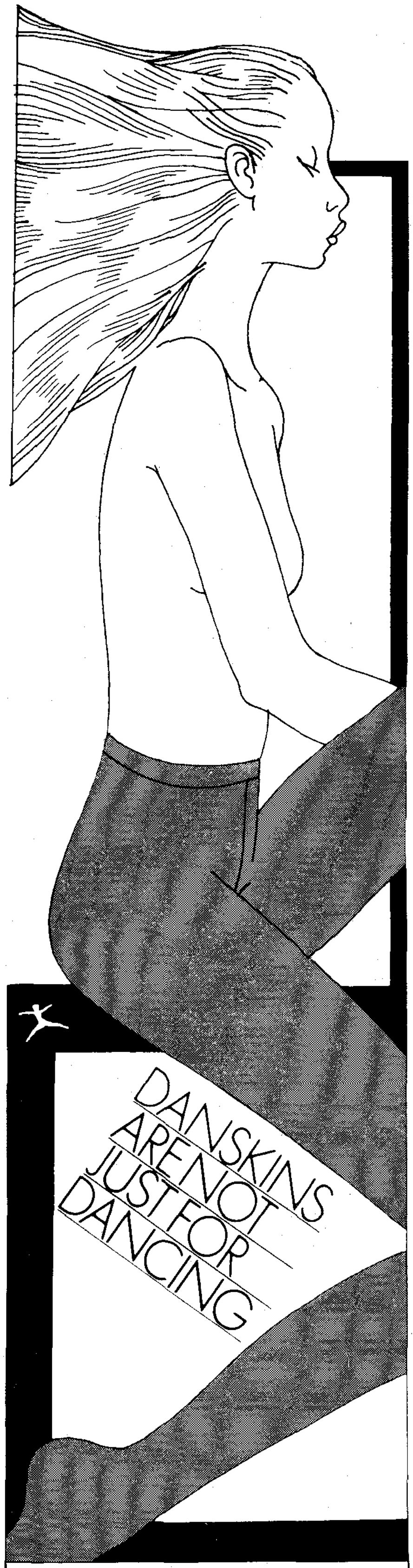
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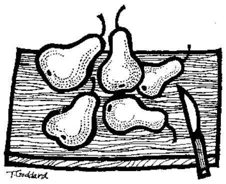
icans, a hundred-and-eighty-five-billion-dollar economic program that was proposed in 1966 and supported, with varying degrees of enthusiasm, by all civil-rights organizations, failed to win the support of the federal government or of the nation, both of which were preoccupied with Vietnam. And the unity of the civil-rights leadership—fragile at the best of times—did not survive Dr. King's decision to broaden his civil-rights activities into an attack upon the war. In the debate surrounding King's action, some organizations argued that the civil-rights movement could scarcely avoid taking a stand against a war that was draining away the very resources required for the enactment of broad social programs, and others submitted that while individual leaders were free to play a role in anti-war activities, it would be a mistake to divert the civil-rights movement from its primary and historic task—the struggle to achieve change within the social and economic institutions at home. Randolph's position on this question is unclear. In the absence of any public statements from that period, one must rely on what he has to say today: "I have always been opposed to wars in principle—though, as in the case of the Second World War, I am able to support those that are vital to the survival of our democratic institutions. Vietnam does not seem to me to be such a war. It represents, as far as I can see, no defense of our vital national interests. The moral commitment of the American government went beyond the reaches of liberal concern for our own problems, in the sense that it committed an enormous and costly amount of the nation's resources to Vietnam—in terms of both money and human life. This, as I see it, is a great moral loss and a weakening of the country's moral fibre."



The people's failure to return to first principles was not the entire reason for the collapse of the civil-rights coalition. As the *Times* had observed the day after the march, the demonstration "appeared to have left much of Congress untouched—physically, emotionally, and politically." Three months later, the spirit of the March on Washington suffered another stunning blow when President Kennedy was murdered in Dallas. In any event, Roy Wilkins' speech at the Lincoln Memorial now seems like a fitting epitaph. "You got religion here today," he said. "Don't backslide tomorrow." Then he recited from the Scriptures: " 'No man having put his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the Kingdom of God.' "

For all that, it had been "the most beautiful and glorious" day of Randolph's life. As the thousands walked away from the Memorial, singing, he had stood alone at one end of the platform, looking out over the grounds. Seeing him, Rustin had broken away from a group of friends, gone over, and put his arm around the old man's shoulders. "I could see he was tired," Rustin recalled. "I said to him, 'Mr. Randolph, it looks like your dream has come true.' And when I looked into his eyes, I could see that tears were streaming down his cheeks."

IN 1929, after serious questions had been raised concerning certain matters under his jurisdiction, Roy Lancaster, the first secretary-treasurer of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, was not reëlected to the office. In 1933, the union had decided that it had too many vice-presidents, and reduced the number from seven to four. Since then, however, there had been no breaks in the original chain of the Brotherhood's top leadership except those caused by death or retirement. For most of the union's life, therefore, its leading officers had been Randolph, president; Milton Webster, first vice-president; Bennie Smith, second vice-president; E. J. Bradley, third vice-president; C. L. Dellums, fourth vice-president; Ashley Totten, secretary-treasurer; and Thomas T. Patterson, Eastern Zone supervisor. Most of them were returned to office unopposed at every Brotherhood convention. They were the leaders of the revolution against Pullman and had suffered to bring the Brotherhood to power, and, because of that, few dared to challenge their right to remain in the leadership.

On September 2, 1968, at the union's convention, in New Orleans, Randolph made his last appearance as president of the Brotherhood. When he rose to make his farewell speech, only two of his original lieutenants were there to hear it: Bennie Smith and C. L. Dellums. Bradley had died in St. Louis, in 1955; Patterson had died in Jamaica, in 1959; Ashley Totten had died in Frederiksted, St. Croix, in 1963; and in 1965 Milton Webster had suffered a fatal heart attack at the Americana Hotel in Bal Harbour, Florida, while he and Randolph were attending an A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention. Patterson had been succeeded by Benjamin McLaurin, and Totten by William

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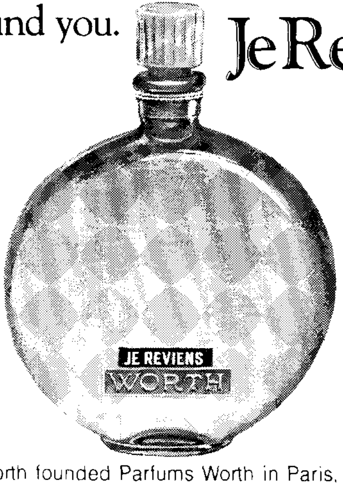

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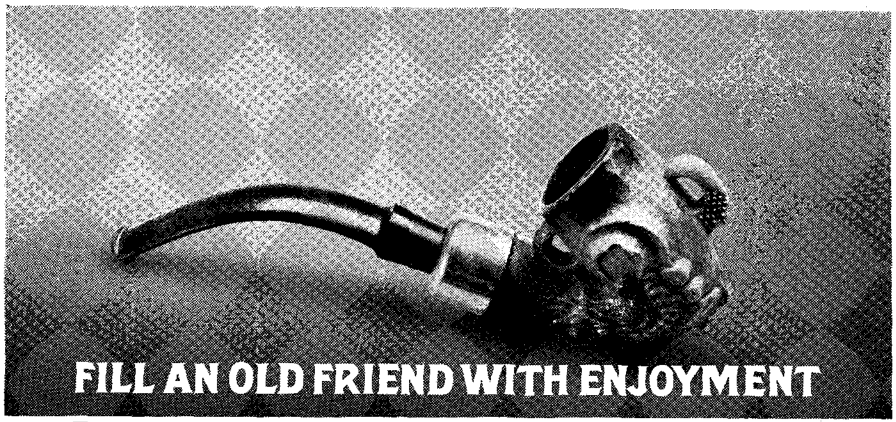
Bowe. Bradley's third vice-presidency had been filled by his protégé, T. D. McNeil; Bennie Smith had remained second vice-president; and after Webster's death C. L. Dellums became first vice-president. But fifteen years before, when the founding fathers of the union held an unofficial meeting to discuss the line of succession following Randolph's departure from office, it had been agreed that Webster would inherit the leadership, and that if Webster was not available the presidency should go to Dellums. Thus, at New Orleans, Dellums took over the presidency from Randolph.

Randolph devoted almost all of his farewell speech to a discussion of the national and international affairs. It was only toward the end that he remarked upon his going. "And as I take my leave I want to thank every Pullman, train, and mail porter . . . for having given me the opportunity to play a humble role in building this mighty movement," he said. But by then, of course, the Brotherhood had long ceased to be a "mighty movement." The virtual collapse of the railroad-travel industry had reduced its membership to a mere two thousand or so. And only a few hours before Randolph took his leave of the presidency the union received news that the Pullman Company was going out of business and that its remaining sleeping cars would be sold to other companies. So Dellums was taking over the union not only in "trying times," as he said in his acceptance speech, but also amid fears that the organization would not long survive. But what made him unhappiest of all, he said, was having to bid farewell to the Brotherhood's founder. Dellums went on:

> To have worked for and with and under the guidance and supervision of a man like Randolph for more than forty-three years, it hurts too much to see him go to be happy in succeeding him. There is a saying that no man is indispensable. . . . But there are men who are irreplaceable, and Randolph is irreplaceable. I can't fill his shoes. . . . Learning at the feet of this man was a great privilege. . . . I think he and I had the nearest philosophies, because even though I was never a member of the Socialist Party I believe I have always been Socialistically inclined, and after knowing and hearing him, I've been a Socialist ever since. But I think the hardest philosophy for me to adopt was to have no particular desire for worldly goods.

Though Randolph had not been active in Socialist affairs since the mid-nineteen-twenties, and at times had not been a Party member at all, he had remained close to the Party.



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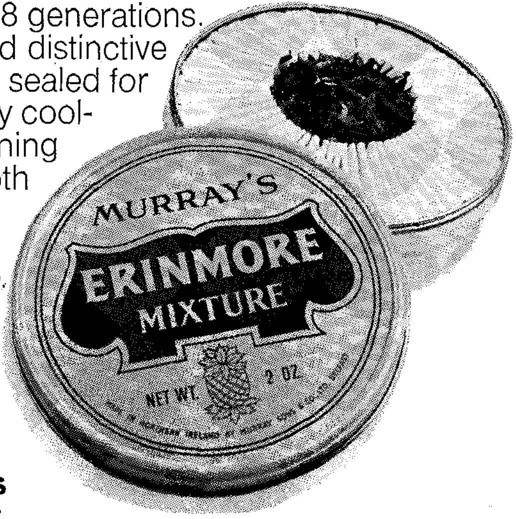

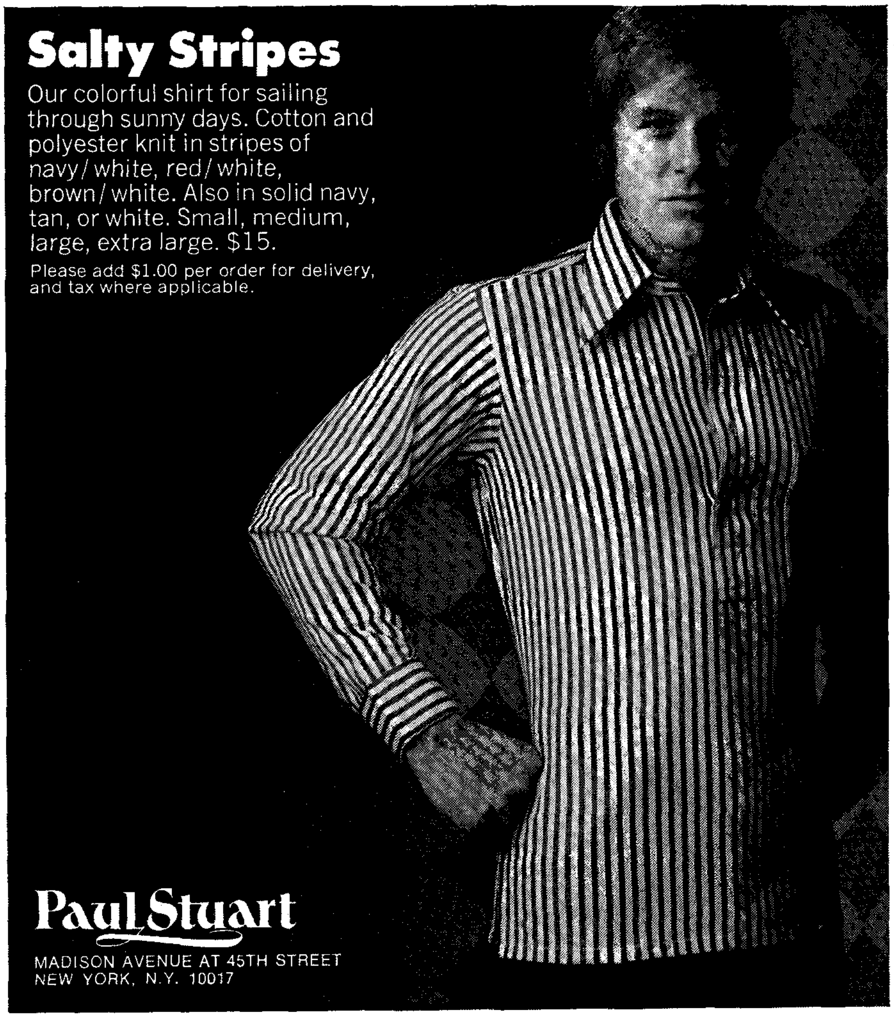
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Most important, he had always considered himself a Socialist in the tradition of Eugene Debs, whom—as he wrote when Debs died, in 1926—he had "learned to love with an undying love." Accepting the Clendenin Award from the Workers Defense League in 1944, Randolph referred to four "fundamental forces" that had shaped his life: a "rigid Christian parental guidance;" his wife, who "gave me inspiration, confidence, faith in, and the will to hold fast to, my ideals and principles without any hope of material reward or gain;" his "early study of Socialist philosophy," his "extensive reading of Socialist literature," and his activity in the Socialist movement; and, finally, "trade unionism," which "made me understand the need for the practical implementation of ideals and principles with a sound organizational structure." The Socialist movement, he continued, had armed him with an "understanding of the nature and significance and trend of the social forces and the historical evolution and mission of the working class," had taught him "to look to the economic foundation of the question of race and color," and had provided him with "a world perspective, and the basis of the concept of the indivisibility of democracy, freedom, and peace."

Though Randolph spent the greater part of his public life trying to wrest from the existing political and economic order as many social reforms as he thought it was capable of yielding, he did not cast a vote for a regular-party candidate in a Presidential election until 1964, when—troubled by the prospect of a Goldwater Presidency—he voted for Lyndon Johnson. In every previous election, he had supported the Socialist Party candidate for President—either Eugene Debs or Norman Thomas. In December, 1969, after being off the rolls for a number of years, he rejoined the Socialist Party, led by Michael Harrington, the Party's national chairman. "I have always considered myself part of the democratic Socialist movement," Randolph said in a message accompanying his reapplication for membership. "I have shared its commitment to the exalted principles of liberty and equality for all men. So once again it is time for me to pay my dues and to work . . . with my comrades . . . for a just society and a peaceful world."

THE evening of May 6, 1969—a few weeks after his eightieth birthday—Randolph was honored at a black-tie dinner in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. There were

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more than twelve hundred people on the ballroom floor, and eighty more—each a birthday “candle”—on the dais with Randolph. As he entered the ballroom, followed by his “candles,” a six-piece band—led by Eubie Blake and Noble Sissle, who were old friends and contemporaries of his—struck up “Hey, Look Me Over,” and later played “Happy Birthday.” As Randolph stood acknowledging the musical tributes, he seemed well worth looking over. He cut a remarkably distinguished figure in his evening clothes, with his fragile features and white hair. And though he bowed and gestured elegantly to those around him, like a man in consummate command of his accumulated graces, it was all formality, with not an ounce of familiarity. Even his cordial smiles seemed to keep him aloof from the company, as if he were happy to lend the occasion his ceremonial presence but nothing of his inner life. One was never more curious than then about what really went on inside him.

The evening was filled with praise. Bayard Rustin declared that with the exception of his grandparents “no one has stood beside me in times of trial the way Mr. Randolph has,” and went on, “He is the only man I know who has never said an unkind word about anyone, or who refuses to listen to an unkind word about anyone, even though it may be true. I’ve known him all these years, and I still can’t bring myself to address him in any other way but as ‘Mr. Randolph.’ ” Mayor Lindsay remarked upon Randolph’s “sense of integrity and humanity, fused with humility and dignity.” Governor Rockefeller said that Randolph’s was “a name for America to conjure with, to learn from, to discover the best that’s in our country.” Roy Wilkins thanked him for his example: “He is a man who has gained nothing out of the labor movement or the workers but the satisfaction of having been their savior, their adviser, their counsellor, and their inspiration. Celebrating his eightieth birthday, he has no worldly goods, secret or nonsecret. . . . When I came along as a young man, you were my hero, my inspiration. You caught me at a time when every young college boy should be caught—when he is full of idealism and when he believes that the world can be changed. And here was a man busy changing it, who was confident it could be changed . . . who never faltered, who never gave his followers anything but the hope of victory.” Mrs. Coretta King, widow of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., said that Randolph had been “a great inspiration” to her husband during his lifetime—that King had looked to Randolph “for advice and counsel when he was a young man and a young leader.” And, speaking both for himself and for the organized-labor movement, George Meany praised Randolph’s “distinguished career as an active humanitarian.” Referring to Randolph’s struggle against discrimination in the A.F.L.-C.I.O., Meany said, “There is ample evidence that the American labor movement responded, ofttimes too slowly. . . . Yet, there is no question that the trade-union movement played a role in the discrimination and exploitation that marked the industrial life of our country in years gone by. And let me state here and now that the trade-union movement still has a job to do if it is to completely remove the spectre of race discrimination from its ranks. . . . I salute Phil Randolph as a great trade unionist and a courageous fighter for justice and human decency.” Commenting a few days later in the *Post*, James Wechsler wrote that Meany’s remarks reflected not only Randolph’s “largeness of spirit” but also his “remarkable gift for evoking the best impulses in those whom his life has touched.”

TODAY, Randolph remains unimpressed by his fame. His wife, Lucille, whom he married in 1914, died in 1963, and Randolph now lives by himself in an apartment in the Chelsea area of Manhattan. He appears to be anything but bored with his situation. If there is a natural melancholy attached to being old and ill, being by oneself, he endures it with the same aplomb that marked his active life. He even manages to appear contented, taking advantage of such freedom as his present condition allows him, and not at all querulous about the limits. He spends most of his time at home reading or receiving visitors. He welcomes an occasional social call on the phone, but he himself seldom picks up the phone to call anyone. Visitors usually find him sitting up erectly in a high-backed easy chair, his legs crossed, with a book on his lap. Scattered on the floor around him are several other old volumes—mostly books on political theory and religious history—and a selection of current magazines.

Because Randolph has a heart ailment, he collapses occasionally from dizziness. Nevertheless, at seven-thirty every morning he exercises in his bedroom and jogs a few laps through his

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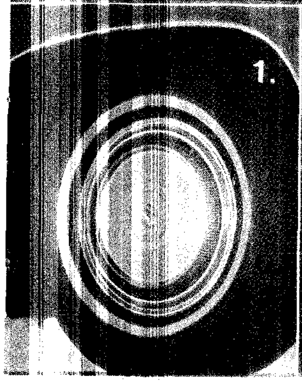

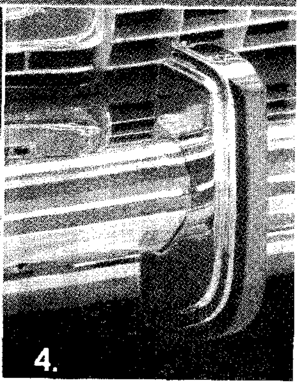

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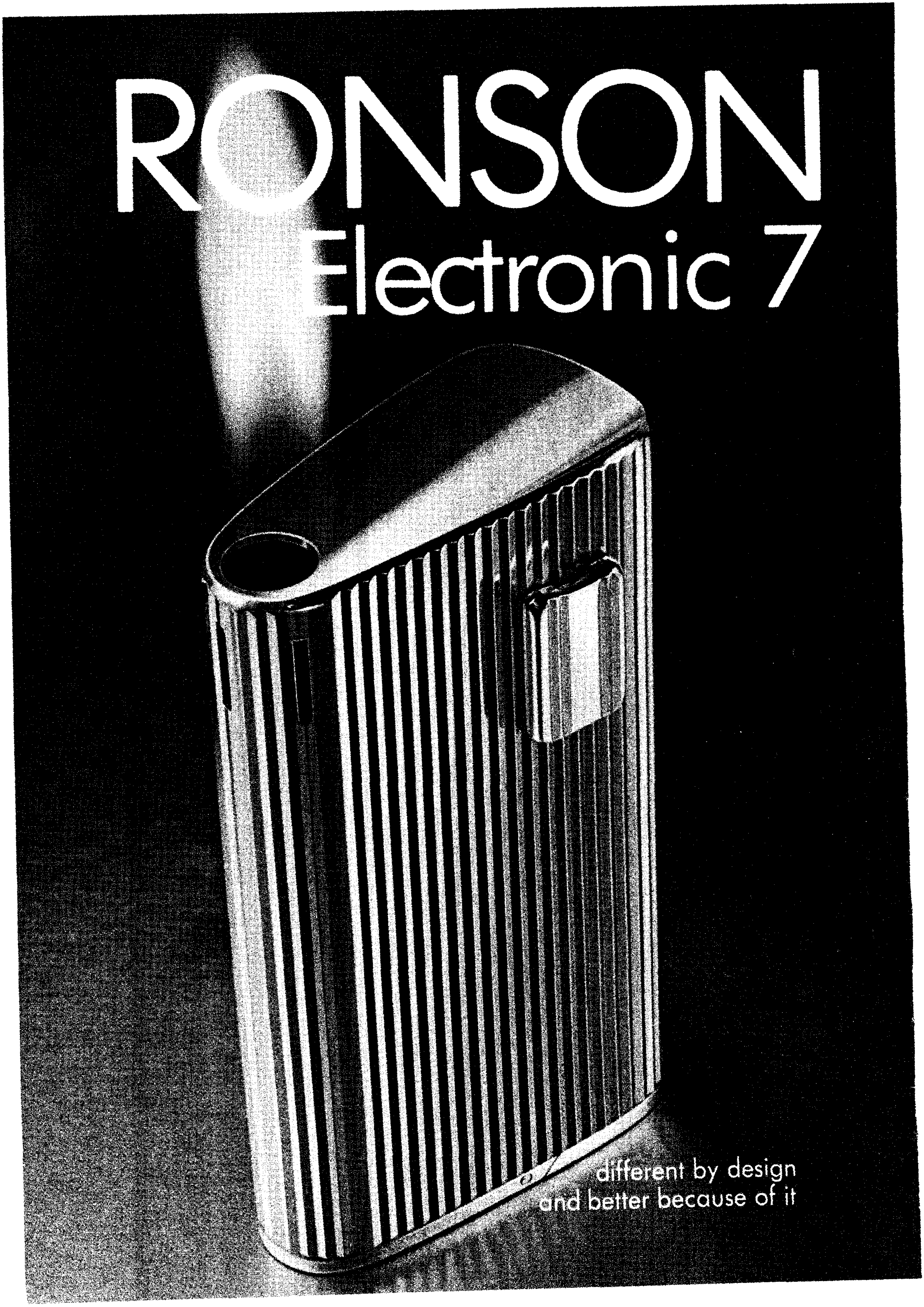
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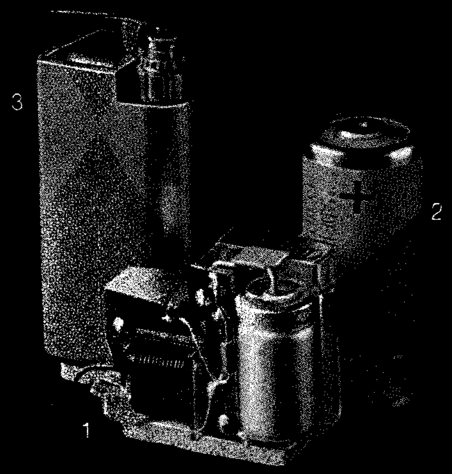

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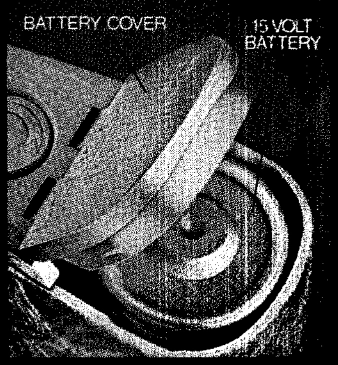

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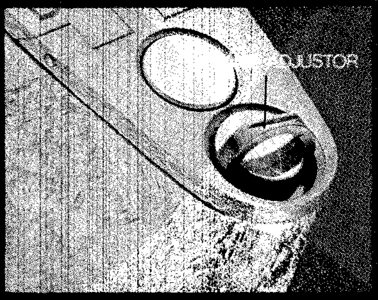

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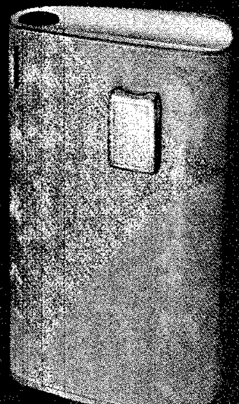

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apartment. He takes outdoor walks as often as possible; because he might suffer a fainting spell in the street, he must always be accompanied. Though he has a housekeeper who comes in from nine to five, he does not let her escort him outdoors; with women, he is old-fashioned enough to feel that men ought always to be the escorts. Mostly, he takes walks only when Bayard Rustin or William Bowe, of the Brotherhood, comes around. It is also they who find young people to accompany him on his visits to the doctor and the barber, in Harlem; on his occasional trips out of town, to attend A.F.L.-C.I.O. conventions and Executive Council meetings, or political affairs in his honor; or to visit college campuses to accept honorary degrees.

On such public outings, Randolph still manages—perhaps with more ease than ever before—to treat unpleasantness and racial slights as if they did not exist. One afternoon in 1970, a young man took Randolph to the ANTA Theatre to see Moses Gunn in a performance of "Othello." When it was over, both men walked to the corner of Fifty-third and Broadway and stood there for more than twenty minutes as the young man tried to hail one of several empty taxicabs that passed them on the way downtown—all the drivers just happening, at that moment, to be looking the other way. It was an experience to which the young man was accustomed, but on that day it was not an indignity he wished to share with someone as venerable as Randolph. He hoped for the miracle: that one of the cabs would pull up, as they were doing for whites only a block down the street. But he hoped in vain. Acutely embarrassed on Randolph's account, he avoided the older man's eyes, for fear of what he might find there. Nor did he want to express his anger, for fear of involving Randolph in his own emotion. There was no certainty, of course, that the situation had registered one way or another on Randolph, for he kept talking animatedly about other things. But how could he have felt nothing? The young man was obliged to conclude that their situation was not so common after all. It was shared by two quite different sensibilities: by a young black man, still in the power of his rage and his pride, and by an older, wiser, stronger one, who not only had conquered rage but, like an artist, had raised and distilled pride into a fine self-mastery and personal dignity. Whatever Randolph may have been thinking about the passing taxicabs, he kept it to himself and, instead, talked about the acting of Moses Gunn, whose voice, he said, had impressed him as a remarkably powerful instrument, grained and edged with pain and sensitivity, and whose performance he had no doubt found far more absorbing than the cabdrivers' conduct. The two men finally got to Randolph's apartment by taking a bus down Seventh Avenue, the older man still declining to volunteer any response to what they had undergone on Broadway.

ONE Sunday afternoon in January, 1970, having heard that Randolph had moved into the International Ladies Garment Workers Union houses on Ninth Avenue, a group of residents in the Chelsea area held a reception at P.S. 33, at Ninth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street, to welcome him into the neighborhood. People run a certain risk in welcoming Randolph into anything, for he still likes to rock boats and does not always reward his hosts with what they want to hear. Replying to the speeches of welcome, Randolph remarked upon the importance of building the brotherhood of man. That, clearly, was good, and there were loud cheers. Then he moved on to one of the political controversies of the time. "I congratulate Leonard Bernstein for calling a meeting in his home to raise funds for the legal defense of the Panthers," he told his audience. "While I do not share the Panther philosophy, I will defend their right to exist as a political group and to propagandize their beliefs. Because if one Panther loses this right, then each of us is threatened." No cheers. Then he wound up—not really having broken the thread of his theme—by thanking the Chelsea residents for welcoming him into their community, "because it is hard to be a stranger, and because no man can live alone." The cheers resumed. —JERVIS ANDERSON

(This is the last part of a three-part article.)

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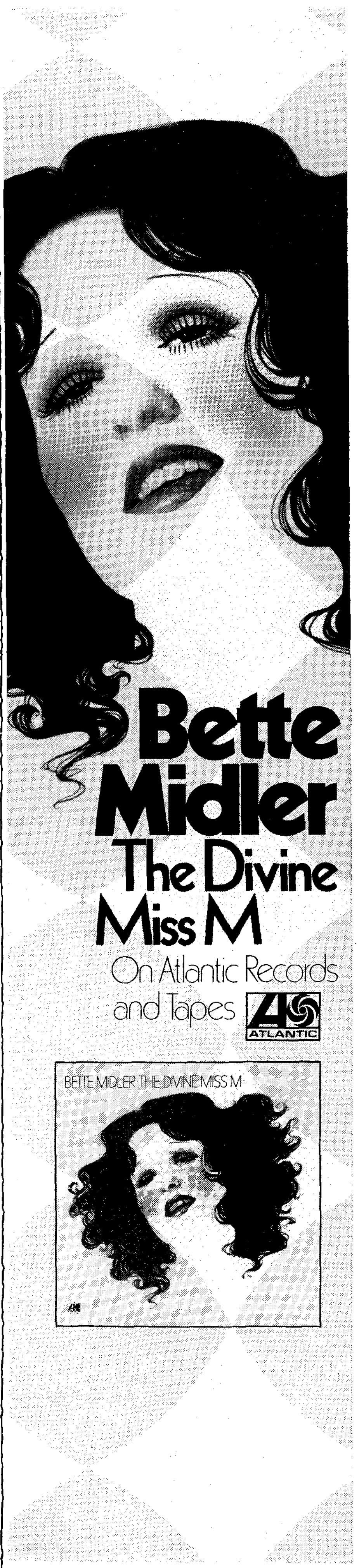
DEAR POLLY—E.H.S. who lives in Florida and cannot keep her cereal fresh could empty it into three-pound coffee cans and put the tight plastic lids back on. E.H.S. I now live in Florida in such cans before they are opened.
—Mrs. C.S.
—*Advice column in the Denver Rocky Mountain News.*

It's a high price to pay for staying fresh.



THE THEATRE

BEHIND THE MASKS

THE New Phoenix Repertory Company, with T. Edward Hambleton as its managing director and Harold Prince, Stephen Porter, and Michael Montel as its artistic directors, is admirably bent on taking chances, and its first chance-taking of the season consists of the presentation, at the historic, frowsty old Lyceum, of a pair of plays that have nothing in common except the company of actors performing them—O'Neill's "The Great God Brown" and Molière's "Don Juan." Whether the plays were chosen because their radical unlikeness would make performances of them in repertory a challenge to audiences as well as to actors, or whether it was because this unlikeness was thought capable of throwing new light on the playwrights, I have no way of knowing, but the contrast between the dogged earnestness of O'Neill and the nimble gaiety of Molière is certainly instructive and, on reflection, amusing. One finds oneself making up imaginary conversations between O'Neill and Molière; of course, the conversations end badly, with Molière hard pressed to conceal the extent of his victory. For suavity, assurance, and lightness of touch are his, while O'Neill is all grim hugging of the ground over which he makes his darkling way. O'Neill was not merely a lapsed Catholic but a collapsed one, doomed to be at once a puritan and a village atheist. Molière was sunnily at home inside Catholicism and therefore in the world; his attention was drawn to his fellows, who had faults, and not to his Maker, who hadn't. If O'Neill thought mankind a bad joke, Molière thought it a good one, with the natural consequence that the former was forever groaning and the latter forever laughing; given a choice, we can scarcely be blamed for siding with Molière.

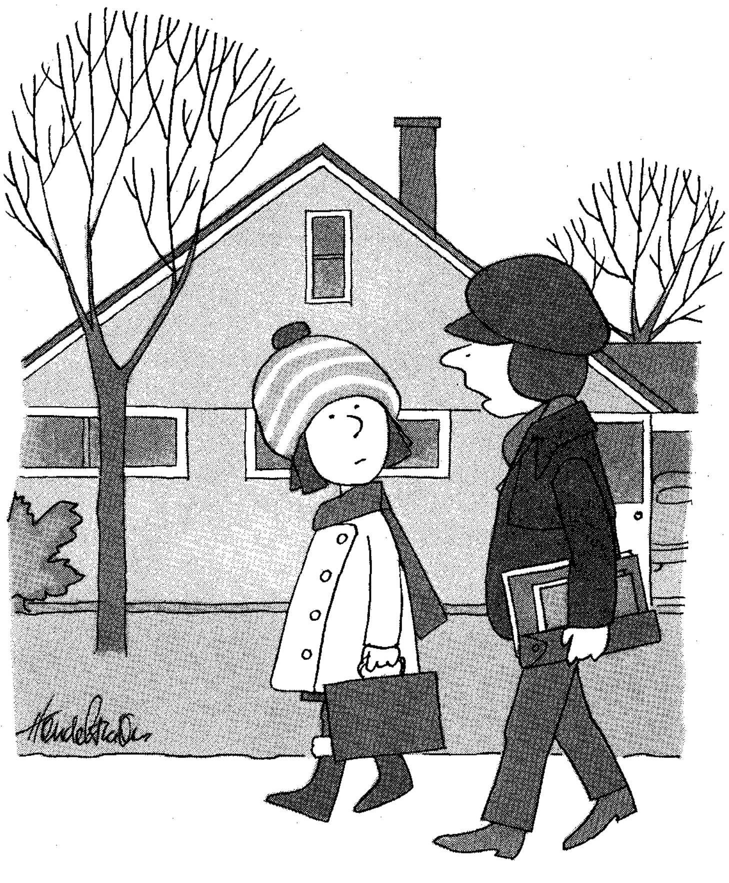
Curiously enough, in "The Great God Brown" O'Neill struggled to express the hope that if we could only cast aside the masks behind which, out of fear and a lack of love, we persist in hiding, we would be reborn. Now, this is a hope easy to embrace if one is an optimist but impossible to embrace if, like O'Neill, one is a despairing misanthrope. No wonder, then, that his play is incoherent and often threatens to become absurd. I marvel that the actors, under Mr. Prince's direction, impose as much order and warmth upon it as they do. John Glover and John McMartin play the two male leads, Katherine Helmond plays the silly woman they both love, and Marilyn Sokol plays the prostitute/earth mother, whom O'Neill dares to have addressed as "Earth Mother." The settings, which the actors help to change as they dart from scene to scene, are by Boris Aronson, the costumes and the not very effective hand-held plastic masks are by Carolyn Parker, and the lighting is by Tharon Musser.

The Phoenix "Don Juan" has been translated, adapted, and directed by Stephen Porter, with scenery by John J. Moore, costumes by Nancy Potts, and lighting again by Miss Musser. It is a workmanlike version of a play that Molière composed in haste, in imitation of other, then highly popular "Don Juan"s, and the cast obviously enjoys acting in it. Paul Hecht is the Don, whose dreadful fate it is not so much to make love as to make a score; I would prefer Mr. Hecht to display a little less unction and a little more consciousness of the Don's courage in the presence of his dead but still dangerous adversary. Mr. McMartin is excellent as Sganarelle, a role that Molière wrote for himself to play. One catches echoes of his voice and manner at every lilting turn and sudden pause—the double takes and slow burns that Molière must have been a master of! It is pleasant to encounter on West Forty-fifth Street, amid the tawdry jollity of all those topless bars, a man who made the Sun King laugh. —BRENDAN GILL

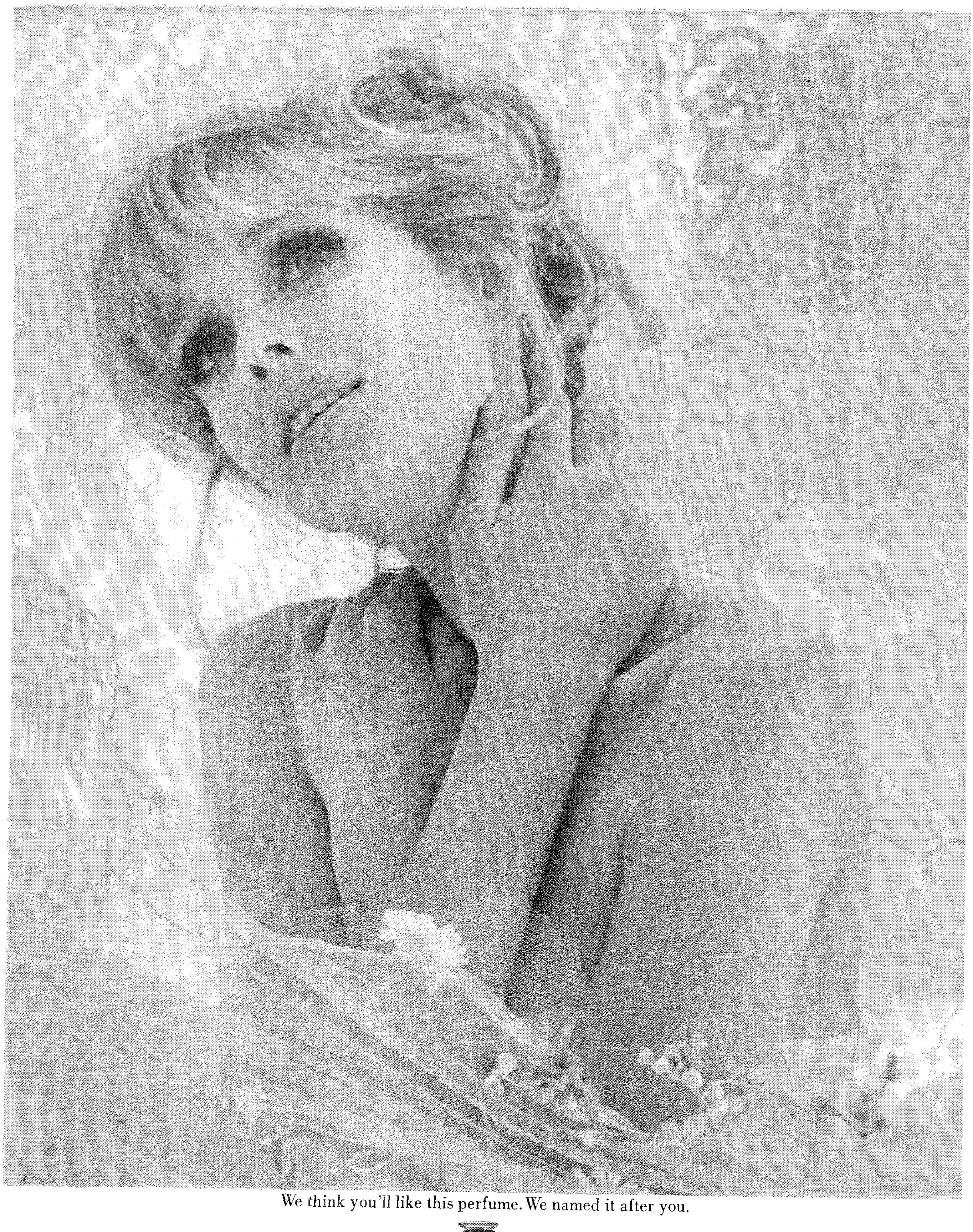
OFF BROADWAY

Black River

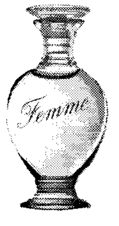
THE news from the St. Marks, where the Negro Ensemble Company opened its season last week with Joseph A. Walker's "The River Niger," is good. The play is so generous—so rich in character, detail, incident, emotion, and humor—that it more than fulfills the promise of Mr. Walker's not so successful "The Harangues" of a few years ago. "The River Niger" is about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it during the single week of the action. Johnny Williams, the father of the family, is a poet of sixty-eight who works as a house painter and is killing himself with drink. Many years ago, he went to college for a while, preparing to study law, but his wife's relatives moved in and he had to work around the clock to feed them. As the play begins, he is waiting for his only son to return from the Air Force, ready to start law school himself. Johnny has been try-



"Patriotism? That's like when you have a flag on your car."



We think you'll like this perfume. We named it after you.



PARFUMS MARCEL ROCHAS PARIS/NEW YORK

ing to write a poem called "The River Niger" but getting nowhere with it. The title makes an apt image for the whole drama—the black river flowing through Africa, the black wave of humanity flowing through America, the strong tide of love and affection flowing through the family scraps and pretenses and jokes. And there is an undercurrent flowing, too—of pain and frustration. Johnny describes himself as a fighter without a battlefield—even the black revolution seems to have lost all purpose for him—but by the time the action is over he has finished the poem and found his battlefield, something worth dying for. Much of the play is very funny, and the ending is hopeful. Only once does Mr. Walker lapse into the weakness for the set speech that spoiled his "Harangues," and that is when the son addresses the family (and the audience) on the subject of America and his disillusionment with it.

The role of Johnny is a heroic one, and Douglas Turner Ward does it justice. Frances Foster, in ancient makeup, plays Johnny's funny, feisty mother-in-law, taking no guff from anybody and now and then sneaking a nip of booze. (Is there anything Miss Foster cannot do on a stage?) Roxie Roker, last seen (by me, anyway) as the crisp, spirited sister of the meek heroine in "Jamimma," now plays Johnny's wife—very ill, very bossy, totally devoted and gentle. (The character may sound like a stereotype, but in Miss Roker's capable hands she is not.) The always stalwart and skillful Graham Brown plays a cynical, ironic Jamaican doctor who is Johnny's crony and drinking companion. I also admired Les Roberts, as the veteran son; Neville Richen, as his closest friend and the leader of a once proud militant group that has now become just a gang of street toughs; Grenna Whitaker, as the son's pretty girl from South Africa; and Saundra McClain, as the militant's pretty girl from the neighborhood. Gary James Wheeler designed the handsome, practical setting. Mr. Ward directed.

TOWNSEND BREWSTER'S "Please Don't Cry and Say No," at the Circle in the Square, is also by a black playwright and performed by a black company, and is as different from "The River Niger" as can be imagined. It is a light, free-form, unconventional little comedy ("light" is a word that has become almost obsolete in the theatre) with songs interspersed, and although it doesn't always work, it is original, and when it does work it has considerable charm. The play is about a temporarily discontented young wife who has caught some of the strong feminism in the air and goes off her husband for a while. She is advised by another woman to have an affair with a younger man, just for a refresher. In Central Park, a teen-age boy who has been playing handball with his friends finds the courage to talk to her, and she smiles back. She meets the boy again when she and her husband go to the Park and see him there dancing with a teen-age girl. Husband cuts in on girl, sudden storm, husband rushes off with girl. Wife and boy leave in a cab for a brief, delightful sexual interlude. Later, husband returns home to wife, apologetic but denying any infidelity—there couldn't be, he explains, once he found out that she was only seventeen. The wife then realizes, with unbounded ecstasy, that there *is* something a woman can do (legally, that is) that a man cannot, and they all live happily ever after. A funny joke and, more often than not, a funny play, which, once aloft, doesn't come down. It takes a bit of launching, though. That fine actor David Downing, on sabbatical from the N.E.C., appears as the husband and seems to know exactly what he is doing, every step of the way. The very pretty Ethel Ayler, as the friend, acts and sings well; Vanessa K. Gilder is appealing as the wife; and Charles Turner is absolutely terrific as the teen-age boy. Dorothy A. Dinroe wrote the good songs, and Leon Atkinson plays the good guitar music.

"Please Don't Cry" is preceded by two skits by other black playwrights, the first translated from the French and the second from the Portuguese by Mr. Brewster. Victor Sejour's "The Brown Overcoat" is a foolish play about a countess who gets rid of her lover, a baron, in order to start a liaison with a pianist across the way. "The Botany Lesson," by Joaquim Maria Machado de Assis, is another foolish play, about a Swedish botanist in Brazil who, in the interests of science, has taken a vow of celibacy. He breaks the vow through the machinations of a pretty woman. Mr. Downing is the baron, Miss Ayler is the schemer, and I enjoyed both of them as much as I could under the circumstances. The circumstances are not all they might be.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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—*Adv. in The Times.*

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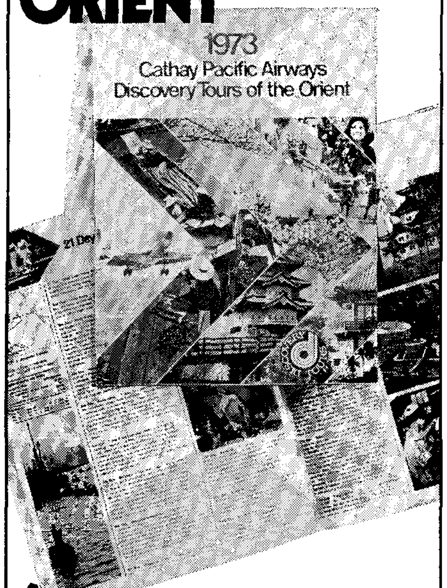

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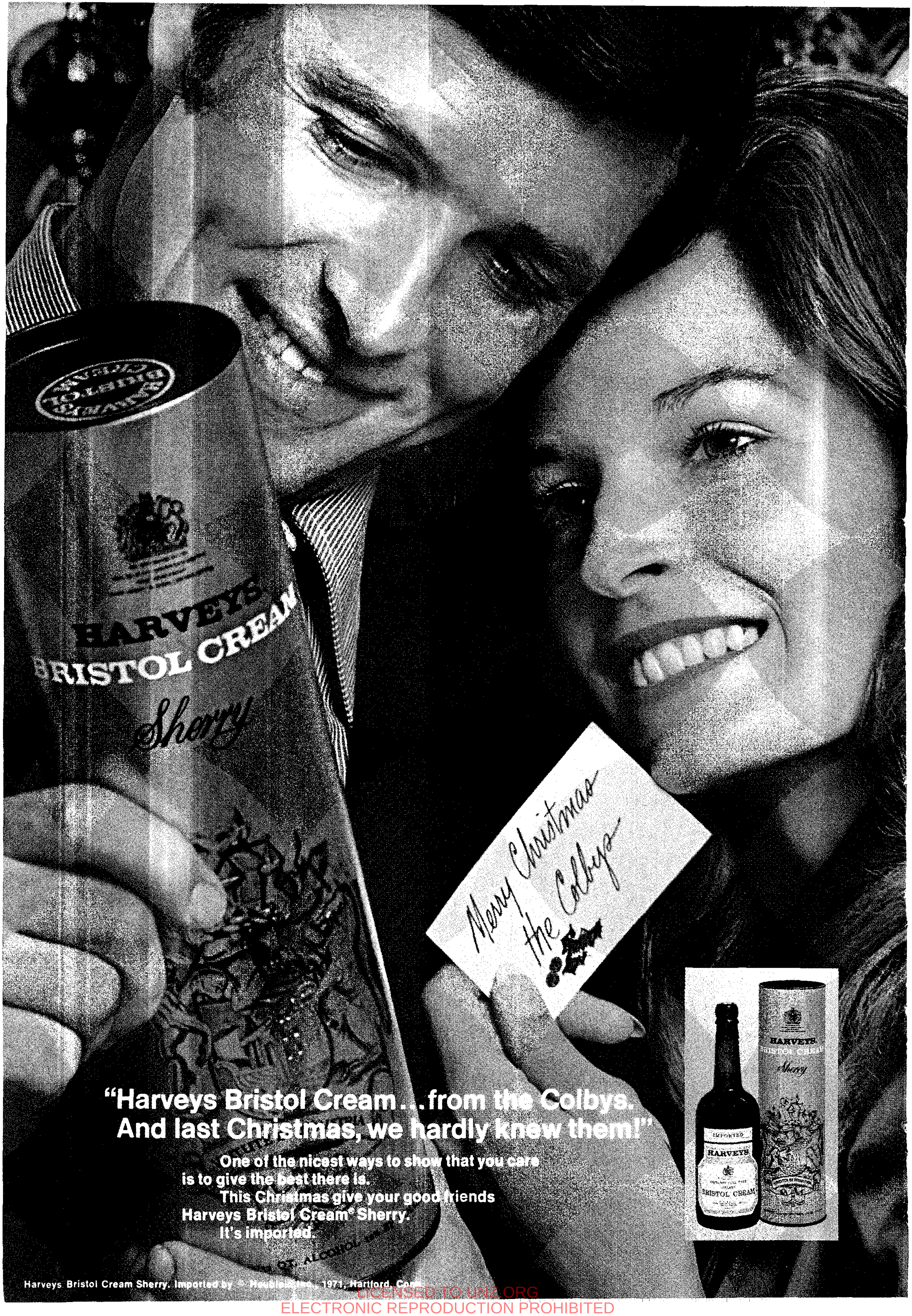
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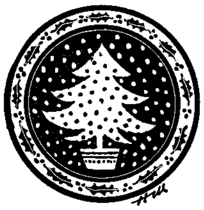
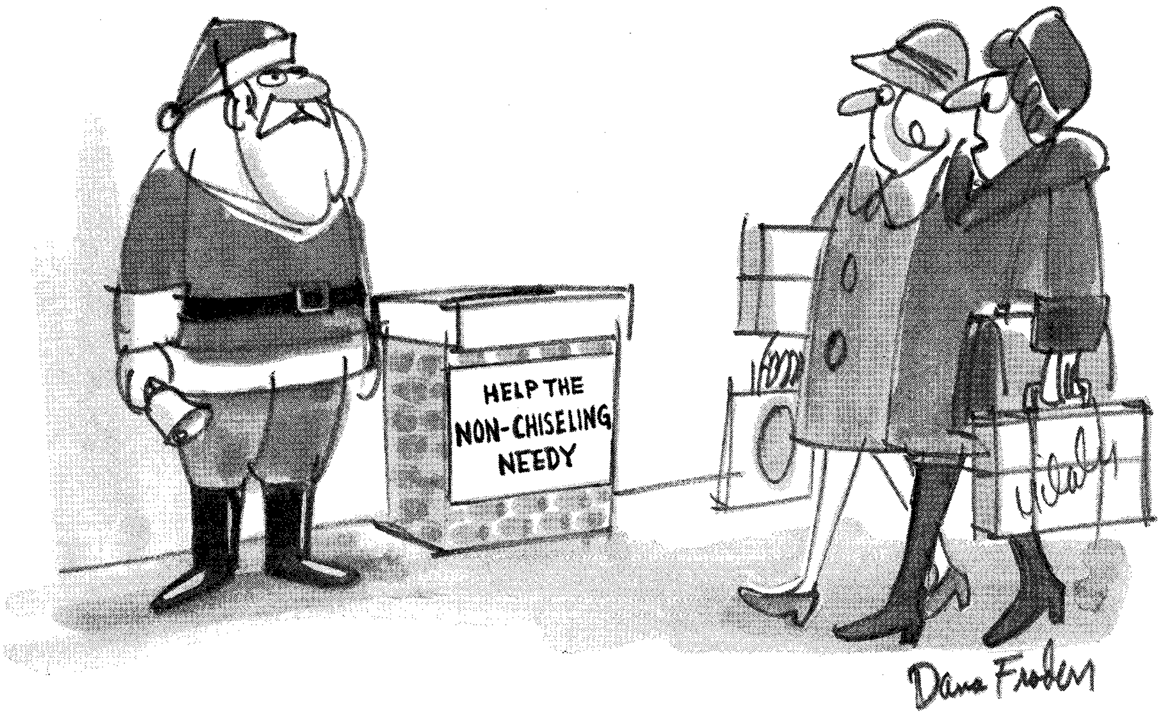
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

WISE MEN BEARING GIFTS



WE have been thinking, as we leaf through the thick pre-Christmas newspapers, about the change that has overtaken the concept of the Man Who Has Everything. The idea of a man so rich and classy that nothing remains to give him that he doesn't already own or wouldn't sneer at has given way to the image of a man so broken in spirit by the dismal futilities he has received in Christmases past that *anything*—even (so the advertisements seem to be whispering) *this* piece of idiocy we are shamelessly peddling—will be uncomplainingly received. It is time, perhaps, for Madison Avenue to bring forward a new seasonal archetype. In the meantime, we will continue to address ourselves, in this report on Christmas presents for men, to the admittedly *outré* idea of the man who is no less deserving of pleasure on Christmas morning than women and children are. Consequently, we will omit from our list all the so-called "masculine" gifts (like elephant-foot barstools, books on how to make money, accessories for the lawnmower, and amusing objects to hang in the car over the dashboard) and confine ourselves to presents that are beautiful, tasteful, useful, and unusual, yet not too girlish. We are enormously helped in this ambitious undertaking by the presence of a new shop at 900 Madison Avenue (72nd) named Philip W. Pfeifer Antiques, where scientific, nautical, medical, and industrial antiques of an especially choice sort are purveyed. Everything here is handsome and interesting, and the items can all still perform the functions for which they were devised. One such is a pocket-sized marvel made in England in 1690 and called a flea glass, which is a "simple microscope" that breaks down into seven parts that screw together. Parts 1 and 2 make up a tiny box just large enough to hold a live insect and a lens for looking at it; Part 3 is a small cylinder with a tiny magnifying glass standing upright on its rim and focussed on a pin on the other side, where an insect is to be impaled for study; and Parts 4 through 7 are tubes with microscopic lenses and removable ends, which combine to form a telescope. The flea glass, an inch and a quarter in diameter and five and a quarter inches long, is made of bone and costs $1,250. Another rarity is a French *planétaire* made around 1840, which enacts the movements of the earth and the moon by means of representations of the celestial bodies (the earth is glass, the moon ivory) and a complex and immensely handsome piece of brass machinery to which they are attached by slender brass arms, the longest of which is fifteen inches. When a lever is pulled, gears are activated that cause the earth to turn on its axis, the moon to revolve around the earth, rise and fall thirteen degrees from the horizon, and turn on its axis, and both moon and earth to revolve around the sun, which is represented by a copper reflector with a candle in front of it. The price of the *planétaire* is $2,000. An elegantly odd-looking wooden object, carved from a single piece of mahogany and looking vaguely like a witch doctor's rattle, consists of a series of discs, graduating in diameter from two and a half inches at the top, where there is a handle, to an inch and a quarter at the bottom. It turns out to be a device for measuring the holes in beer kegs, and it costs $28. A dental kit, designed for the do-it-yourself dentistry that was prevalent in the nineteenth century, is a black shagreen case, three inches long and an inch and a half wide, lined with red plush and equipped with a mirror and five horrible instruments; $90. A handsome dental mirror with a wooden handle, made around 1860, is $16. (Either of these would be a good present for a dentist if people gave dentists presents.) Silver medical spoons, which have bowls of different sizes at either end of a long handle, range from $45 to $125. A late-nineteenth-century monaural stethoscope made of silver looks like a bud vase—it trumpets out from a slender hollow stem—and is priced at $40. A brass pocket guinea scale in a wooden case, used by suspicious eighteenth-century tradesmen to make sure that nothing had been shaved off the coins they received, is $65. A muffin peddler's double-clapper bell, which is very heavy and has a fine dark resonance, is $125. A large metal instrument that somewhat resembles the electric organs you play by number turns out to be the first electric calculator ever made, and is a rare instance of an antique that costs *less* today than it did in its own time. The thing was bought new by an American sugar company in 1898 for $1,500, and Pfeifer asks only $750. The machine, hopefully named



"Somehow it seems to miss the true spirit of Christmas."

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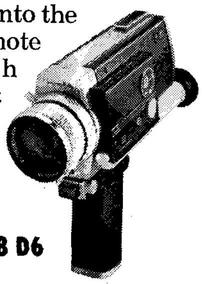

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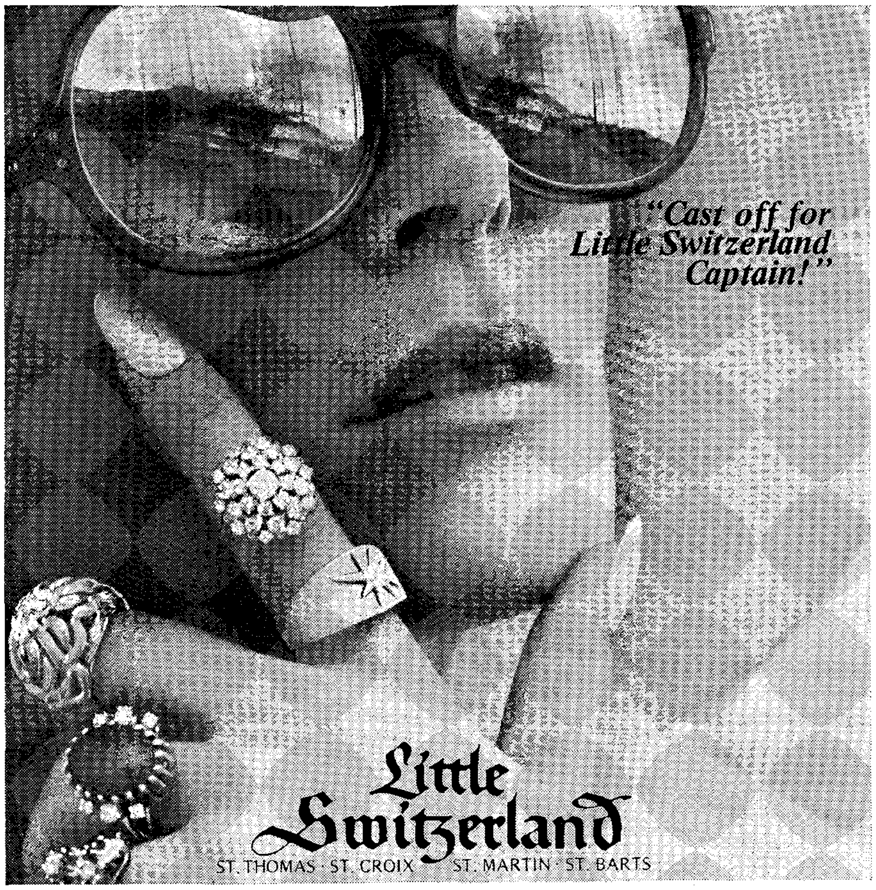
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the Millionaire, still adds, subtracts, and divides, but the multiplication is a little off.

Florence Goldman, 995 Second Avenue (52nd), has a small, distinguished collection of framed embroideries done by nineteenth-century British sailors during voyages. Embroidery was a common shipboard diversion, from which a conventional style evolved whose "masculine" character is emphasized by large, long, angular, sketchy stitches (very different from the dainty, curved stitches of crewelwork) and also by the subject matter—invariably a ship at sea, often the very ship on which the sailor was stuck doing embroidery. In the Goldman collection, all the ships have British flags, and their rigging is indicated by single long threads that slash across the canvas and give the pictures a feeling of tension and movement that one doesn't associate with embroidery. A picture seventeen and a half inches by twenty-three depicts the ship Endymion in a horizontal oval bordered by flowers (unusual in this genre), and includes such appealing details as a tiny figure of a sailor repairing a mast, and tendrils of smoke, made of a kind of cotton fuzz, rising from a smokestack. The price of "Endymion" is $475, which is the lowest of the group. A brass snuffbox at Florence Goldman is engraved with the words "Progress of Steam" and the depiction of a fanciful flying box—an early, early airplane—which is equipped with birdlike wings and has steam coming up out of the top. The snuffbox is three and three-quarters inches long, three inches wide, and a quarter inch deep, and costs $110.

At the James II shop upstairs at James Robinson, 12 East 57th Street, we studied a long, thin vertical mahogany wall rack that was filled with eight boxwood rulers, each showing eighteen demarcations but each of a different length, ranging from fourteen to twenty-five inches. The proprietor thinks that maybe the rulers were used to measure button spacings on shirts for English men and boys of all sizes; the set is immensely handsome and costs $125. A hatmaker's ivory ruler is covered with tiny numbers, sharply incised in black, that appear in columns under the headings "Size," "Hat," and "Head." The ruler is six inches long and costs $85. A boxwood-and-brass Victorian shoe measure that folds up is priced at $45. James II offers a collection of glass straightedges that are slender octagonal rods, approximately ten inches long, decorated with colorful, swirling latticinio designs and priced

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from $125 to $165. They come from an early-nineteenth-century glassworks at Nailsea, near Bristol, and are believed to be among the items (bells and canes are others) that the workers made for themselves from leftover glass at the end of the workday. A Regency tea caddy whose top and front are of vertical stripes of alternating rosewood and satinwood has a strikingly modern appearance. The bottom and sides are all rosewood; the measurements are nine inches in length, four and a quarter inches in width, and four and a quarter inches in depth; and inside there are two tin-lined compartments with lift-up lids. The price is $165. A number of old meerschaum pipes from Vienna that have turned a beautiful golden color are ornamented with representations of nudes, animals, and Napoleon ($55 to $425), and plain meerschaum cigar holders are also available ($35 to $55). If you know someone who has always secretly wanted a brass violin, why not give him the one that is on view at James II? This bizarre "experimental" instrument—made in Germany for playing in dry climates, where wooden violins crack and warp—plays as well as it ever did, but its elaborately carved neck, rather than its tone, is the reason for its price tag of $525.

At Vicki Glasgow, in the Antiques Center of America, 415 East 53rd Street, we found some wedge-shaped Victorian writing boxes and admired their attractive utilitarian appearance. A burled-walnut specimen, twelve inches wide, ten inches high, and six inches deep at its deepest, has double doors and is internally appointed with numerous partitions and a pull-out drawer, and the price is $75. Another walnut box, fifteen inches wide, thirteen inches high, and ten inches deep, in addition to the above-mentioned appointments has a perpetual calendar, and is priced at $125. A rolltop oak box, sixteen inches long, twelve inches wide, and ten inches deep, costs $150.

The antique pocket watches for sale at Stephen Bogoff, 1001 Second Avenue (53rd), are all in working condition and are guaranteed for a year. Repeaters that report, with chimes, when a button is pushed, the hour, quarter hour, and minute, and come in gold or enamelled cases, range from $250 to $10,000, and plain pocket watches start at around $100. A key-wound pocket watch in an elegantly plain silver case has an astonishingly ornate brass movement, engraved with scrolls and curlicues. It was made in Switzerland for the Chinese market, which evidently craved these inner extravagances; the price is $135. Restored "original" Mickey Mouse watches with metal bands made of Mickey Mouse-shaped links are offered for $200 and are guaranteed for only six months, because they weren't very good watches to begin with.

At the House of Wares, 884 Madison Avenue (72nd), there is an AM-FM clock radio, made by the Panasonic company, whose unusual feature is a disc on top which, when pressed, causes a soft-spoken woman incarcerated within to say "Nine-forty-two," or whatever time it is. The voice can be set to sound off at any given time or the radio can be set to act as the alarm, and there's a remote-control button for it. The clock is a compact, not unattractive box, nine inches from front to back, with a face six inches square, and the price is $150. An object at the House of Wares called the Timinder is one of those "novelties" that come out at Christmastime which sensible people properly scorn but which social historians might do well to remark. (Many of the patent devices of the Victorian age that we find so delightful today are the precursors—and often the equals in idiocy—of these novelties.) The Timinder is an octagonal plastic object—a sort of paperweight—whose design is redolent of motel "styling." What you do with it is turn it upside down. A light begins to flash and thus "helps one to remember important matters that one cannot afford to forget." When you reverse the position, you can go back to nepenthe. The price is $16, and a set of batteries is $1. For a less feebleminded desk worker, we suggest an engagement calendar entitled "The News Calendar Date Book," which provides a page for each day of the year printed with a headline from the *Times* of that date. Some selections are "Senate Delays SST Plan" (December 30, 1970), "Nixon Opens Drive for Haynsworth" (October 10, 1969), "Peary Discovers the North Pole" (April 6, 1909), "Houston Professor Calls Small Bosom Sign of Intelligence" (August 30, 1964), "Ninth Planet Discovered on Edge of Solar System" (March 13, 1930), "Garibaldi Within Twenty Miles of the Capital" (September 19, 1860), "Gandhi's Scant Garb Bars Audience with Pope; Talks with Mussolini" (December 12, 1931), and "Maids All to Go Out with Hotel Waiters" (May 13, 1912; this was a strike). Photographs accompany some of the

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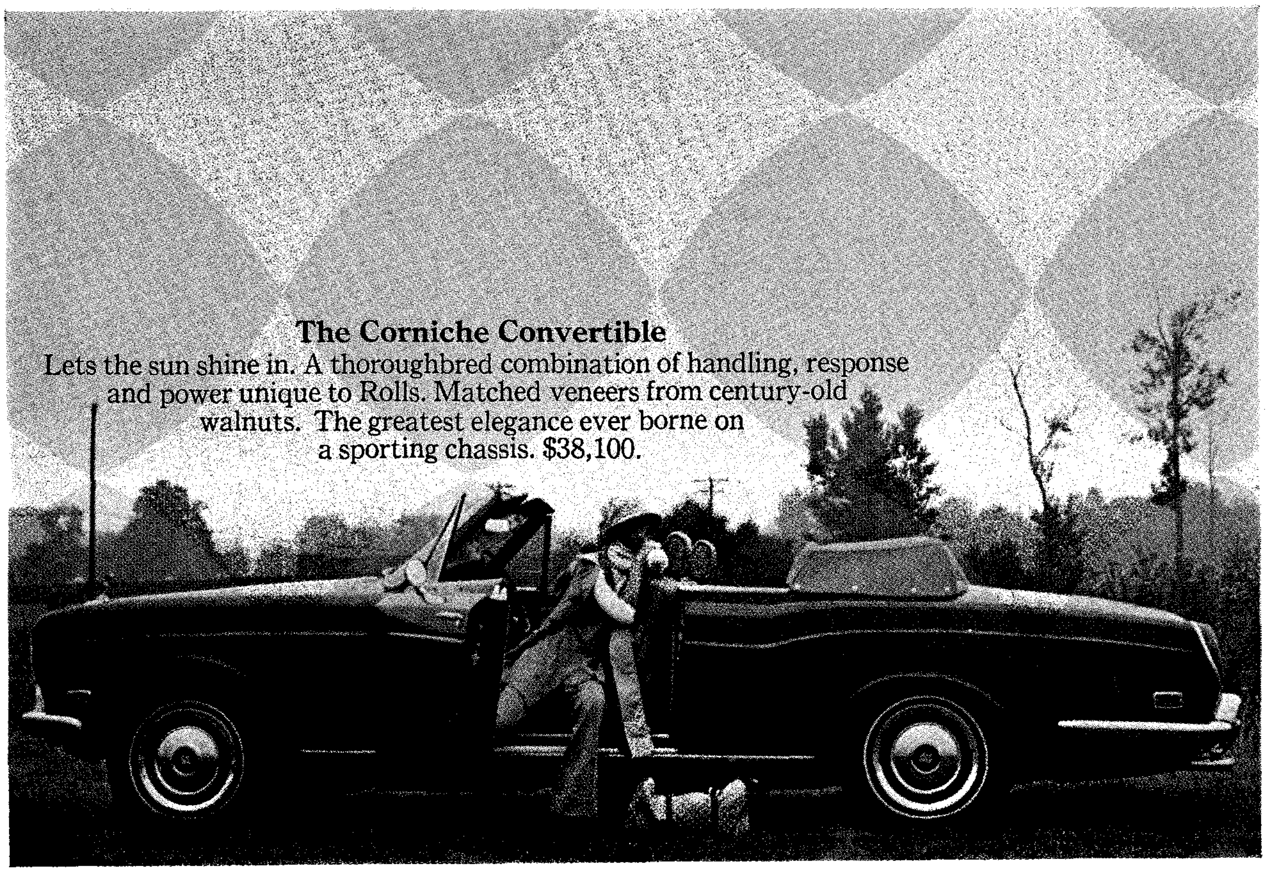

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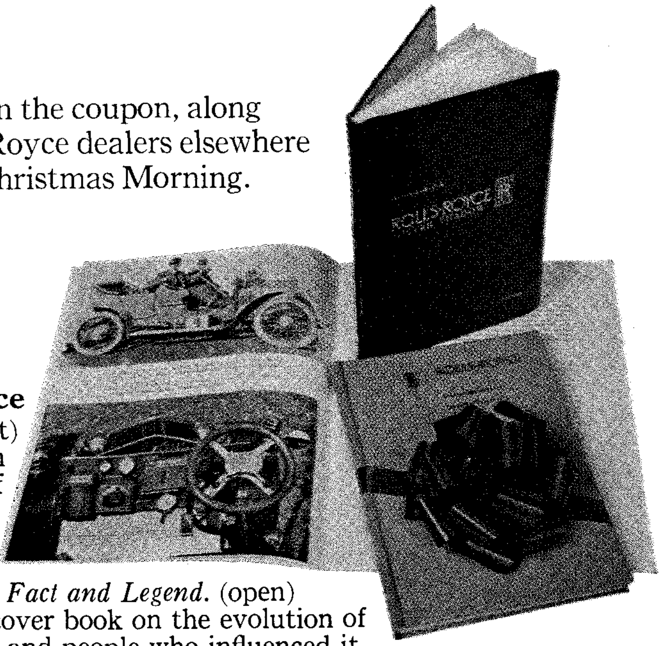
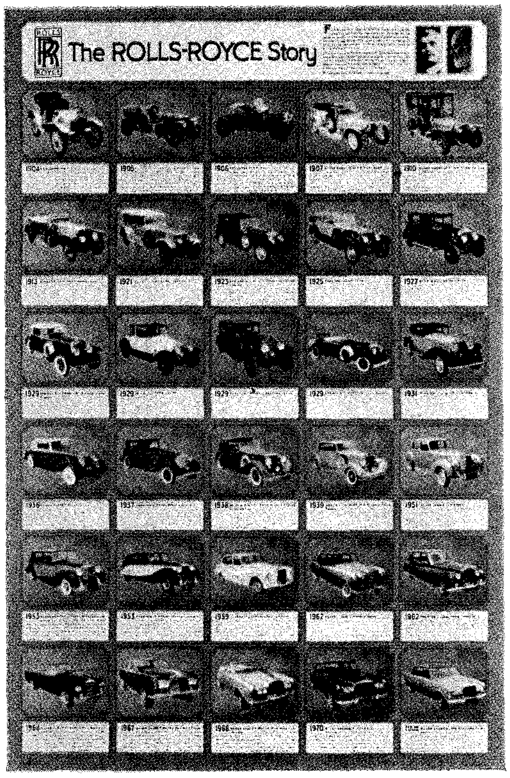


The Books of Rolls-Royce

The Rolls-Royce Owner's Manuals. (far right) Comprehensive hard-cover books with photographs and diagrams on every detail of the modern Rolls-Royce. Details that may surprise even the man who knows fine cars well. The Silver Shadow Manual, $15. The Corniche Manual, $25. *Rolls-Royce: Fact and Legend.* (open) A large-format, soft-cover book on the evolution of Rolls-Royce, and the story of the times and people who influenced it. Details on year-by-year chassis and engine development and performance figures. $2.



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headlines, and a one-line synopsis of the story appears below each. The eight-by-eleven-inch pages are of newsprint, and the price is $8 at Brentano's, Design Research, Bonniers, and Bloomingdale's. Another excellent desk calendar at Bonniers and Bloomingdale's is simply a thick pile of eight-and-a-half-by-eleven-inch sheets of white paper, which are held together at the top edges by a band of clear Lucite and two metal pins and are blank except for a line of bold black type at the bottom that reads, for instance, "February Thursday 22," in the case of weekdays, and "July Saturday/Sunday 7/8," in the case of weekends. The Lucite strip provides a good ripping-off edge, and the calendar has a penholder and ball-point pen attached; $13. This arrives in an attractive box with "1973" printed in good-looking bold black type on white.

One of the most beautifully designed pairs of scissors we have ever seen is a pair that Bonniers has imported from the Italian firm of Cini-Nils and will pass along to you for $50. The scissors' extremely long, blunt-ended polished stainless-steel blades and dull steel ears, of rounded rectangular shape, form an austere, almost sinister tool, ten inches long and reminiscent of industrial equipment, yet unmistakably a work of contemporary product design. Bonniers' stainless-steel bar accessories from Sweden, designed by Arne Jacobsen, are a far cry from the ugly and/or "humorous" things in this genre that drive one to drink. Jacobsen's sleek cylinder of a cocktail shaker looks as if it might have been produced at the humor-free Bauhaus, and has a precisely fitting top that pulls off to reveal a satisfying interior arrangement—a strainer resting on a ledge a few inches down from the lip. The shaker is eight and a half inches high and three and a quarter inches in diameter and costs $34.50. Bonniers' postal scale is made in France by the Terraillon firm but is of a decidedly Italian aspect: a svelte hard-plastic cylinder, six inches high and three inches in diameter, with a rule down the side on which a pointer shows the weight in ounces of the letter or package you place on an oval disc that projects above the body of the scale; the pointer is red, the rule is yellow, the body is white, the disc is blue, and the price is $12. Another fine desk object is a large magnifying glass, five inches in diameter, with a steel rim and a rounded clear Lucite handle, priced at $8.50. A smaller magnifying glass (three and a half inches in diameter) with a clear or black Lucite frame that doesn't quite close around the glass but curves off and becomes a flat, agreeably graspable handle is $8.

FOR the man whose desk is groaning under the weight of its tasteful Christmas accretions but who needs a chair, the Place on Second Avenue—it's at 11th Street—has a fine nineteenth-century oak swivel chair of capacious proportions, with a slat back and gracefully curved arms, for $135. The Place has a collection of old New York City traffic lights—the result of a successful bid to the city, which has been replacing its two-light fixtures (red and green) with the three-light fixtures (red, green, and amber) now seen on most street corners. The two-light fixtures at the Place are all painted yellow and are priced at from $35 to $75. They would be heartening presents for people who have moved to the country, like the presents of wild flowers that country people bring to city people.

Friends of men who like to make things are not mistaken in their belief that such men would welcome gifts of tools for Christmas, but they are wrong if they think they are going to divine which of the thousands of kinds and makes of tools on the market is the one that is needed and wanted. Our recommendation, therefore, is to present the craftsman in question with a catalogue entitled "Hard to Find Tools (and Other Things)"—which the Brookstone Company, Dept. Z, 13 Brookstone Building, Peterborough, New Hampshire 03458, sends free of charge to those who write away for it—so that he may choose his own present, to be bought after Christmas, kindness of you. Among hundreds of unusual items offered (many of them are industrial or medical instruments that are felicitously applicable to woodworking and home repairs) are a clockmaker's and instrument-maker's screwdriver; a mechanic's sensitive stethoscope, for listening to the heartbeat of engines; a sculptor's rasp file; a hundred-and-fifty-piece assortment of springs; a nut splitter; a diamond glass-cutter; a set of logical drawing curves; a precision clock oiler; a pair of jeweller's snips; a garnish awl; a pair of iris scissors for surgeons; and "the nicest brad driver we've seen."

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[As illustrated on pages 96 and 97.]

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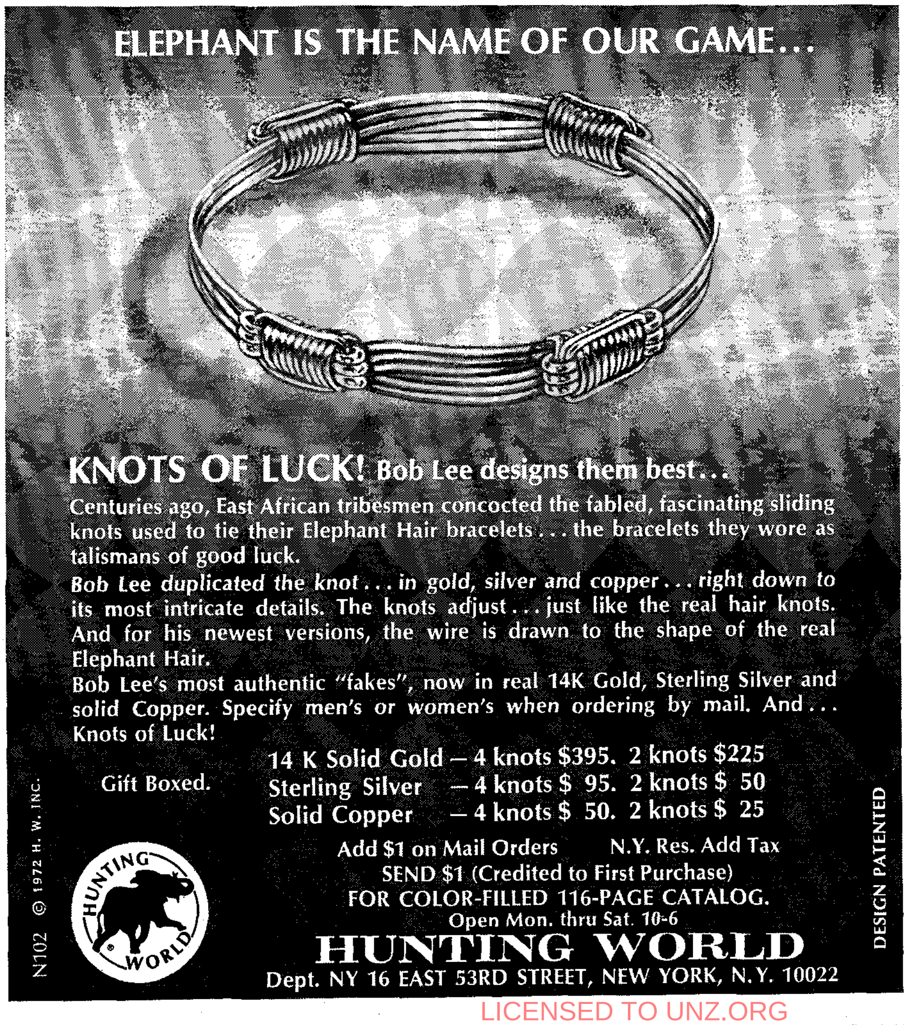

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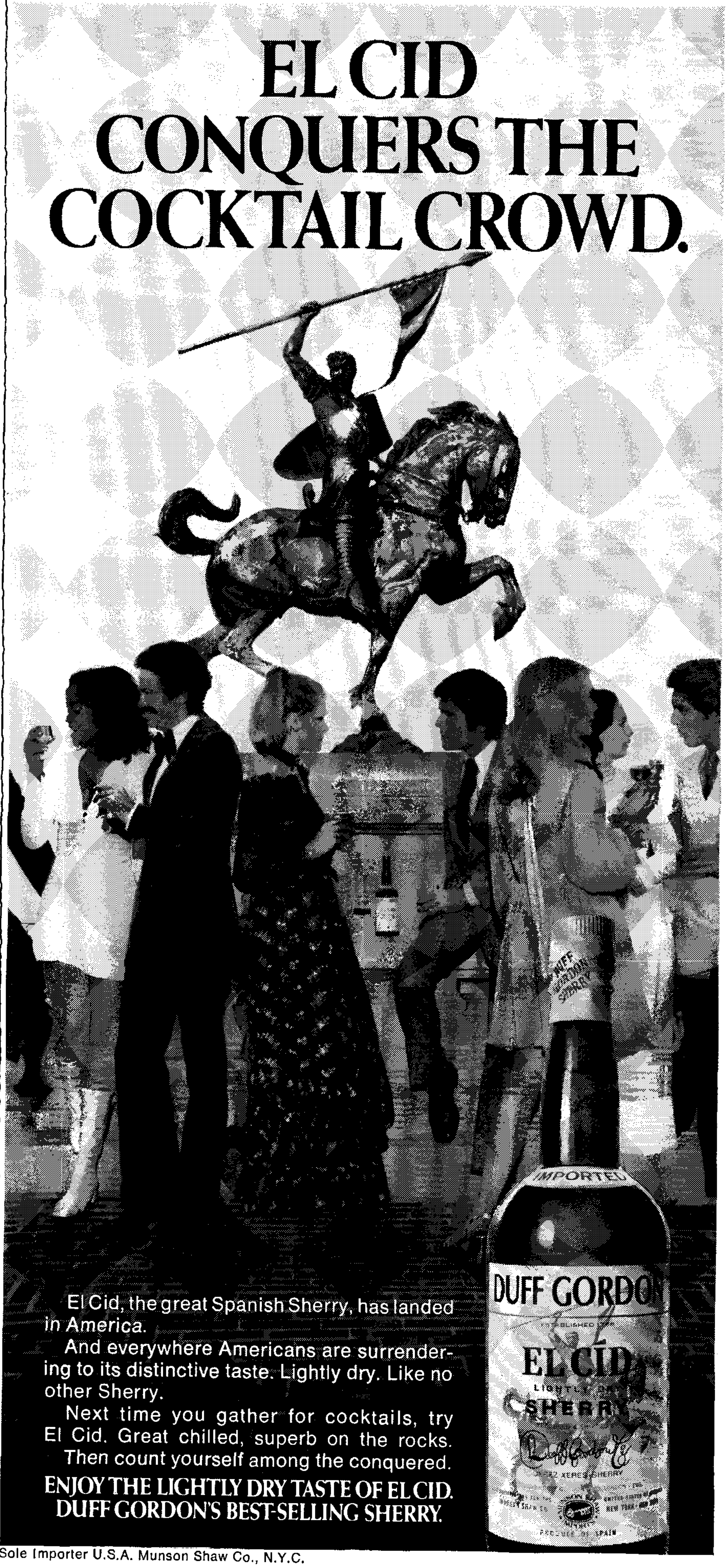
entitled "The Growth of Industrial Art" (Knopf; $20 in hardcover and $9.95 in paperback). This is a facsimile edition of a United States Government Printing Office publication brought out in 1892 under the supervision of the Honorable Benjamin Butterworth. The work celebrates the technological achievements of nineteenth-century America with more than two thousand engravings—of farm implements, industrial machines, weapons, furniture, clothes, advertising devices, kitchen gadgets, musical instruments, architecture, and all manner of things. There are two hundred pages, each of which presents anywhere from eight to twelve engravings illustrating the evolution of its subject from its most primitive form to its glorious nineteenth-century culmination. A page entitled "Cork Extractors," for example, begins with a picture of a hand breaking the neck off a bottle with a blunt instrument, then shows a man trying to open a bottle with his teeth, and finally shows "U.S. Patent Cork Extractor—A.D. 1882." Another page, entitled "Cigarette Making," starts with a picture of a man placidly sitting in his garden rolling a cigarette and ends with a rendering of a complex and beautiful patent cigarette machine of 1884. The chief glory of the work, to our mind, is the present-day introduction, by a young writer named Mark Kramer, a singularly unnostalgic and biting essay entitled "The Quality of Naïveté." Mr. Kramer writes:

> To look at this beautiful book and exclaim, "oh, how charming; how sweetly absurd; how naïve they were; hey look, they even have cars in here; oh, those were the good old days..."—to offer up any such sentiments is to badly misjudge the actual nature of *The Growth of Industrial Art.* The quality of naïveté we enjoy in the book comes from seeing the baby pictures, the childhood snapshots of the technological grandparents of machines commonplace today—machines we now realize are mixed blessings, and which support some of us in high style only at great cost to the rest of the world.
>
> The picturesque room full of telephone operators (page 56), connecting every call by hand and no doubt adding their own two cents to the cheery gossip they hear on the line, is nevertheless a harbinger of the modern monolithic phone company. The quaint agricultural machinery pictured in the opening pages of the volume not only decreased the farmer's labor, it eventually drove most farmers into debt, then clean off the farm and into the city to work in the plow factory. On the architecture page (60) can be found a precursor of the prefab tract home of today; on the wood-sawing page (199), the machines which have ravaged our nation's forests; on the page of air and gas engines (163), equipment whose

descendants today pollute the air and demand the continuing squander of our stores of metal ore and fossil fuel.

Mr. Kramer believes that "no age was more cynical and vicious than the Gilded Age," and he devotes the largest portion of his essay to an enumeration of the social injustices—the destruction of Indian culture, the victimization of the rural poor in the West and the South, the Jim Crow laws, the oppression of unskilled labor—on which the growth of industrial art was nourished. The essay has much pertinence for our own gilded age, and will be something to consult often in the coming years.

THE flurry of interest in chess occasioned by the Fischer-Spassky match is something that a lot of manufacturers have been trying to cash in on, and chess sets are now as ubiquitous as the bottle-cutting kits of last year. However, chess sets suitable for play—by which we mean sets whose pieces are neither plumbing parts nor geometric shapes made of Lucite nor caricatures of political leaders but regular kings, queens, rooks, bishops, knights, and pawns that can be distinguished from one another at a glance—are as hard to come by as ever. "As hard as all that?" the would-be donor of a chess set may protest when he hears us propose that he leave the purlieus of Bloomingdale's to buy his present, and no doubt there are other places besides Chess House, 143 West 72nd Street, where decent chess sets can be bought. But this chess parlor is a unique institution, well worth the trip. On walking into the place, which is open twenty-four hours a day, you will feel as if you had wandered into one of Isaac Bashevis Singer's West Side stories. The habitués here are elderly men who speak with Middle European or Yiddish accents, and they take chess seriously, but not so seriously as to let the game interfere with the stream of wit and invective that issues from each table and fills the room with a wonderful guttural din. Checkers, backgammon, cards, go, and Ping-Pong can also be played here—the price is sixty cents an hour—and someone is always available for a game. Chess lessons are $10 an hour, and you get to play with a master or a highly rated expert. The various good chess sets for sale here include a tournament-size classic Staunton, made of a heavily weighted plastic in black and white ($14.95); a Staunton carved of wood, in red and white ($17.95); and a four-by-six-inch pocket set, which comes in a black imitation-leather case ($7.95). A good



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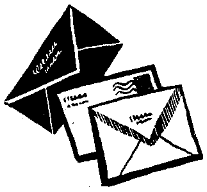
plain chessboard with black and white squares and a light-wood border is $10, and various folding boards are available for around $5. Chess House also offers chess books and various items of chess memorabilia, including a poster, twenty and a quarter inches tall and eleven and a half inches wide, from Iceland, which reads "The World Chess Championship Match—Iceland—Spassky-Fischer" and shows an abstract representation of the king piece; it is a handsome composition in yellow, black, white, and orange, and it costs sixty cents.

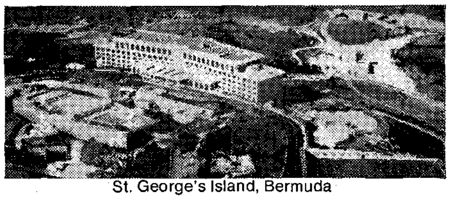


Collectors of chess sets, in contrast to players of the game, are evidently gratified by bizarre deviations from the playable norm, and some very bizarre chess sets indeed are on view in the living room of Rima Greenberg, who has put her collection of more than a hundred sets up for sale, and will receive visitors, at 320 West 86th Street, between one and six every afternoon except Sunday, and by appointment at other times (telephone: 873-5990). Most of the sets are the work of contemporary artists and craftsmen, but there are also some antique sets; prices range from $50 to $3,000. One of the most peculiar productions is also peculiarly likable; it is called the Aquarian Set, meant for playing chess in bed. The board is an eighty-four-inch-square blanket made of off-white and blue squares of a rough velvet fabric sewn together inside a huge dark-brown and cinnamon-brown border. The pieces are four-inch-square pillows of the same fabric embroidered in blue with Mantric symbols identifying them. The symbols, according to the maker, "were arrived at in meditation upon the universal characteristics of the chess pieces," and a leaflet with a key to the symbols (which are made of loops and bisecting lines, and are reminiscent of Spirogram figures) is provided. It is decorated with a line drawing of a couple playing chess without any clothes on. Pieces and board together are $140. A sterling-silver set whose figures are copies of ancient animal sculptures found in the excavations at Luristan Amlash, in Iran, has a wonderful strength and crudity. The black pieces are "antiqued" with a black cast, and the white pieces have a rust cast; the price is $1,000. A travel set of walnut and pearwood whose geometric pieces fit together like a puzzle and are shaped to indicate the direction in which they move is $175.

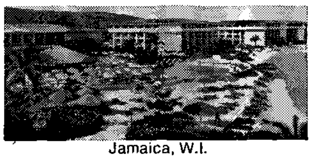
At the Lee Nordness Gallery, 236 East 75th Street, a chess set that appears to have been inspired by the traffic lights that say "Walk" and "Don't Walk" is composed of tall rough slabs of ceramic that simply say "Queen," "King," "Knight," "Bishop," and so on, in black on white and in white on black. The first-row pieces have simple symbolic decorations (to help out illiterates, presumably) and the pawns are plain slabs. The craftsman is Kurt Fishback, and the price (with a ceramic-tile board) is $225. Bloomingdale's has a chessboard that can be used as a cheese board when the owner's enthusiasm for chess wanes. It is of end-grain squares of black walnut and white birch; a twelve-and-a-half-inch board is $12, and a fifteen-inch one is $16. At Buccellati, 703 Fifth Avenue (55th), there is a hand-wrought chess set with the black pieces of silver and the white pieces of vermeil, each of them a little gem of the silversmith's art. The pieces depict Renaissance noblemen and architecture in the most exquisite detail. The stone walls of the crenellated castles, for example, are incised in realistic detail, and the rearing horses of the knights are observed with remarkable exactitude. The white pieces are on round stands of ivory, the black pieces are on ebony, and the board is malachite and marble with a black onyx border rimmed in silver. The price of all this art and luxury is $7,100.

MANY of the bachelors who enthusiastically took up cooking a few years ago have gone back—flighty and fickle creatures that men are—to eating out in restaurants, but they are finding fewer taste thrills than they did in their pre-Child innocence. Once you have produced creditable French (or Italian or Chinese or Near Eastern) food at home, you are not going to suffer gladly the travesties that obtain in scores of local restaurants and, moreover, cost an arm and a leg. That restaurants exist which equal, and even surpass, the joys of home cooking is indisputable, but distinguishing them from their look-alike (and sometimes look-better) inferiors is hard indeed. Which brings us to the *Restaurant Reporter*, a fortnightly newsletter whose concern is precisely this distinction, and which surveys half a dozen local or not too distant restaurants in each six-page issue, rating them according to a five-mark system that goes from "o," for "unacceptable," to "***," for "excellent." What we particularly like about the *Restaurant Reporter*, whose author is a bearded forty-two-year-old former marketing executive named Seymour

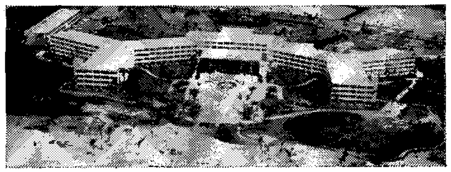
Curacao, Netherlands Antilles



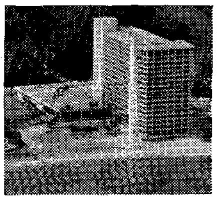
St. George's Island, Bermuda



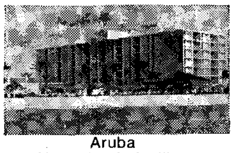
Jamaica, W.I.



Freeport
Grand Bahama Island



Paradise Island
Nassau



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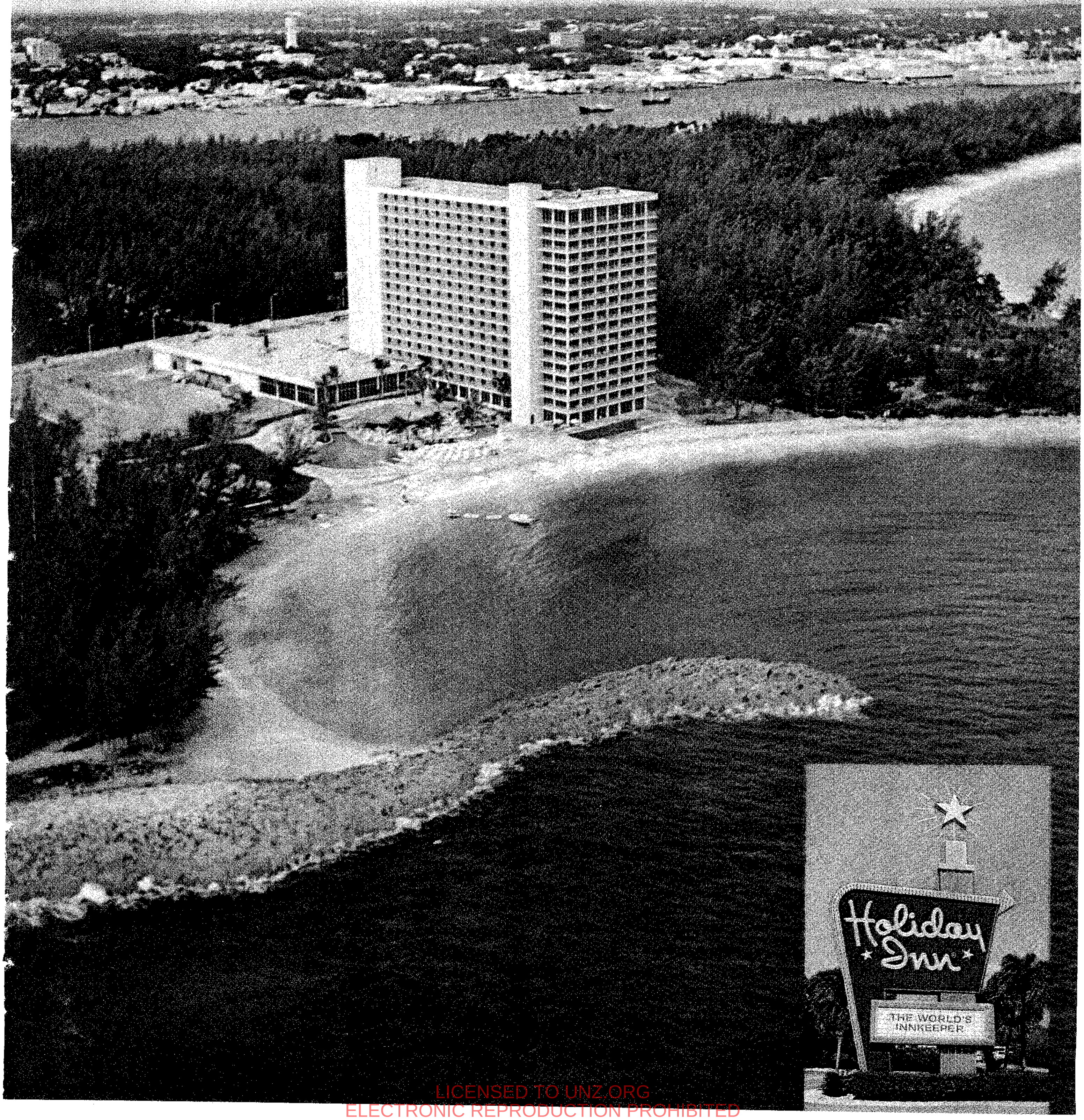

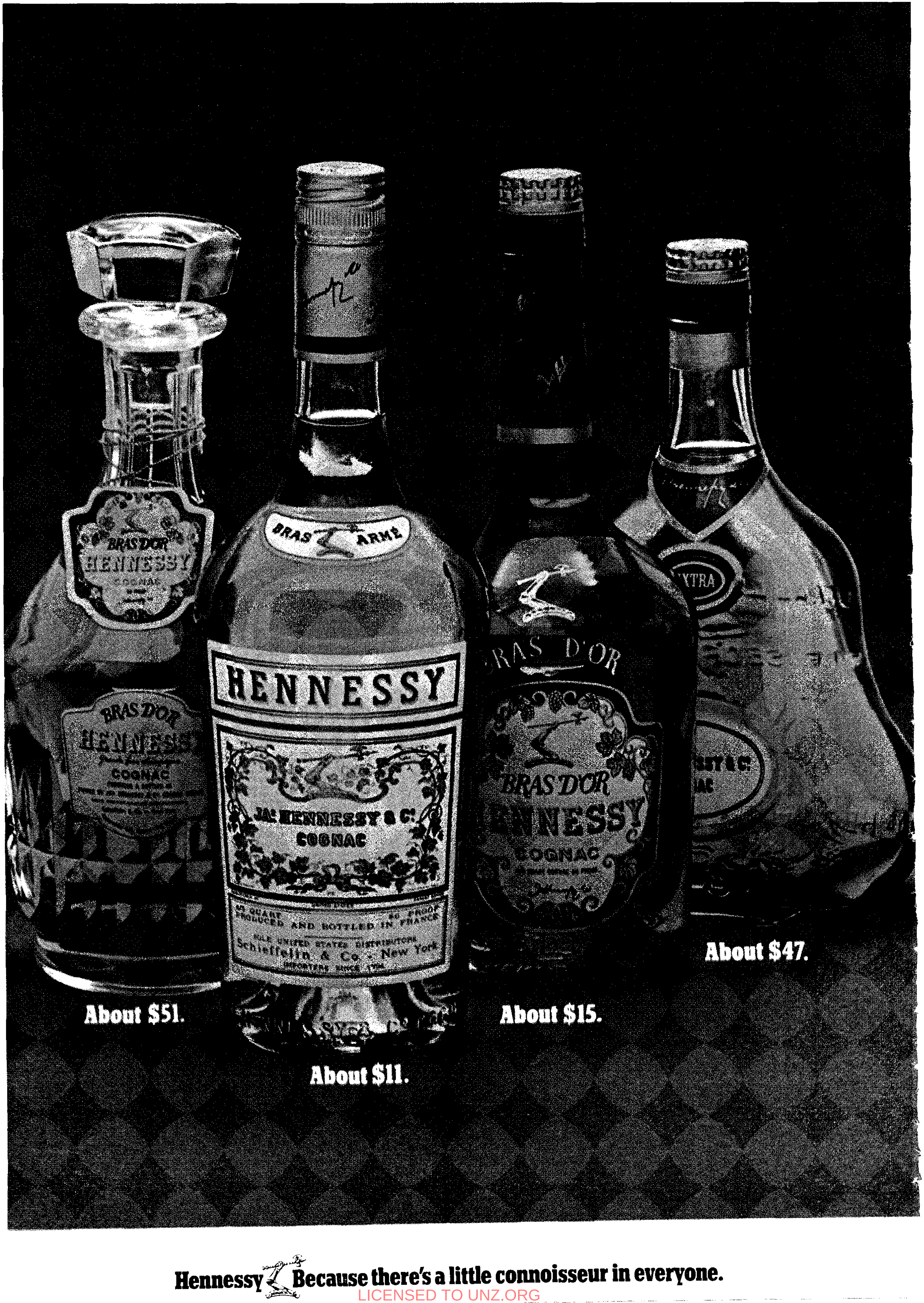
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Britchky, is its lack of the snobbery and showing off that are often present in this genre, and the no-nonsense character of its expertise. Writing, for example, of the beef Wellington served in a restaurant he is surveying, Mr. Britchky pauses to observe that "filet mignon, wrapped in pâté and pastry, and served in a brown sauce flavored with a deglazing of beef" is "really a silly dish." He goes on to argue, "Filet mignon is the most delicately flavored of all beef, and pâté overpowers it, so its flavor must somehow be built up, or get lost. Moreover, pastry and filet do not cook the same way, so separate preparations of each are required before they are combined. Trouble is no argument, if a dish is worth it, but these ingredients do not long for each other, do not get along when wed, and all the oohing and aahing is at the *sight* of the complex thing." What the restaurant-goer experiences in the way of service, décor, and gestalt is considered along with what he gets to eat, and the reports, as we can testify after accompanying Mr. Britchky to several restaurants, are remarkably accurate. The cautionary accounts of 0-rated restaurants are often very funny; we recall an incredible place where, as Mr. Britchky reports, "no effort has been spared to eliminate comfort, intimacy, and charm," and where the waiters put on an abbreviated performance of "Il Trovatore," "Anvil Chorus" and all. The reports on the rare first-rate restaurants are almost unbearably graphic when read on an empty stomach. Our one reservation about the newsletter—the little imperfection that prevents us from awarding its author the *** we cede to Shakespeare and Goethe—is his habit of reporting stupid conversations he has overheard. These sound made up (as conversations quoted verbatim almost invariably do), and in any case, since this is criticism of restaurants, not of people, could be profitably dispensed with. A one-year subscription to the *Restaurant Reporter* is $25, and gift orders are filled the day they are received, with an announcement going out to the recipient. The address is the *Restaurant Reporter*, 320 West 87th Street, New York, N.Y. 10024.

THE pretty clothes that men began to wear in the sixties have not survived the early years of the seventies, and what is popularly conceived of as "normal" male attire is once again in style. Stockbrokers are back to looking like stockbrokers instead of like tenors and macramé instructors, and coats and suits and slacks

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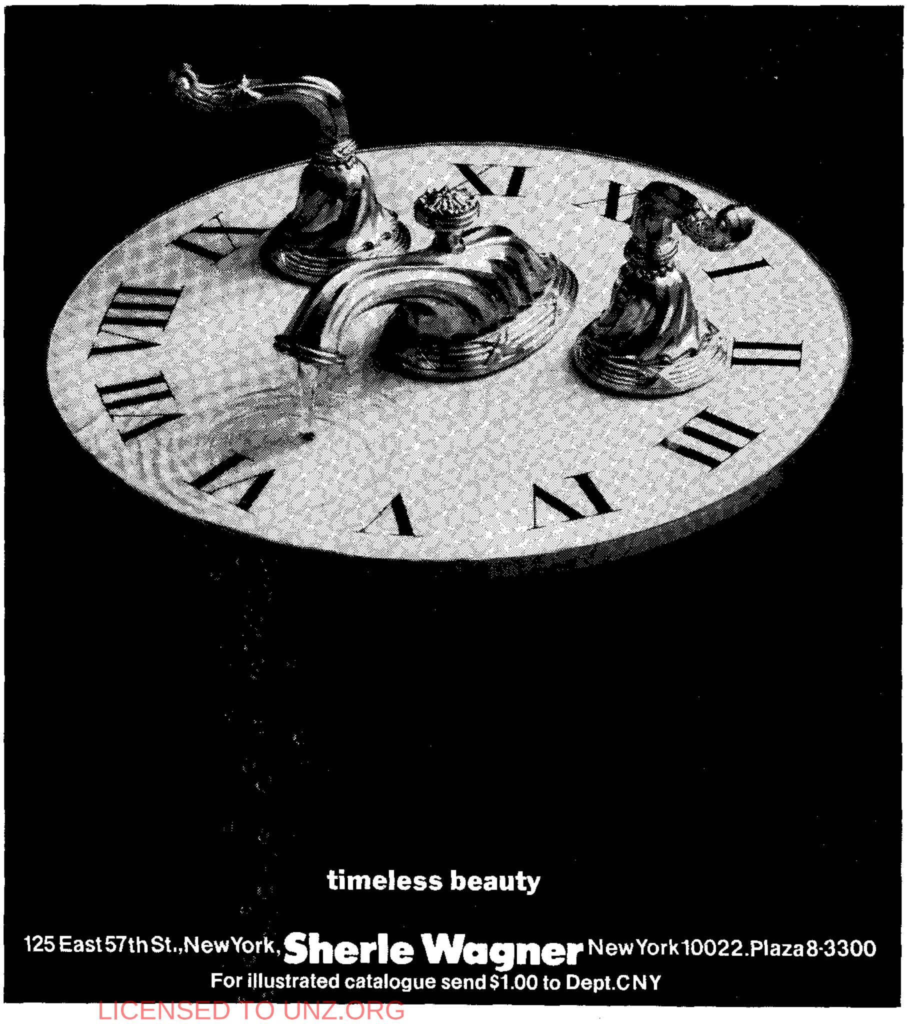

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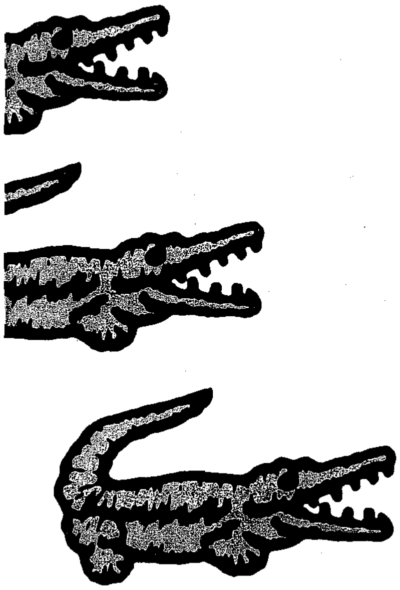

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as drab as Probate Forms are darkening the racks where flowered body shirts once bloomed. What, then, is one to make of the caseful of gold and silver bracelets that Bloomingdale's has put on view in its Men's Shop? Is a counter-counter-revolution in fashion fermenting? Does Bloomingdale's know something we don't? On the all too likely assumption that it does, and that a bracelet is going to be something no man will countenance being without in the coming weeks, we commence the second half of our report, devoted to male attire, with a provident and determinedly unsatiric account of the aforementioned bangles. They are hand-wrought sterling silver and 18-carat gold by a pair of industrious sisters named Michelle and Janis Savitt, and most of the styles—which range in price from $20 to $250—are simple, elegant, and almost manly. A silver band half an inch wide, bent to form a not quite closed circle, is irreproachably plain, and, at $20, not an adornment that a man will feel has compromised his virtue if he accepts it from a member of the opposite sex who isn't his aunt or his grandmother. A version that is inscribed to look like a tape measure costs $30. A bracelet that is a silver wire interrupted in two places by loops of gold wire seemed a little dainty to us, but, according to Bloomingdale's burly buyer, who was wearing one himself, it is the store's biggest seller. The price is $35, and a circlet formed of a solid silver bar a sixteenth of an inch wide is $40. Among a group of necklaces the Savitt sisters have made for men, we especially admired a choker of small silver and coral beads which has an Art Deco aspect and is priced at $55. Bloomingdale's collection of ornate antique buttons fashioned into one-of-a-kind cufflinks by a woman who lives in England and calls herself the Button Queen is delightful to peruse. A lovely pair of oval mid-nineteenth-century Italian mosaic buttons show concise polychrome views of classical buildings, and are framed in black onyx and mounted on silver; $95. Among the many considerably lower-priced cufflinks at Bloomingdale's are various oval semiprecious stones framed by a thin silver band, which have an appearance of rarity and antiquity but cost just $13.50. The stones are jade, agate, onyx, and lapis lazuli. A law-and-order man on your Christmas list might be reassured by a set of metal blazer buttons that say "F. of M. Police," the initials standing for "Federation of Malaya;" a single-breasted set costs $25 and a double-breasted set costs $35. Buttons once worn by the Uganda police are available for the same price.

The discreet, well-cut suits of R. Meledandri may now be examined at democratic Bloomingdale's by those too bashful to venture into the celebrity-filled shop, at 74 East 56th Street, that bears the designer's name. The jackets are tailored in the constrictive (to some American men's minds) European manner, with small, high armholes, a slight indentation at the waist, and slight rope shoulders. All the suits are two-button, and the fabrics include tweeds, pinstripes, plaids, and solid colors; prices are from $145 to $240. Some heavy hand-knitted belted cardigans that Bloomingdale's has imported from Mexico look more expensive than ethnic (they cost $30) and surprisingly less bulky on a man than on a hanger. The sweaters have wide roll collars, two patch pockets, a belt, and folk-art-like designs are knitted into them. There are vibrant multicolor combinations on white, and also combinations of natural, gray, brown, white, and black. No two of the sweaters are alike, and one size is said to fit all. Bloomingdale's new ski mittens are made in the shape of boxing gloves. They are dark-blue or red leather on the outside, with white laces, and a thickly padded, deliciously soft polyester fibre fill on the inside. The price is $22, and Procrustes was again put in charge of the sizing.

People who have a lot of money and like to give the impression that they don't spend a penny of it on clothes are aided in this harmless deceit by Bonwit Teller's Men's Shop, where a preponderance of "casual" clothes are for sale at nice high prices. A beige suède flight jacket that looks like something you've had in the closet since high school zips up the front, has wool-knit ribbing at the neck, wrists, and bottom edge, and sits floppily on the hips; the price is $195. A beige duffel coat from England, ninety per cent wool and ten per cent nylon, has a barrel back, imitation-horn toggles, a red plaid wool lining, and a hood; price $95.

Camel's-hair sweaters of a frankly upper-class character are on view at Bonwit's in three styles and in two shades of beige, one of which is the camel's own hair color and the other a mild bleach job. These beautifully soft and warm sweaters cost $35 for a crew-neck pullover, $40 for a turtle-neck pullover, and $45 for a cardigan with two small horizontal rectangular pockets just above the ribbed bottom edging. Some heavy hand-knitted wool pullovers from Denmark are decorated across the chest with complex geometric

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designs, and although no two of the sweaters are alike, all are combinations of natural, gray, black, and white wool. They cost $42.50 with either turtle or mock-turtle necks.

Saks Fifth Avenue has acquired a collection of nineteenth-century brass buckles made by Tiffany for firms such as Wells-Fargo and Union Pacific Railroad, whose employees wore them on the belts of their uniforms. A typical specimen, a roughly three-by-four-inch rectangle, shows a group of mounted cowboys herding longhorn steers into a cattle car. The buckles have been attached to American Indian-style leather belts, which consequently cost from $95 to $110. They are to be found in the Men's Boutique, on the first floor, among other unostentatious little luxuries, such as a dark-brown glove-leather jacket, thigh-length and with a fitted waist, which is lined with rabbit (they prefer to call it "lapin" in the Boutique) and can be worn with its wide furry lapels exposed or buttoned up at the neck; $675. Some Boutique ties, at $10 each, are made of Shetland wool in suit-fabric tweeds, herringbones, checks, and plaids; the color combinations are tasteful and subdued, employing grays, browns, blues, beige, black, and white. A cable-knit cashmere turtleneck, white or black, is $100. A cotton-knit fitted sports shirt of a good-looking dense herringbone pattern—green, red, brown, or light blue on white—is priced at $22.50.

Upstairs, in an area of Saks' men's department designated as the Traditional Shop, replicas of the double-breasted navy-blue wool overcoats worn by English bobbies are offered for $80, which price includes a replica of the whistle on a chain that the unarmed, ambulatory British policeman carries instead of the radio, pistol, handcuffs, Mace, and sleeping pills portaged by his counterpart here. The coats have attached-belt backs, official metal buttons, and epaulets to which a metal number is attached. Snipping off the numbers and changing the metal buttons for inconspicuous navy-blue ones will eliminate the "costume" quality of the garment, making it an elegant coat that a man of any age can unashamedly wear. (The bobby coat is also available at Lord & Taylor for the same price.) Saks' heavy, rough-textured Donegal turtleneck pullovers are knitted of ivory wool strands shot with bright-red, green, yellow, and blue specks that you would not suspect the existence of at a distance, where the sweaters produce a gray-brown, oatmeal effect. They cost

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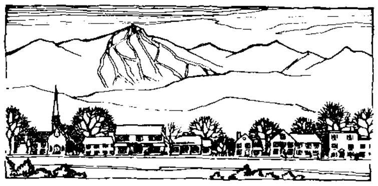

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$32.50, and plain ivory versions, knitted of a somewhat softer Donegal wool, are $37.50.

WE interrupt our survey of staid male attire to report on our visit to the San Francisco New World Clothing Trust, at 1207 First Avenue (65th), where young men go to buy clothes that, in the expectation of the proprietor, will make them look like "funky old men." The metamorphosis begins with one of a collection of second-hand collarless pin-striped shirts, which the Clothing Trust found somewhere and had starched ($14); to this a new starched white collar is attached ($3, and marked on the inside with the information "By appointment to the late King George VI"). Then comes a pair of "baggies"—very baggy trousers, made of a brown-and-white bird's-eye tweed of heavy cotton, which stay up with the help of a wide elasticized waistband striped in muted green, rust, and ivory, and which cost $39. The choice of a vest or a peculiar collarless V-neck jacket comes next. The vest is made of a brown salt-and-pepper wool tweed ($34), and the jacket, which is fitted and very short, is the same material as the trousers ($60). A panama hat "completes the look," according to the proprietor, and the Clothing Trust's authentic high-crowned short-brimmed specimen, encircled by a black grosgrain ribbon, is priced at $25.

TO return to real life, which is nothing if not present on the first floor of Brooks Brothers, we recommend a turtleneck ski sweater handknit in Denmark of Norwegian water-repellent wool and decorated with various Fair Isle-type patterns across the chest and with excerpts therefrom at the wrists and the bottom edge. Color combinations are dark green with blue-and-white designs, and salmon with brown-and-white, and the price is $52.50. Brooks Brothers' Irish fishermen's sweaters bear tags that attest to their hand manufacture in the Mountains of Mourne. They are all heavy and off-white, and are knit in a vertical lozenge-and-branch pattern alternating with plain columns of a knotty texture; $40 in turtleneck.

Up the street, at Abercrombie & Fitch, we contemplated a long rack of dun-colored cotton bush jackets, with the classic self-belt, epaulets, pearl buttons, and four patch pockets, and wondered whether all that many men are going on safari. Or is this what denizens of Shady Hill are changing into after work these days? Whoever wears

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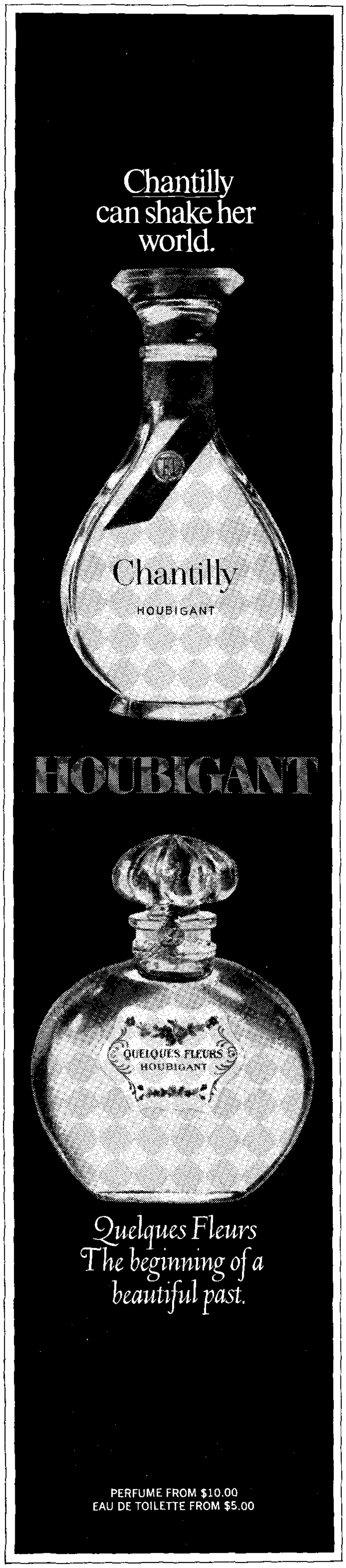

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them, these are very handsome garments, and they cost $39.50 with long sleeves, $37.50 with short sleeves. Matching trousers, with straight, rather narrow legs, are $25, and matching shirts are $21.50.

Paul Stuart's long-sleeved bush jackets are styled the same as Abercrombie's and are offered in two fabrics: a beige cotton safari cloth, and a dimmer, grayer beige Belgian cotton, for, respectively, $40 and $45. Straight-leg Belgian-cotton trousers are available for $27.50, as is a safari-cloth shirt for $24.50. Paul Stuart's ribbed turtleneck shirts of Irish cotton have a pleasant feel, and *one size is supposed to fit all*; the color choice includes yellow, green, brown, black, red, pale blue, and burgundy, and the price is $9. For a born loser of gloves, Paul Stuart has attractive but not irreplaceable suède shearling gloves—the golden skin side outside and the fuzzy wool side inside—priced at $17.50; and for a man who can carry off ruffles (and *many* men can and don't know it) Paul Stuart has a most romantic ivory silk shirt, like something out of a Sir Walter Scott novel. It has two vertical rows of ruffles flanking the central panel of buttons down the front; the price is $40. Paul Stuart's reversible dark-brown / black leather belt, from France, is an inch and a half wide, has a commendably plain brass buckle and is priced at $15. An ankle-length, hooded, belted terry-cloth robe with elbow-length kimono sleeves comes in navy, white, yellow, orange, deep blue, and hunter green, and costs $37.50.

At Jackie Rogers for Men, 27 East 67th Street, piles and piles of well-cut jeans made by the French firm of New Man can be perused. They exist in innumerable colors, and they cost $30 in wide- and narrow-wale corduroy and $45 in velvet. Jackie Rogers' golf umbrellas are a fine sight: they have gnarled-wood handles, bamboo frames, and the fabric is poplin that in one instance is brown with a striped border of green and orange and in another is alternating panels of brown, beige, and rust; $45. A dark-brown suède clutch purse with a top zipper opening set in a narrow band of leather is nine inches wide, eleven inches long, and four inches deep. The price is $40. Plain brown or black short kid gloves are $15, and three-quarter-inch belts of *wine, olive, brown, black, navy, or beige* snakeskin are $12.50.

At Jaeger, 818 Madison Avenue (68th), cotton-knit sports shirts that look and feel like silk are offered in green, magenta, orange, blue, yellow, pale blue, black, and a reprehensible pink for $34 each. They were designed by Carlo Palazzi and fit the body tightly. A refined beige two-button blazer in soft wool flannel, from England, has a European fit and a luxurious feel; the price is $160. Also English is Jaeger's heavy wool turtleneck pullover, which has an interesting patchwork-like pattern, achieved by knitting rather than by patching, and is all in one color—beige, dark green, red, wine, blue, or brown. It's $40.

LORD & TAYLOR is especially rich this year in choice haberdashery. Beige dress shirts made of a thin, coarse fabric called cottage cloth, which is a fifty-fifty combination of cotton and polyester that resembles raw silk, come from the firm of Hathaway and cost $13. A finely ribbed lamb's-wool V-neck cardigan is offered in soft, subtle colors—heather, slate blue, light blue, gray, and beige—and can be machine-washed, according to its label; it is waist-length, has two small patch pockets, fastens with pearl buttons, and costs $20. Up on the tenth floor, a belted, thigh-length cardigan knitted in a mealy pattern of rust-beige-and-white (or navy-and-white or brown-and-white) horizontal stripes looks very "important," and should probably not be assayed by any but the most insufferably self-assured of men. It has four patch pockets, beige wood buttons, and a roll collar, and is the creation of Edward Lloyd, of London; $30. A distinguished pair of soft leather slippers from Italy have suède soles, no heels, and a tasteful embellishment, over the wearer's second and fourth metatarsal bones, of two thin leather bands of contrasting color—pumpkin when the slippers are black, and black when the slippers are pumpkin. These are $16. An appealing and inexpensive collection of flare-bottom corduroy jeans is on view in a section called Tops and Bottoms; the colors are beige, brown, burgundy, dark brown, and navy, and the prices are $14, for narrow-ribbed or uncut corduroy, and $15, for wide-wale corduroy. Baggies that Pierre Cardin has lent his name to are offered in dark brown, dark green, burgundy, and black velvet, and are priced at $35.

What is probably the largest collection of baggies in town may be studied in the Underground Shop at Barney's, where the other students are apt to be sixteen- or seventeen-year-old boys. The baggie collection includes plaids,

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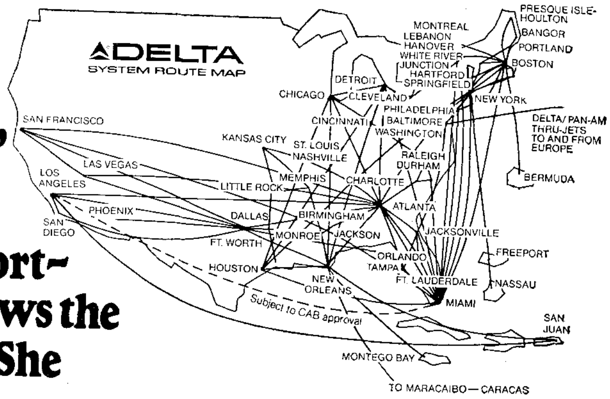
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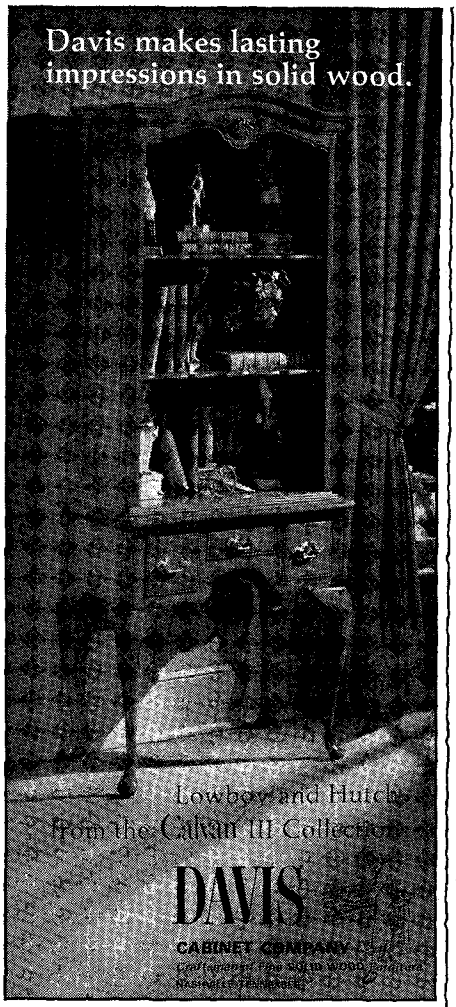

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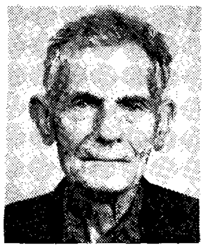

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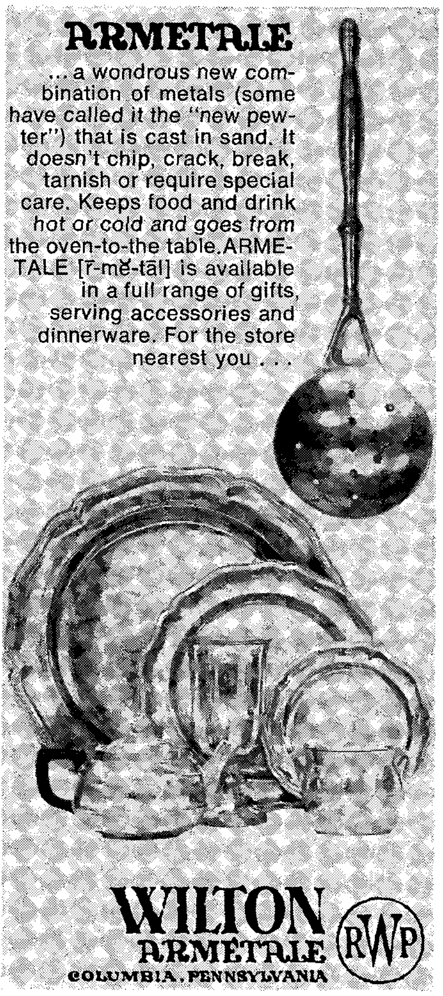
checks, tweeds, corduroys, velvets, flannels, gabardines, and denims, and prices range from $11 to $25; most of the pants have belt loops, though some don't. Scoop-neck acrylic vests (called shrinks in the jargon) to wear with the baggies are decorated with ski-sweater designs and employ an extraordinary number of colors; yellow, red, green, black, light blue, rust, dark blue, and white appear in one relatively restful combination. Prices range from $15 to $25. Some sports shirts in the Underground Shop made by Flo Toronto, Pinky, and Dianne, who are, according to the shirts' label, "the designers who combine the latest fashion with the best quality, experience, and originality," are printed with vulgar large roses in vulgar colors on a sleazy-looking and sleazy-feeling rayon, and have something truly, if unaccountably, likable about them (probably the quality, experience, and originality). A typical color combination puts red roses with dark- and bright-green foliage and yellow buds on a lavender background, and there are shirts with pink, peach, *yellow, and light-green backgrounds;* $15.

In the English Shop, on the second floor at Barney's, we are back in the world of quiet elegance we never made, and hold up for your, we trust, ever-unflagging attention a quietly elegant *herringbone sports jacket imported* from the English firm of Kilgour, French & Stanbury. The garment has wide lapels, two leather buttons, two high side vents, and an extra little slant pocket that appears over one of the two regular slant side pockets; there is a choice of brown, black, or olive herringbone, and the price is $115. On the main floor, in International Furnishings, K.F. & S.'s ribbed cotton-knit turtleneck comes in cherry red, Kelly green, bright yellow, brown, navy, white, and beige, and costs $25. From the same firm come belts of a golden-brown leather, appointed with heavy plain brass buckles, that have a hand-crafted look and would fittingly hold up the jeans that would fittingly accompany the above-mentioned cotton turtlenecks. A belt an inch and a half wide is $17.50, and a two-inch belt is $20. (Note, as you leave Barney's and head downtown on Seventh Avenue, a discount dress shop named the Emotional Outlet.)

In the posh new shop of Cerruti CXIII, 113 East 55th Street, we found an admirable sports shirt made of a fine soft cotton crêpe. The shirt is fitted, but not strenuously so, and comes in red, navy, yellow, tan, bottle green, and plum, for $22.50. The



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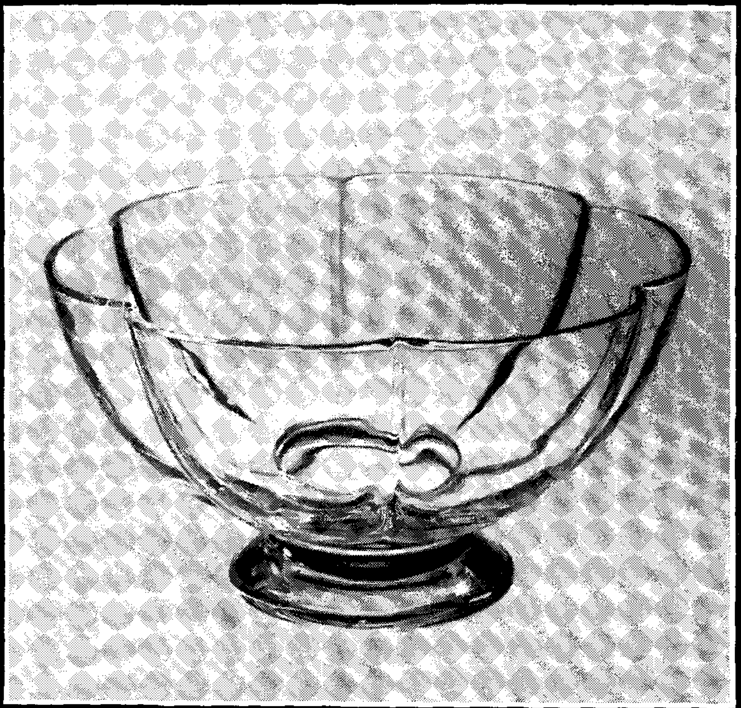
breast pocket is a narrow vertical rectangle, and the grayish buttons have an interesting barnacle-like texture, which comes of their being mother-of-pearl with its reverse side out. In another version of this shirt, at the same price, white pin dots appear on a bottle-green, navy, brown, or rust background, and there are plain pearl buttons. Cerruti's dashing plantation hats made of natural Panama straw and trimmed with variously colored straw braid have high crowns and wide brims, and cost $40.

At DeNoyer, 219 East 60th Street, we found a sensational lightweight raincoat. It is a standard belted, mid-calf-length trenchcoat, but its fabric is unusual: a dun-colored thin, smooth, papery sort of material—a blend of cotton and something called Terital—that is extremely pleasant to the touch and has a stylish, expensive appearance. The price is $110. A pullover made of a soft blend of wool (seventy-five per cent) and "animal hairs" (twenty-five per cent) has a ribbed turtleneck, ribbed cuffs, and a ribbed bottom border, and comes in beige, gray, tan, rust, navy, black, chocolate, and crimson; $45. A crew-neck pullover of the same wool-hair blend is decorated across the chest with a blocky abstract design redolent of Wrigley's Gum advertisements. Color combinations are navy, red, and green, or brown, beige, and red. The price is $50, and a sleeveless V-neck version is $40.

The man who receives a suit or a coat or a blazer from Saint Germain, 755 Madison Avenue (65th), can be confident of not meeting another man of his height and weight wearing the same garment, since the shop stocks only one of each size in every style it offers. A handsome single-breasted navy-blue or black wool blazer, designed by Guy Laroche, is close-fitting and has pewter buttons decorated with scrolls; $125. A belted, trenchcoat-style navy wool overcoat is $200, and a fitted double-breasted beige cashmere overcoat with a belted back, wide lapels, and leather buttons is $235. Turtleneck shirts made of ribbed mercerized cotton, which is a material often used for men's hose, fit the torso like a sock, and may be had in green, navy, yellow, blue, dark blue, and beige; $35.

At Tibetan Arts & Crafts, 693 Madison Avenue (62nd), clothes hand-knit or handwoven by Tibetan refugees in India and Nepal (tens of thousands of Tibetans have arrived in India and Nepal since 1959) are offered for prices that are nice for us but that cruelly reflect the fix these people are in. Fishermen's sweaters such as we



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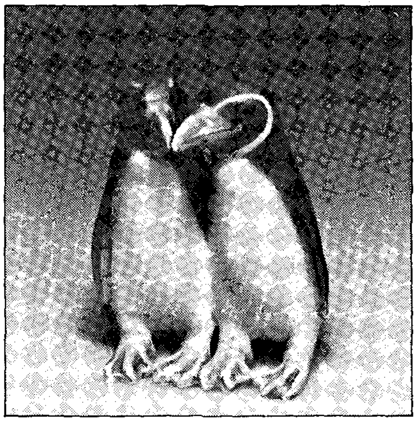
have seen selling elsewhere for $40 or $50 are only $19 and $21 here. These are heavy, and most of them are knitted of undyed black, white, and brown sheep's wool (a few are dyed), with various patterns, such as cable stitch, employed in the knitting. Garments that the staff of Tibetan Arts & Crafts refer to as "hippie coats" are loose-fitting, thigh-length coats that fasten with wood toggles, have dolman sleeves, and are made of a heavy, hard handwoven beige or brown wool fabric. These are $34, and sleeveless versions are $26. They are evocative of a Himalayan landscape as well as of St. Marks Place.

At the Mexican Art Annex, 23 West 56th Street, you might consider these ethnic/hippie possibilities: (1) wedding shirts, in off-white heavy cotton, some decorated with multicolored embroidery and others with rows of pleating, for from $9 to $15; (2) cotton sashes from Santo Tomás handloomed in various abstract folk-art designs in two- or three-color combinations, at $3.85 for a sash two inches wide and $5.50 for a sash four inches wide; (3) loose-woven macramé sashes from Mitla, in ivory, green, red, or orange, two inches wide, at $3.50 each; (4) heavy, belted Saco Lana sweaters, similar to those at Bloomingdale's, and no two decorated alike, for $35.

At Greek Island, 215 East 49th Street, are round-necked slipover shirts made of a coarse striped cotton fabric (it is used for sheets in Greece) and worn outside the trousers. Color combinations are blue and white, salmon, yellow, and white, and beige and white, and the price is $16—or $17 for a version with a hood. Greek Island's ties made of "worker's cloth"—the blue-and-white striped denim used for butcher's aprons, for example—are five and a half inches wide and cost $6.50 each. Silk print ties, made of Fauve-colored dress-fabric remnants, are $15. Some are patchwork compositions of various fabrics, others are a single multicolored pattern, and none are inconspicuous. Among Greek Island's varied selection of antique necklaces and pendants are a number of large reliquaries on chains which a man's chest seems a better background for than a lady's. One massive and very handsome specimen is a flat silver box, four inches long and three inches wide, that is studded with colored-glass jewelry and from whose bottom edge five little etched discs dangle. It is thought to be about seventy-five years old and costs $85.

At a store named Amulets & Talis-



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mans, at 740 Madison Avenue (64th) and 33 Christopher Street (near Sheridan Square), where handmade jewelry is purveyed, some of it very Advanced and more like the sort of thing you expect to see in *Craft Horizons* than around a fellow's neck or wrist, we were particularly taken with a collection of necklaces made of ancient beads and stones. The archeological relics—pre-Columbian, Persian, pre-Islamic, Egyptian, Roman, and Near Eastern—are strung to form new designs by a young craftsman named Cynthia Bhagat, and the results are wonderful to behold. A necklace of pre-Columbian axehead ornaments and beads of green agate and gilded silver is $500. A necklace that combines Persian and Sassanian carnelian beads, tubular light-blue faïence beads, mummy beads, and silver beads is $110. Not every man needs a necklace, we realize, but those who do will surely be gratified by these marvellous collaborations between the past and the present.

A fitting repository for such rarities would be the compact saffian jewelry case on view at Gucci, 689 Fifth Avenue (54th), which opens by means of a simple brass bar and has a removable tray compartmentalized by means of removable curved leather straps. The case is six inches long, five inches wide, and three inches deep, and costs $49. For someone "travelling with only one or two pieces of jewelry," Gucci recommends a little black kid satchel with a drawstring closing, which is lined in yellow and measures four and a half inches wide and five and a half inches high; it's $21. A tobacco pouch of kid, which is a four-by-five-inch rectangle when it's closed and a long, irregular figure when it's open, costs $12; it comes in dark brown, beige, or black, and has a triangular flap that fastens with a snap button. A combination wallet/engagement book/notepad/address book is a compact four-by-seven-inch black or brown leather folder with brass corners, neatly appointed with various refillable writing tablets; it costs $35, and refills are available annually for $1.50. A sleek black leather credit-card carrier, four inches by five, has provisions for twelve credit cards and a compartment for real money; $25, and two or three of them should suffice for the average card-carrying capitalist. *Pacem in terris.*

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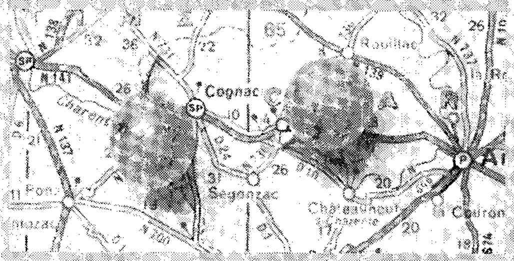

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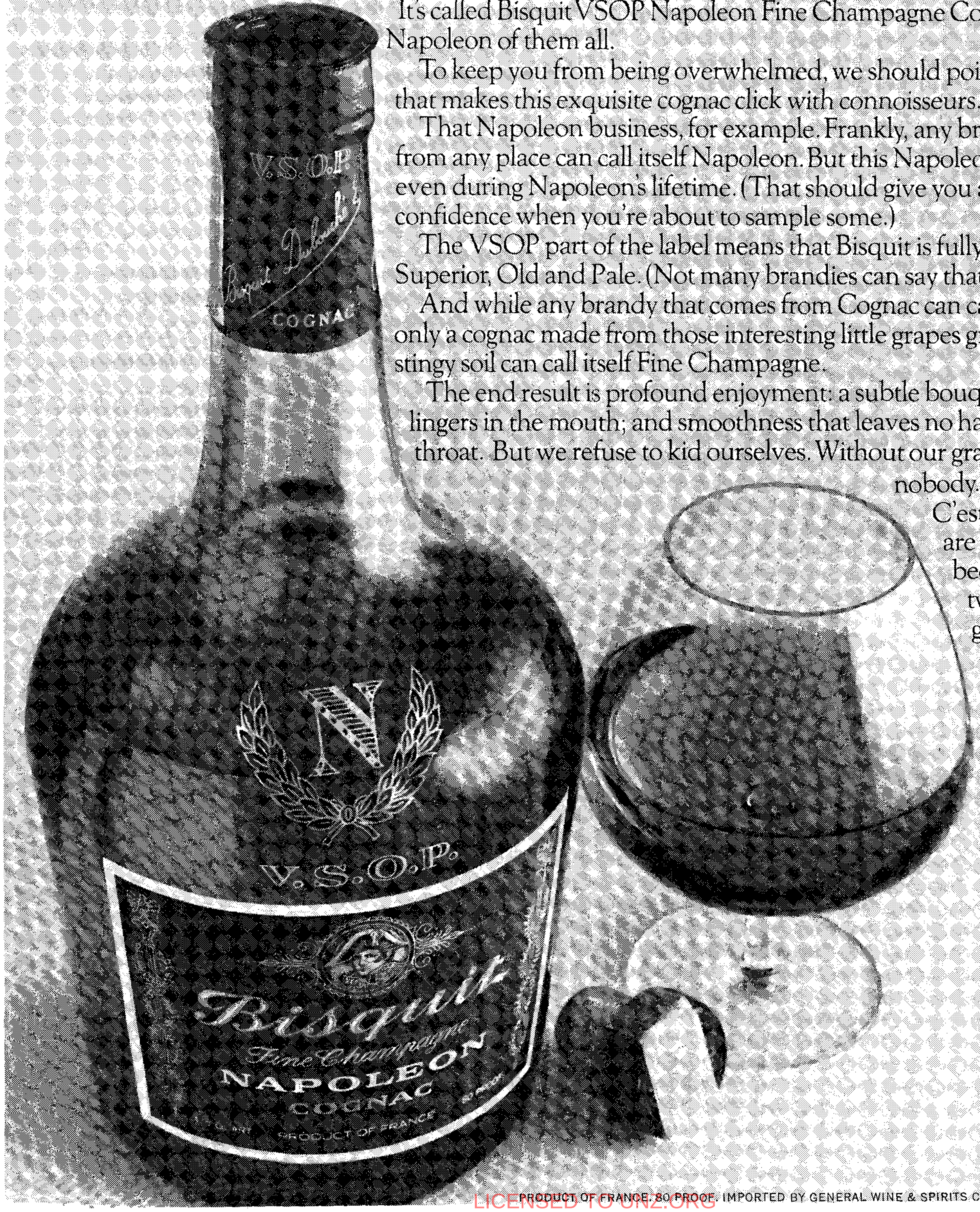

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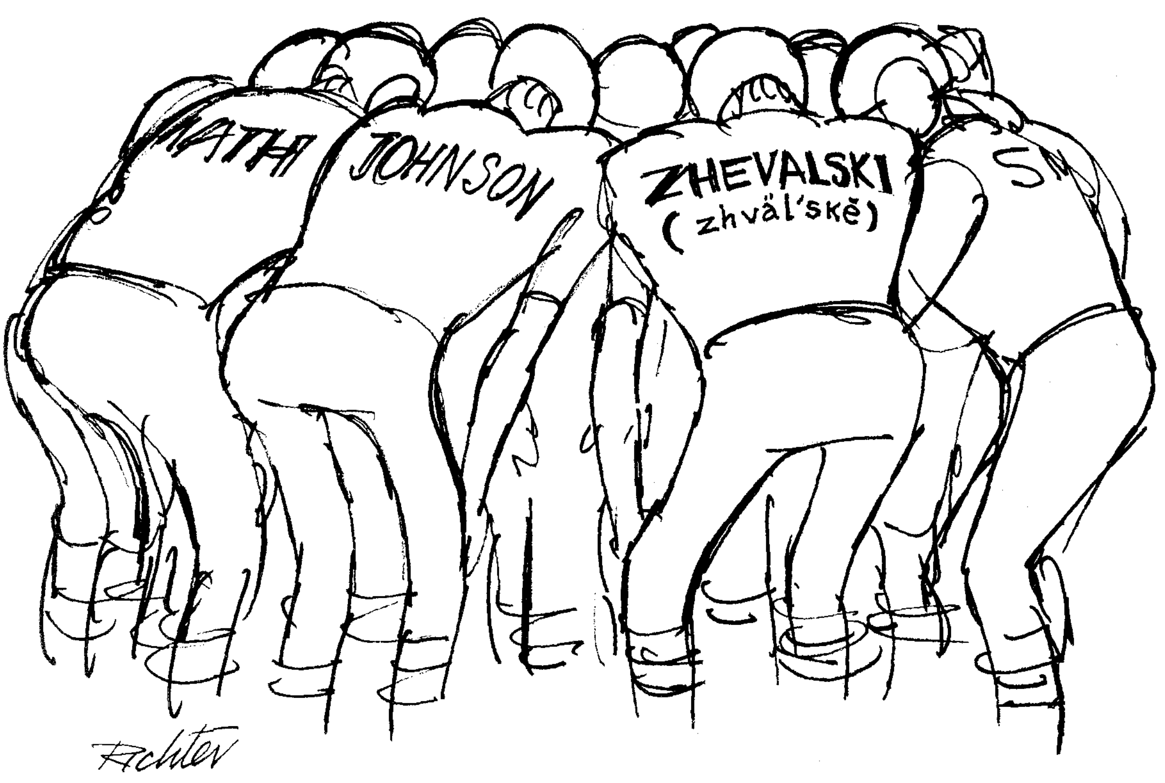
ANNALS OF LAW

TRIAL BY JURY

TRIAL by jury is one of liberty's oldest and most dependable safeguards. In the United States, the Constitution provides for jury trials in both civil and criminal cases, but, as with most of the other rights enumerated in that document, there are few details to show how this one should be assured in practice. On the subject of juries in criminal cases, for example, Article III says only that "trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury . . . in the state where the said crimes shall have been committed," and the Sixth Amendment adds that the jury shall be "impartial" and chosen locally. Thousands of cases have been heard since those few words were written to decide what they mean.

One thing they didn't mean until very recently was that every citizen was Constitutionally guaranteed a jury trial in any criminal prosecution. Although state constitutions have all along provided for jury trials in criminal cases under state jurisdiction, that has largely been a matter of imitation of the federal Constitution rather than obedience to it, and up to four years ago any state could have abolished its jury system, because until the Supreme Court ruled on this point, in 1968, the Constitution was understood to offer an explicit guarantee of jury trials only to defendants in federal courts. Since the states have always been more jealous guardians of their own powers, particularly their police powers, than of their citizens' individual rights, the Bill of Rights was long interpreted, first by tradition and then by law, to apply only to federal matters. But after ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment, in 1868, there was a growing movement to interpret its key clause, "nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law," to mean that due process demands "incorporation" of the Bill of Rights into state as well as federal laws and procedures. That movement was fiercely resisted—chiefly by the Supreme Court—and to some extent it still is. The idea of total incorporation has never been accepted by a majority of the Court, although slowly, and often grudgingly, the Court has conceded over the years that *some* provisions in the Bill of Rights are so "fundamental" that they apply equally to the states and to the nation. The first use of this doctrine by the Court came in 1925, when it declared that freedom of speech is a fundamental personal right, and has to be protected by state governments as well as by the national government. Once the legal wall in the federal system was breached by this ruling, the fundamental doctrine was gradually expanded by succeeding Courts, most of all by the Warren Court, to apply to state cases nearly all the criminal protections in the Bill of Rights, including the Sixth Amendment right to a jury trial. This last right was extended to the states in 1968, when the Supreme Court ruled, in Duncan v. Louisiana, that they must offer anyone who is accused of committing a serious crime a trial by jury.

A jury trial is a fundamental right, the Court stated in the Duncan decision, because it offers the only Constitutional way to protect defendants "against the corrupt or overzealous prosecutor and against the compliant, biased, or eccentric judge." In 1970, the Court—now the Burger Court—went on to address itself to the question, raised in Williams v. Florida, of whether it is also fundamental for a jury to consist of twelve members, as tradition and statute had long demanded. The issue was not of "Constitutional stature," a five-member majority of the Court replied, since "the essential feature of a jury obviously lies in the interposition between the accused and his accuser of the commonsense judgment of a group of laymen," whatever their number; the size of juries, then, must be left up to the states to determine for themselves. Finally, in 1971, the Court accepted two other cases that dealt with a basic issue in jury trials of criminal cases—namely, whether the rule that verdicts must be unanimous in criminal trials is fundamental to the jury system. The principle of unanimity in jury verdicts has been traced back as far as an English trial, recorded as Anonymous Case, in 1367. Although the unanimity rule is nowhere mentioned in the Constitution, it was generally accepted, apparently without question, under English common law and in the American Colonies and the United States as an essential part of any jury trial. The specific issue of unanimity for juries in criminal trials had never been decided by the Court before, but once states were compelled by federal law to provide trials for all serious offenses, it was inevitable that the rules governing those trials would have to be clarified. The Court heard arguments on the issue in March, 1971, and then heard rearguments in January, 1972, and on May 22, 1972, handed down its decision. Four members—Chief Justice Warren E. Burger, along with Justices Byron R. White,



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Harry Blackmun, and William H. Rehnquist—concluded that unanimous verdicts are not required in *any* criminal trial. Four other members—Justices William O. Douglas, William J. Brennan, Jr., Potter Stewart, and Thurgood Marshall—concluded that unanimous verdicts are required in *all* criminal trials. And the last member—Justice Lewis F. Powell, Jr.—concluded that unanimous verdicts are required in federal trials but not in state trials. Because of the peculiar nature of the four-to-four standoff, Powell's view prevailed, and is now the law in this country.

AT the time of the Court's ruling, two states—Louisiana and Oregon—permitted less-than-unanimous juries to convict defendants in serious but non-capital cases. Louisiana allowed as many as three dissenting jurors out of twelve, and Oregon allowed as many as two out of twelve. Both state laws were reviewed by the Court at the same time, and its decisions on them were announced together. One case, Johnson v. Louisiana, was an appeal from a decision by the Louisiana Supreme Court upholding a conviction for armed robbery by a nine-to-three jury vote. In the other case, Apodaca et al. v. Oregon, the Supreme Court reviewed the convictions of three defendants who were found guilty, respectively, of assault with a deadly weapon by an eleven-to-one vote, grand larceny by an eleven-to-one vote, and burglary by a ten-to-two vote. One of the Chief Justice's prerogatives is to decide who is to write the Court's opinion when he is a member of the majority, and in both cases Chief Justice Burger chose Justice White, the sole member of the majority in these two decisions who had not been appointed by President Nixon.

In the Johnson case, the appellant argued that a verdict of guilty by only nine of the twelve jurors clearly showed reasonable doubt on the part of the jury as a whole. And since the reasonable-doubt rule is rooted in the basic Constitutional principle of due process, it was claimed, any verdict that was not based on a finding of guilt beyond a reasonable doubt abrogated due process and thus violated the Constitution itself. Justice White disagreed. Replying that the Supreme Court had never stated that jury unanimity was an essential part of due process, he continued, "Indeed, the Court has more than once expressly said that 'in criminal cases due process of law is not denied by a state law . . . which dispenses with the necessity of a jury of twelve,

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or unanimity in the verdict.'" The quotation was from Jordan v. Massachusetts, which was decided in 1912, and Justice White also cited Maxwell v. Dow, decided in 1900, to the same effect. He did not mention that these rulings were handed down before the incorporation doctrine began to be applied, in 1925, to extend the Bill of Rights to the states. Moreover, the two early rulings had allowed the states to dispense with juries altogether—an opinion that was flatly reversed in 1968 by Duncan v. Louisiana. But that decision had been made after Johnson was tried, and was not retroactive, so it didn't apply to the case at hand, as the appellant had conceded in his appeal. And, for that matter, if Duncan wasn't pertinent to this case, neither was the Sixth Amendment right to a jury trial that it had applied to the states.

While Justice White agreed that due process of law requires a finding of guilt beyond a reasonable doubt before a defendant can be convicted, he saw no reason to conclude, as the appellant had, that the reasonable doubt of three jurors constitutes reasonable doubt for an entire jury. In effect, he wrote, the Court was being asked to assume that if dissenters on a jury express sincere doubts about a defendant's guilt, the jurors who are convinced of that guilt will simply ignore them, without fully debating the questions they raise or allowing themselves to be converted, and will, instead, carelessly proceed to convict the accused. Rejecting this view, Justice White set out to develop what might be called the doctrine of the conscientious juror. It is far more likely, he wrote, that when a juror presents "reasoned argument in favor of acquittal," his fellow-jurors will either answer his arguments satisfactorily or enough of them will come around to his side to prevent conviction. In practice, the Justice continued, the majority members of a jury "will cease discussion and outvote a minority only after reasoned discussion has ceased to have persuasive effect or to serve any other purpose—when a minority, that is, continues to insist upon acquittal without having persuasive reasons. . . ." At that point, he concluded, those in the majority should not be blamed for acting with improper haste; rather, the dissenter, in the words of an earlier Court opinion, "should consider whether his doubt was a reasonable one [when it made] no impression upon the minds of so many men, equally honest, equally intelligent with himself."

Justice Douglas delivered a long and angry dissent that combined the Johnson and Apodaca cases, and he dis-

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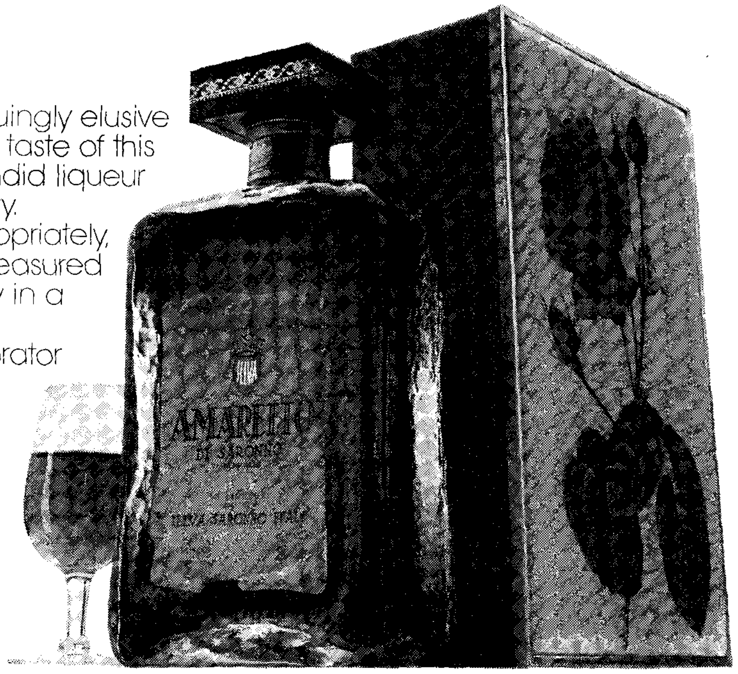

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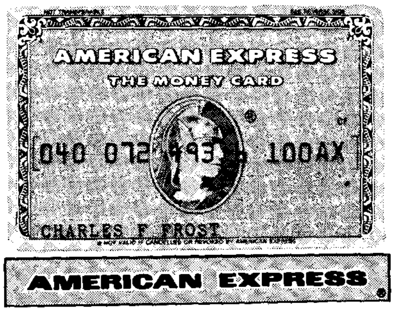
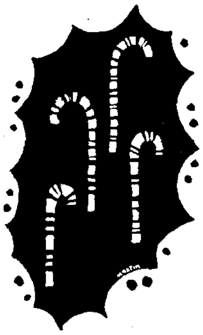


agreed with the majority on almost every point that was raised. But on none of them did he disagree as vehemently as on the subject of the way jurors actually behave in a jury room. Juries that do not have to reach a unanimous finding for a conviction, he wrote, are far less likely to "debate and deliberate as fully" as juries that do. As for the claim that there is no evidence to suggest that a majority will refuse to listen to a minority when its votes aren't needed for a conviction, he replied, "Yet human experience teaches that polite and academic conversation is no substitute for the earnest and robust argument necessary to reach unanimity." To support his view, Justice Douglas cited "The American Jury," by Harry Kalven, Jr., and Hans Zeisel, the leading work on the subject, which pointed out that in roughly one-tenth of all jury trials "the minority eventually succeeds in reversing an initial majority, and these may be cases of special importance." A likely explanation for this figure, Justice Douglas went on, was that in many courtrooms members of juries are not permitted to take notes, and since "they have imperfect memories, the forensic process of forcing jurors to defend their conflicting recollections and conclusions flushes out many nuances which otherwise would go overlooked." However, he added, in Louisiana and Oregon any "collective effort to piece together the puzzle of historical truth . . . is cut short as soon as the requisite majority is reached," and "indeed, if a necessary majority is immediately obtained, then no deliberation at all is required in these states." That may well have occurred in the Apodaca case, he suggested parenthetically, since the jury there was out for only forty-one minutes. In any event, he concluded on this point, the Court had now removed the "automatic check against hasty fact-finding by relieving jurors of the duty to hear out fully the dissenters" in a disputed case.



Justice Powell, the swing voter, chided Justice Douglas for his doubts about jurors' fidelity to the truth as they see it, and observed that "our historic dedication to jury trial" is based on "the conviction that each juror will faithfully perform his assigned duty." Passing over the fact that this historic dedication was also based, in part, on the assurance that a single juror could prevent unjust conviction by deciding that the only way to faithfully perform his assigned duty was to hold out for acquittal, Justice Powell went on to mention a couple of procedural safeguards that protect defendants against a "willfully irresponsible jury." One was that a defense lawyer has the right to use peremptory challenges and challenges for cause when prospective jurors appear unreliable. And the other was that every judge protects every defendant by reminding every jury, in his instructions to it, that the state carries the burden of proof and that each juror is obliged by oath to weigh the views of fellow-jurors. All this, he concluded, sufficiently "diminished the likelihood of miscarriage of justice."

IN Apodaca et al. v. Oregon, Justice White cited the Court's refusal, in Williams v. Florida, to insist that a jury must have twelve members in support of his contention that the Oregon law maintained the essential bulwark between the state and those it accused of crimes; like the number of jurors considering a case, he argued, the old unanimity rule provided nothing of Constitutional stature and could be harmlessly dispensed with. Justice Powell agreed—in the matter of state trials, anyway—that a jury was a bulwark whether the verdict was reached by ten or by twelve out of twelve jurors. Justice Brennan, on the other hand, sharply disagreed, claiming that the premise underlying the majority's argument was unsound. Once there are enough jurors to reach a majority verdict for conviction, he wrote in his dissent, there is nothing, except perhaps common sense, at best, to restrain them from delivering it without paying much attention to the minority's views, however cogent these might be. Like Justice Douglas, Justice Brennan found the majority's opinion based on an excessive faith in human reason. "I think it simply ignores reality to imagine that most jurors in these circumstances would, or even could, fairly weigh the arguments opposing their position," he stated. In a separate dissent, Justice Stewart was even more emphatic on this point, and told the Court that it had "never before been so impervious to reality in this area." He reminded his fellow-justices on the majority side that the Court's long-standing concern about the "serious risks of jury misbehavior" had prompted a series of decisions over the years aimed at preventing juries from carelessly or willfully abusing defendants' rights. These decisions now stood in jeopardy, the Justice declared, and went on to ask a number of questions:

> Why, if juries do not sometimes act out of passion and prejudice, does the Constitution [as interpreted by earlier Court decisions] require the availability of a change of venue? Why, if juries do not sometimes act improperly, does the Constitution require protection from inflammatory press coverage and . . . influence by court officers? Why, if juries must be presumed to obey all instructions from the bench, does the Constitution require that certain information must not go to the jury no matter how strong a cautionary charge accompanies it? Why, indeed, should we insist that no man can be constitutionally convicted by a jury from which members of an identifiable group to which he belongs have been systematically excluded? . . . The requirement that the verdict of the jury be unanimous, surely as important as these other constitutional requisites, preserves the jury's function in linking law with contemporary society. It provides the simple and effective method endorsed by centuries of experience and history to combat the injuries to the fair administration of justice that can be inflicted by community passion and prejudice.

THE Sixth Amendment's relationship to the unanimity rule was raised in Apodaca when the petitioners contended that their convictions by less-than-unanimous juries violated the right to trial by jury under that amendment as it was applied to the states, through Duncan, by the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. This time, Justice White accepted the relevance of the Sixth Amendment, since the three cases at issue had been tried after the Duncan decision made the amendment's right to a jury trial binding on the states. But that right, he retorted to the petitioners' claim, was *all* that Duncan provided in state courts. In the Williams case, for instance, the Court stated that the size of juries was not a Constitutional issue and was up to the states; the same principle and the same reasoning, the Justice said for the majority, also applied to the question of unanimity. Relegating the common-law history of the question to a long footnote, he concentrated in the body of his opinion on the legislative history of the unanimity rule in the United States. That history, he reported, was "scanty," the "most salient fact" being Representative James Madison's attempt to persuade the House to accept his version of the Sixth Amendment—including "the requisite of unanimity for conviction"—when the Bill of Rights was under debate in the First Congress. The House accepted his version, but the Senate rejected it, and a conference committee produced a compromise amendment that didn't men-

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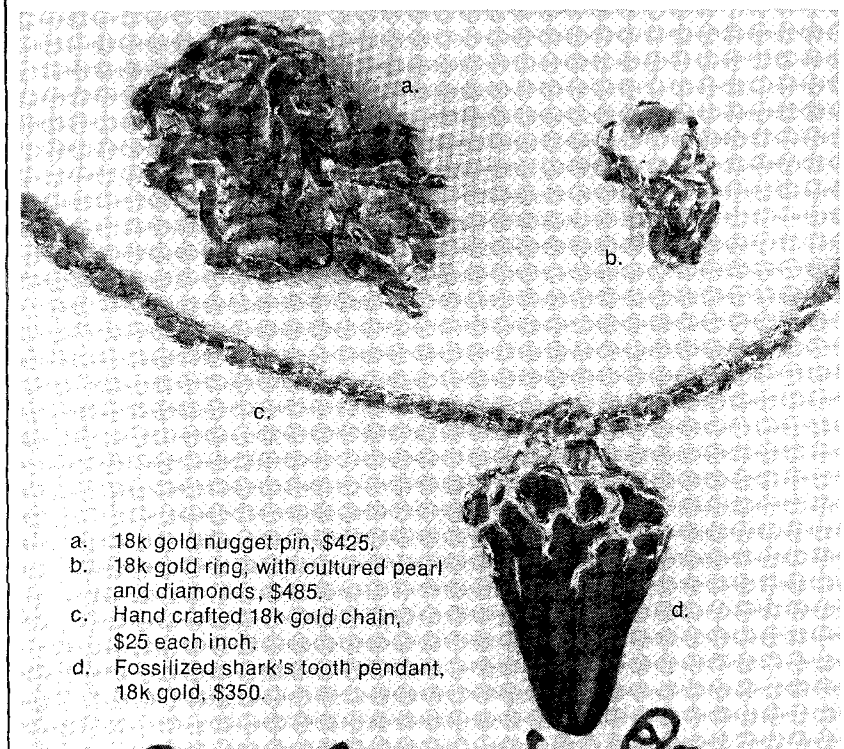

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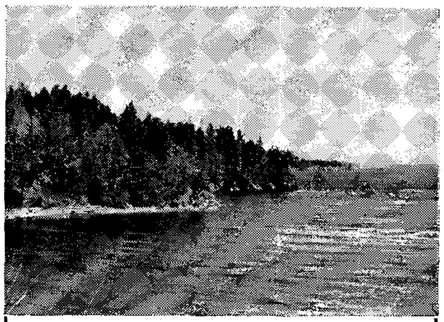
tion unanimity or, for that matter, any of the other specific safeguards that Madison had recommended. History has left no evidence to explain why the change was made, but Justice White observed that in the Williams case the Court had considered it plausible to conclude, and had concluded, "that the deletion was intended to have some substantive effect." Since the Court was now unable "to divine 'the intent of the Framers,' " he continued, the soundest recourse was to examine "the function served by the jury in contemporary society." That function had been defined in Williams v. Florida as "the interposition between the accused and his accuser of the common-sense judgment of a group of laymen," and, in the opinion of the Court's present majority, that barrier remained unaffected by unanimity or the lack of it. Nor, Justice White insisted once more, did the reasonable-doubt principle demand a unanimous verdict, as the petitioners claimed. In proof, he cited the precedent of Johnson v. Louisiana, which was then several minutes old.

Justice Powell disputed the claim made by Justices Burger, White, Blackmun, and Rehnquist that unanimity was not essential to any kind of criminal jury trial. "In an unbroken line of cases reaching back into the late 1800s, the justices of this Court have recognized, virtually without dissent, that unanimity is one of the indispensable features of *federal* jury trial," he wrote. Reference to the First Congress's revision of Madison's proposal struck him as an ambiguous kind of justification that was assuredly "not sufficient . . . to override the unambiguous history of the common-law right." Still, he agreed that the states were not bound by the unanimity rule, since, in his view, it was not the Sixth Amendment that imposed jury trials on the states, as the other members of the Court seemed to believe, but rather the Fourteenth Amendment. And that amendment, he claimed, did not impose *all* the features of federal trials on state courts—a position that put him firmly in agreement with four members of the Court and firmly in disagreement with the four other members. One of the latter, Justice Douglas, insisted that the Sixth Amendment was wholly applicable to the states by way of the Fourteenth Amendment. And Justice Stewart agreed, on the ground that this was precisely what the Duncan decision had "squarely held." Unless the Court meant to overrule Duncan, he added, the only question left was whether the Sixth Amendment right to a jury trial carries with



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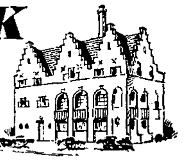

it the requirement of a unanimous verdict. "The answer to that question," Justice Stewart concluded, "is clearly 'yes,' as my brother Powell has cogently demonstrated in that part of his concurring opinion that reviews almost a century of Sixth Amendment adjudication."

Justice Douglas found the Court's decision "so radical a departure" from two centuries of American history and six centuries of common-law tradition that he could scarcely believe it had been made. The Court majority, he charged, had embarked on a "vast restructuring of American law," which could legally be done only by Constitutional amendment, not by the Court sitting as "a Committee of Revision." In sum, he characterized the decision as being not in the tradition of this nation's accusatorial system but "more in the tradition of the Inquisition." Justice Douglas went on to point out that this decision created an obvious, and obnoxious, disparity. The Court had long and explicitly held, he explained, that the Seventh Amendment, which governs civil trials, unquestionably requires unanimous juries in civil cases tried in state courts. "After today's decision," he wrote, "a man's property may only be taken away by a unanimous jury vote, yet he can be stripped of his liberty by a lesser standard." Although the decision would apply theoretically to everyone, he added, it would "in cold reality touch mostly the lower castes in our society . . . the blacks, the Chicanos, the one-mule farmers, the agricultural workers, the off-beat students, the victims of the ghetto."

THE petitioners claimed in Apodaca that since 1880 the Fourteenth Amendment had been taken to mean, in part, that jury panels must reflect a cross-section of the community. If the Court now allowed less-than-unanimous juries, they argued, it would thereby allow the exclusion of minority viewpoints as effectively as if members of minority groups were not permitted to serve on juries at all. In response, Justice White brought up the conscientious-juror theory, and said, "We simply find no proof for the notion that a majority [of jurors] will disregard its instructions and cast its votes for guilt or innocence based on prejudice rather than the evidence." Once again, Justice Stewart disagreed, and pointed out, in the Johnson case, that if one could rely on jurors to be so open-minded, the Court wouldn't have been obliged to rule again and again against "systematic discrimination in the selection of criminal-court ju-

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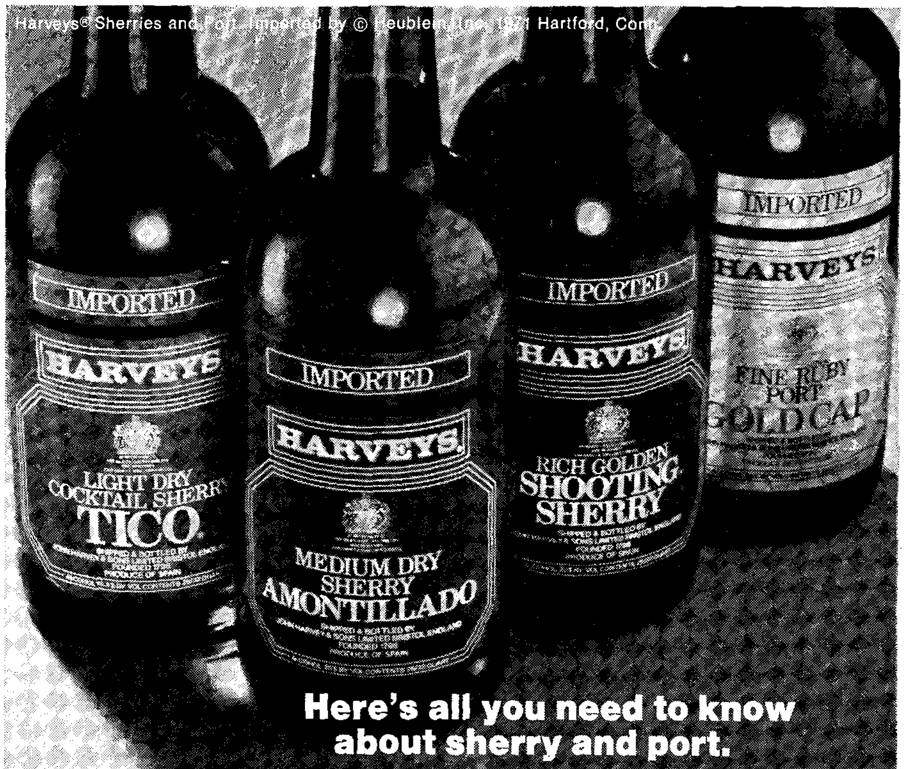

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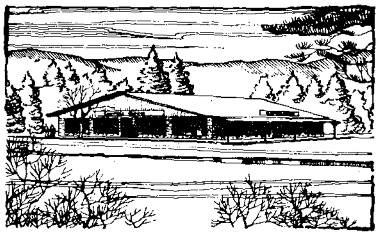

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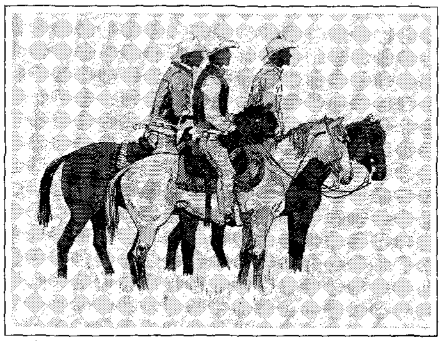

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ries." He added, "Under today's judgment, nine jurors can simply ignore the views of their fellow panel members of a different race or class." Justice Powell, for his part, vigorously supported the majority view on this issue, and stated that dissenters who held out in the face of a majority opinion were displaying their own "irrationality," against which some protection was essential.

Justice Marshall confronted this view—that dissent is unreasonable—head on. After observing that "if the jury has been selected properly and every juror is a competent and rational person, then the 'irrationality' that enters into the deliberation process is precisely the essence of the right to a jury trial," he went on to say that the fundamental feature of any jury is that it represents the community, and he argued that to "fence out a dissenting juror fences out a voice from the community, and undermines the principle on which our whole notion of the jury now rests." As a member of a racial minority, Marshall may have been especially sensitive to the problem of exclusion, but he warned that far more was at stake than the rights of minorities. "The juror whose dissenting voice is unheard may be a spokesman, not for any minority viewpoint, but simply for himself—and that, in my view, is enough," he explained. "The doubts of a single juror are . . . evidence that the government has failed to carry its burden of proving guilt beyond a reasonable doubt."

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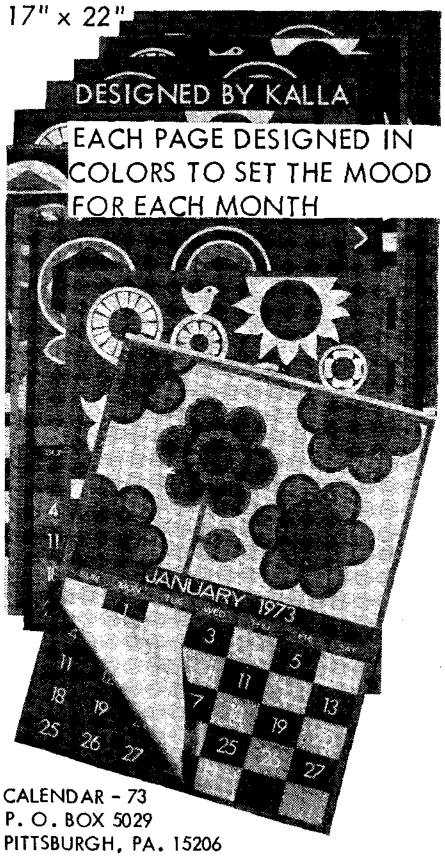

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cilitate, expedite, and reduce expense in the administration of justice." Accordingly, the different kinds of juries were fully Constitutional.

In the days of the Warren Court, Justice White often spoke for the minority there against decisions asserting "new" rights for individuals in criminal prosecutions; the state had rights, too, he repeatedly emphasized—chiefly the pressing need not to be further hampered, in time and expense, by the imposition of more and more procedural safeguards upon a system that was almost at a standstill as it was. That minority viewpoint—in effect, a kind of cost-efficiency approach to justice—was now the majority viewpoint, and Justice Douglas, a holdover from the liberal majority of the Warren days, held that the Court was dangerously increasing the power of the state over its citizens by the new decision. Pointing out that the Court had allowed fewer than twelve jurors in state trials because its studies had shown "no discernible difference between the results reached by the two different-sized juries," he went on to say that experience and other studies had shown that "the less-than-unanimous jury overwhelmingly favors the states." In effect, he explained, non-unanimous juries convict defendants about twice as often as unanimous juries do. "While the statutes on their face deceptively appear to be neutral, the use of the non-unanimous jury stacks the truth-determining process against the accused," Douglas wrote. "Thus, we take one step more away from the accusatorial system that has been our proud boast." Once other state legislatures learn that they can nearly double conviction rates by means of such laws, they will undoubtedly move to enact their own, and Douglas warned that the Supreme Court's historic example of preferring to "err on the side of letting the guilty go free rather than sending the innocent to jail" had been virtually destroyed by the new decision. Then, in conclusion, he charged that a "law-and-order judicial mood" had persuaded the Court's majority to lower the barricades against tyranny, and asked, "Is the next step the elimination of the presumption of innocence?"

—RICHARD HARRIS

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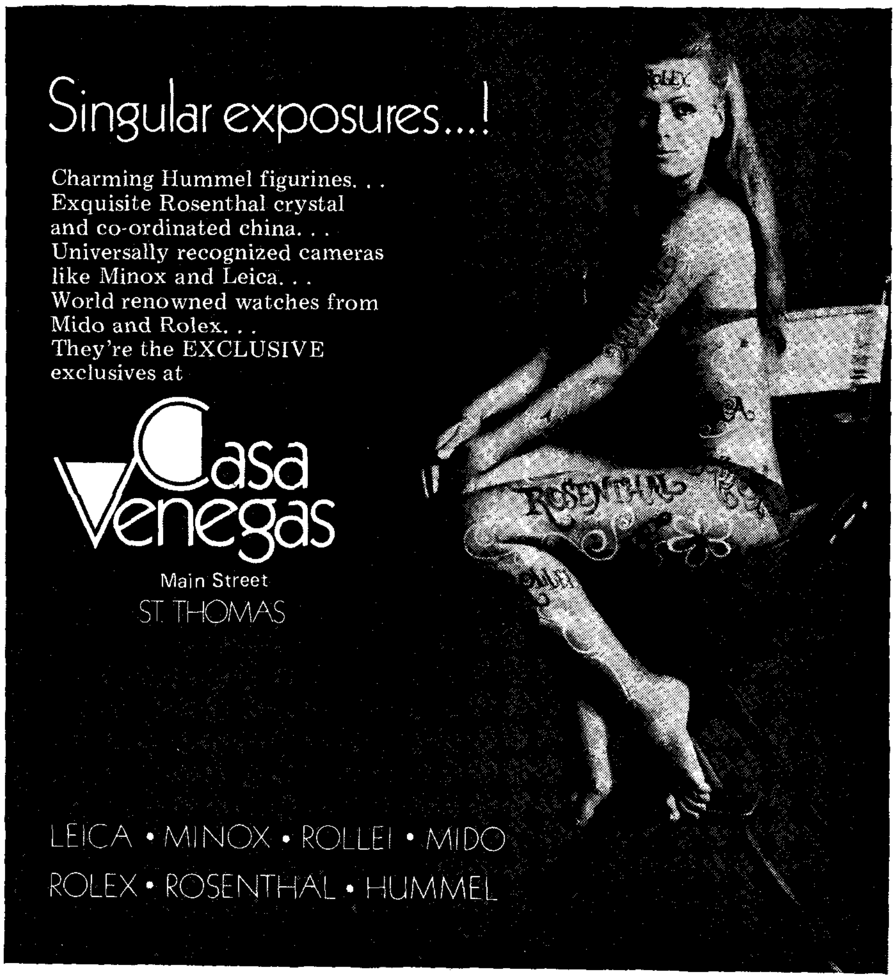

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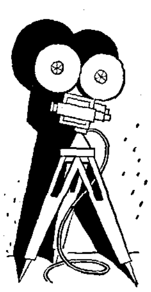
NOTHING is as rare in American movies now as comedy with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone in "The Heartbreak Kid," and she scores a first, besides: No American woman director has ever before directed her daughter in a leading role. As Lila, Jeannie Berlin not only is her mother's surrogate but plays the Elaine May addled nymph probably better than Elaine May could on the screen. As a performer, Elaine May is slightly withdrawn; the faint distraught hesitancy in her delivery is part of her out-of-it persona. Jeannie Berlin, an actress playing an out-of-it character, can go much further. Lila is a middle-class Jewish peasant, her ripe lusciousness a cartoon of sensuality. You can read her life story in her face and her gypsy-red dresses; she is too open to hide anything, too dumb to know she has anything to hide. "The Heartbreak Kid" starts from a good comic idea: a man on his honeymoon falls in love with another girl. Lila is the eager, bulging bride; Charles Grodin's Lenny is the bridegroom. At Miami Beach, three days after the wedding, he sees Kelly, a golden girl from Minneapolis—Cybill Shepherd, the cool American dream. She plays Daisy to his Gatsby, or, to be more exact, the Wasp princess to his Jewish go-getter.

Lenny turns out to be more complicated, more guileful—and nuttier—than we first suspect. That's what makes the story more than a skit—that, and Miss May's direction. The script, by Neil Simon, is a good one; I swallow deeply as I say it, because I despise most of the movies made from his plays. I find it nightmarish to sit in a movie house and listen to Neil Simon's one-liners being shot back and forth; at the movies, *who* says a line is very important, but with Neil Simon's vaudeville snappers what matters is that they come on schedule. The actors are stand-up comics grimacing and gesticulating in a vacuum. (At the movie of "The Odd Couple," I became fixated on the greenish walls of the apartment the two men lived in; I don't remember the bad jokes—just the sense of suffocation.) But Neil Simon also has some talent; there were unobjectionably funny scenes in the screenplay he did in the mid-sixties for the patchy De Sica-Peter Sellers "After the Fox," and this new script, from the Bruce Jay Friedman story "A Change of Plan," has, as it is directed here, almost none of his Broadway whiplash.

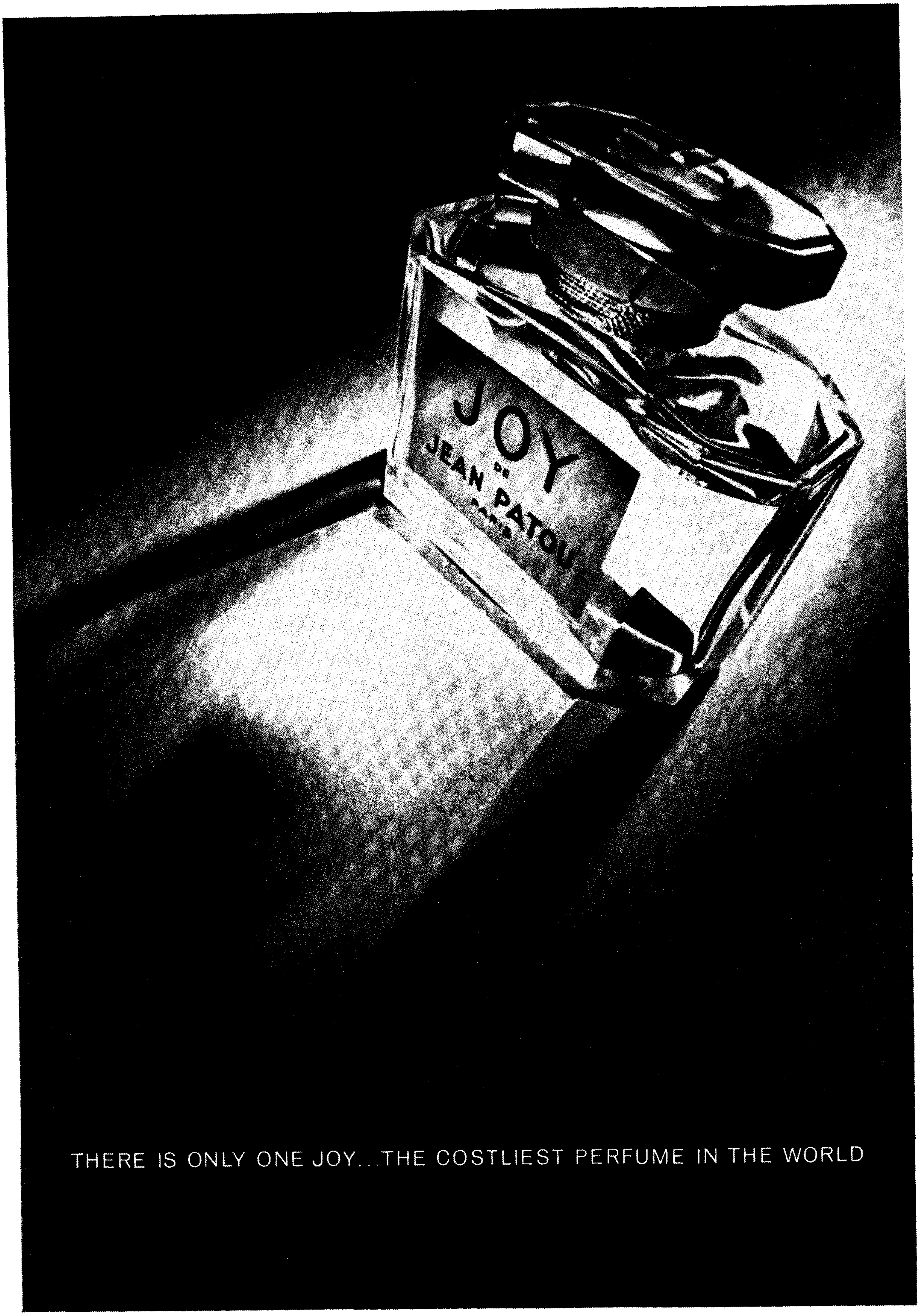


Elaine May has the rarest kind of comic gift: the ability to create a world seen comically. Her satirist's malice isn't cutting; something in the befuddled atmosphere she creates keeps it mild—yet mild in a thoroughly demented way, mild as if impervious to sanity. It may be a trait of some witty women to be apologetic about the cruelty that is inherent in their wit; Miss May, all apologies, has a knack for defusing the pain without killing the joke. The dialogue sounds natural and unforced. The humor sneaks up on you, and it's surprisingly evenhanded and democratic; everybody in the picture is a little cockeyed. Your laughter isn't harsh, since you can see that poor Lila, the bride of five days, sitting in a seafood restaurant and clutching Lenny to keep from collapsing while he tells her it's all over, is perhaps less mad than Lenny, who is so carried away by his new dreams of Wasp glory that he won't even let her go throw up. He almost seems to expect her to share his excitement. You knew she was emptyheaded, and you were identifying with him; now you begin to see what's in his head.

Elaine May's tone often verges on the poignant (and is best when it does), but there are unkillable demons in her characters, and you never know what you'll discover next. Working almost entirely through the actors, she lets those demons come to the surface in a scene before she moves on. The characters don't seem to be middle-class survivors (though they are)—they seem to be crazy people in leaking boats, like other people. She supplies a precarious element of innocence that removes them from Simon's pandering, hard-core humor. Simon himself may be far more innocent than seems possible for a man who admits to earning a million and a half a year, but it's in a different way. The innocence in her comic world is a form of ambivalent affection for the characters, while Simon's innocence is in his belief in pleasing the audience—his innocence is what is corrupting his work. She's a satirist; he is the audience's fool.

Official jester to the middle-class mass audience, Simon degrades it, on its own sufferance. In his plays, the characters are often greedy and crude, but Simon isn't satirizing them; he's milking them for laughs. Millions of people accept his view, but some of us can't—we're appalled by this comfy vision of an acquisitive, never satisfied society. People who enjoy Neil Simon's work say that we snobbishly reject anything that gives people a good time. But what we reject is that people can be given a good time by *this:* lechery and greed and impotence domesticated by wisecracks. It is the audience's readiness to see itself mirrored in Neil Simon's plays that freezes even the dumb laughs his jokes could pull out of us. Like a fully assimilated Jewish comic (which is essentially what he is), he's now at one with his target; he sends the audience home reconciled to a depersonalized bourgeois meanness. Elaine May keeps the best of Neil Simon but takes the laugh-and-accept-your-coarseness out of it. She reveals without complacency, and so the congratulatory slickness of Neil Simon is gone. Lila and Lenny and Kelly have inadequate dreams; they're on their way to missing out because of these tinkly little dreams. In this sense, they're younger editions of the middle-aged failures Simon has been writing about in his latest plays. Cybill Shepherd's Kelly, the magazine-cover ideal, is a daddy's girl and an efficient tease; Lenny, pursuing one decrepit dream after another, is a classic American climber. But Elaine May humanizes them, and she doesn't send you home reconciled to their self-love. "The Heartbreak Kid" is anarchically skeptical about the ways in which people bamboozle themselves; it gets at the unexpected perversity in that self-love.

Charles Grodin and Jeannie Berlin are like a new, fresh Nichols and May, but a Nichols and May with the range of actors. Grodin is a master of revue-style moods, and Lenny, the warped hero, is alternately bashful and brash, while Miss Berlin uses revue skills to burst through to a wilder, more vivid comic range. She looks so much like Elaine May that it's as if we were seeing the Elaine May comic mask but with real blood coursing through her—revue acting with temperament, revue brought to voluptuously giddy life. As the contrasting siren, Cybill Shepherd embodies her role but isn't given much to act; she is certainly not a deadbeat actress, like Candice Bergen or Ali MacGraw, but the movie doesn't bring anything new out in her. We never really see why (or when) Kelly is drawn to Lenny, and most of the Wasps in the film don't have the dimensions of the New York Jewish characters. Eddie Albert, as Kelly's fa-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ther, works hard at pigheadedness, and it's an amusing idea to have Kelly's mother (Audra Lindley) sweetly suggestible—so docile in her openness to ideas that she's practically an idiot—but there isn't enough dissonance in these people. It may have seemed enough for the conception for Cybill Shepherd to be as gorgeously narcissistic as in her TV-commercial appearances, and with that sexy suggestion of surliness in the Bacall curly lips, but the movie would be richer if we got to know how Kelly might suffer; there's no contrast to her vacuousness. However, the only actual flaw is that the picture just sort of expires, with an undersized "thought-provoking" ending when we're expecting something outrageous that would clarify the hero's new quandary. What's worse, we can sense that the moviemakers didn't know how to end it. But this indecisive ending isn't as disastrous as it would be in a Simon play, in which everything is explicit. Elaine May's work has a note of uncertainty about people and their fates—things may change at any minute, you feel—and so an ambiguous ending isn't jarring, just a little disappointing.

It's always difficult to try to seduce people into going to see a comedy without giving away some of its humor, and in this case I risk damaging the pleasures of "The Heartbreak Kid" by overpraise. It is a *slight* film but a charming one. I guess what I like best about it is that although Miss May's touch is very sure (and although the picture is, technically, in a different league from her wobbly first movie, "A New Leaf;" I mean it isn't shot in murko-color, and the framing of the action—the whole look of it—is professional), sureness in her doesn't mean that mechanical, overemphatic style which is the bane of recent American comedy and is Broadway's worst legacy to the movies. That crackling, whacking style is always telling you that things are funnier than you see them to be. Elaine May underplays her hand. The element of uncertainty that results in a shambles when she isn't on top of the situation as a director can, as in this case, where she's functioning well, result in a special, distracted comic tone, which implies that you can't always tell what's funny. It is uncertainty as a comic attitude—a punchiness that comes from seeing life as a series of booby traps.

"The Poseidon Adventure" is about an ocean liner that turns turtle. The suspense is in the method of escape and the narrowing number of survivors; you watch as fate ticks them off in photogenically horrible ways—engulfing water, flames, scalding liquids, falling chandeliers. In order to lend a movie cataclysm some spiritual importance, it is customary to clue us in on who will perish and who will survive by making the former cowardly, life-denying types and the latter courageous and life-enhancing, and so the hero, Gene Hackman, is a robust, forward-looking radical clergyman. This hallowed, wheezing formula can be hilariously inappropriate, but here it's just a drag, since it makes the picture lofty when we want it to get right to the vulgar bravado inherent in its "Grand Hotel" approach to the romance of catastrophe. The movie is advertised in terms of Oscars ("In the cast and staff there is a total of fifteen of these precious golden statuettes"), but it's a lacklustre bunch we see. The picture would be more fun if we cared about who got killed and who survived; there's a lot of Red Buttons (one Oscar, but not my candidate for survival). The only loss I regretted for an instant was Roddy McDowall; on the other hand, it was a wise decision to dump Arthur O'Connell early. We could certainly do with less of the antique feminine hysteria that slows down the action, especially since we can see perfectly well that the girls (Stella Stevens, Carol Lynley, and Pamela Sue Martin) are there for the splendor of their rear ends as the camera follows them climbing ladders toward safety. Shelley Winters (two Oscars) yearns to see her grandson in Israel and makes endless jokes about her bloated appearance. (She's so enormously fat she goes way beyond the intention to create a warm, sympathetic Jewish character. It's like having a whale tell you you should love her because she's Jewish.) The script is the true cataclysm. The writers, Stirling Silliphant and Wendell Mayes, don't do anything for the actors, and they don't provide a speck of originality. Their attempt to turn Stella Stevens, as a former prostitute, and Ernest Borgnine, as her police-lieutenant husband, into the Jean Harlow-Wallace Beery pair of "Dinner at Eight" merely exposes how mangy their writing is. Only once do they achieve true camp: just before the ship capsizes, a crewman says to the captain (Leslie Nielson), "I never saw anything like it—an enormous wall of water coming toward us." Ronald Neame directs about the same way Leslie Nielson acts—stalwart, dull—and the special effects, literal and most-

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ly full-scale, have none of the eerie beauty of early-movie catastrophes designed in miniature and employing illusions (as they were by the Ufa technicians). There's no beauty anywhere in this movie, but as a dumb, square adventure story—expensive pop primitivism manufactured for the "Airport" market—it is honestly what it is, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining. That enormous wall of water hits while the characters are celebrating New Year's Eve. Ah, movie men and their exquisite calculations! How much does it add to the TV sale if a picture can be shown on holidays from here unto eternity?

MAKING his début as a motion-picture producer with "Child's Play," David Merrick does not exactly arrive in style; in fact, it's hard to believe he travelled first class. The Robert Marasco play is a stylish bit of artifice—evil on the loose in a Catholic boarding school for boys. The trouble with this kind of Victorian gothic job is that there's never any way to resolve the situation satisfactorily (the explanations are always a letdown), and so you really have to enjoy the style and atmosphere of the game—the tonalities and the deftness and the neat little gambits. The movie version of "Child's Play" needed a polished surface and suave craftsmanship. Instead, it has been turned into a horror melodrama—to cash in, one assumes, on the young movie audience's new interest in diabolism. A changed ending reduces the "metaphysical" malevolence to conscious manipulation, and the movie gets its shocks in the easiest ways (a bloody mutilation at the outset made my head hurt). The music is obtrusive, with rattlesnake rattles for lurking depravity, and the film is very ugly visually, with straitjacket framing. The director, Sidney Lumet, must have decided that James Mason, as the harried pedant Malley, was going to get awards (the way Fritz Weaver, who played the role on the stage, did), and, in order to hand them to him, destroyed his performance. Just about every time he says a line, he is presented in an abrupt, badly cropped closeup, so instead of observing his performance in rhythm with the rest of the picture (and, indeed, he's quite good) you have it thrust on you in visual isolation. The movie tries to be a Black Mass, and Robert Preston, as the popular, hearty teacher Dobbs, is lighted to suggest Satan. Once a fine screen actor, Preston is now ageless and painfully

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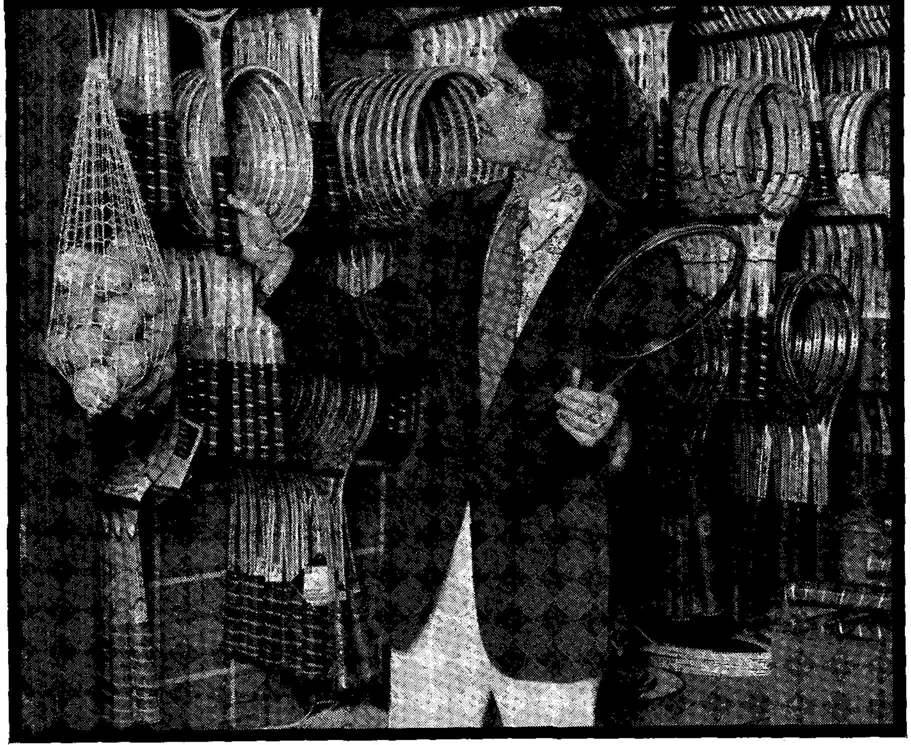

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(probably unconsciously) actorish; on the stage his energy is joyful, but in movies he seems to project all over the place, even when he isn't doing anything. He feels wrong in every shot here, but it doesn't really matter, because the film is crudely effective on its own tense but unpleasant horror-thriller level. You can't help being frightened at times, especially when Beau Bridges, as the young gym teacher, is surrounded by malignant boys, but the mutilation of children for our enjoyment is not to my taste. The picture seems to me fairly disgusting, and might have even if it had been elegantly contrived, without blood and without noisy vipers on the track.

JACQUES TATI is praised so extravagantly by others that maybe I will be forgiven if I say that he lost me on "Mon Oncle" and that his new film, "Traffic," could be a whole lot funnier. Tati had a nice spare buoyancy in "Jour de Fête" and was poignantly quick and eccentric in "Mr. Hulot's Holiday," but he really isn't much of a performer, and by the time of "Mon Oncle" his spontaneity had vanished. At best, his films just seem to happen, but when he tries for careful charm, as he does in "Traffic," and it doesn't come, the bumbling begins to seem rather precious and fatuous. Hulot is now a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. He has his familiar fidgety, gawky lope, with his arms sailing in front or behind, and he's as impersonal as ever. He has less to do this time, but those who surround him are just as impersonal. The dubbing into English adds to the non-involvement, and so does Tati's predilection for long shots. The actors are kept at a distance—an oddly depersonalizing style for a movie that is commenting on modern depersonalization. The color and the design of the film are pretty, and Tati is in his purest form—evocative and bittersweet—when two garage mechanics simulate walking on the moon. But most of the confusions and the disjointed bits are fuzzy and only vaguely comic. There's sprightly music to let you know when the sequences are meant to be droll, and the perky whimsey of it all is damn near overpowering. —PAULINE KAEL

•

A check with the company confirms the bleak outlook. Sherman L. Richardson, bleak president and controller, concedes that fourth period per-share earnings will be lower.—*The Wall Street Journal.*

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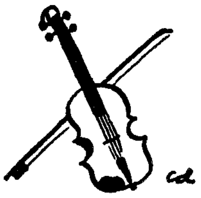
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Verdi Crusade



THE works of Verdi dominate the operatic repertory as never before. During the revival and revaluation that began in the thirties, and still continue, "Macbeth" was the first of the early, pre-"Rigoletto" operas to be esteemed highly by earnest musicians—rightly so. "Nabucco" came next. And now that they have all been heard again, everyone has his special favorites. "I Due Foscari" is an intense, unusual piece, with deeper characterization than can be found in "Ernani"—though "Ernani," stirringly sung, proves irresistible. For my money, the pair still too seldom performed are "Giovanna d'Arco," which is swift, shapely, and uncommonly compact, and "Stiffelio," in which the problems of a German pastor who preaches forgiveness yet cannot forgive his adulterous wife give rise to some of the composer's most interesting early inventions (well, fairly early; "Rigoletto" followed hard upon "Stiffelio"). The opera that seldom wins wholehearted approval today is "I Lombardi Alla Prima Crociata," Verdi's second great success. "Nabucco" was his first, and with it, his third opera, he broke all Scala records (the run of fifty-seven performances in the autumn season of 1842 is unparalleled in that theatre's annals). "I Lombardi," on which he collaborated with the same librettist, Temistocle Solera, was an evident attempt to repeat the triumph. The 1843 audiences went wild over it; according to Verdi's early biographer Folchetto, the big chorus "O Signore, dal tetto natio" raised a storm of approval ("*move all'orgasmo il pubblico*" is his vivid phrase). Modern commentators ascribe much of the enthusiasm to the patriotic fervor of the time. Like Boito in his review of an 1864 revival at La Scala, they are ready to discern "the marvellous traces, here and there, of eternal beauty," but always there is a note of reserve. The odd thing is that no two writers agree on which passages are splendid and which not. I was not wholehearted about "I Lombardi" myself until, last week, Eve Queler directed a concert performance of the work in Carnegie Hall that swept away all resistance to the piece and made most of the objections to it seem trivial.

In a concert performance, of course, the problems of staging the somewhat outrageous plot are avoided. A vision scene in which the tenor, with attendant celestial spirits, appears in Heaven to sing to a soprano still on earth is more easily set in a theatre of the mind than on boards and backcloth. In a dramatic action, we might more readily regret that Act I ends with the situation almost exactly where it began: at the start of the act the bass, Pagano, returns from an exile of expiation in the Holy Land, imposed because he had tried to kill his brother; at the close, after another bungled attempt at fratricide, he sets out again for the Middle East and another stint of exile. But as a musical action, the two scenes of this act magnificently conjure up an atmosphere of violence, of communal emotions rent and distorted by personal passion, of Christian piety and Crusader bloodlust in fierce, strange contrast. These are the recurrent themes of the opera. They are abruptly stated in the musical confrontation of nuns' chorus, cutthroats' chorus, and Pagano's cabaletta "O speranza di vendetta," which ends the first scene. (Abruptness is a feature but not necessarily a failing of "I Lombardi.") In "Il Giuramento" (1837) Mercadante had done something similar. On one level, Solera and Verdi may simply have had recourse to an operatic device of proved effectiveness. On another, instinct, rather than any conscious planning, and sheer theatrical flair led them to shape their farrago in a way which makes excellent surreal sense, though it offends all the canons of the well-made play. Francis Toye "doubted whether the annals of opera contain a more uncouth libretto." The coincidences of the later encounters in Palestine are as great as those of "La Forza del Destino," more monstrous even than the Loch Lomond meeting in the last scene of "Aroldo"—but we may recall that the program of Artaud's First Manifesto includes "a romantic melodrama in which the improbability will become an active and concrete element of poetry," and that the "Conquest of Mexico" epic outlined in the Second Manifesto has much in common with "I Lombardi." All his life, Verdi looked for unusual subject matter cast in unconventional forms; in "I Lombardi" Solera provided him with a rambling, scrambling pageant that deals with the clash of cultures, the questioning of creeds, the conflict of individual emotion and national destiny, and the vision of a glorious future to be won by determination and sacrifice. No wonder his response to it was vigorous.

Solera was a feckless, colorful, attractive fellow. The son of an Italian patriot imprisoned in the Spielberg, he ran away from his Viennese school to join a circus, but was recaptured by the police in Budapest. He was composer as well as poet, and by the age of twenty-four had had two operas performed with success at La Scala—an achievement unusual even in those days when composers began young. For Verdi he wrote four stirring librettos, moving to Madrid while the last of them, "Attila," was still being composed. From Spain, there were tales of romantic adventures involving Queen Isabella. Later, he is reported to have been a spy for Napoleon III, then for Cavour, to have organized the suppression of banditry in the Basilicata, and to have reorganized the Egyptian police. In 1861 he was destitute, and Verdi's friend the Countess Maffei got up a fund to establish him as an antique dealer in Florence (Verdi was unsympathetic: "Within eight days he will be back where he started; it's his own fault that he has not pursued a brilliant career, and become the leading librettist of our day"). In 1876 he landed up in England, but "the fatal words that Dante saw written on the gates of Hell stand now before my eyes on all the walls of London." Within two years, he was dead. Solera's verse is usually mocked, but I like it, enjoying the almost Byronically chipper fashion in which he tosses grand, resonant words about and lets them fall down pat. Toye cites a quatrain from the chorus of incompetent cutthroats in "I Lombardi"—"*D'un sol colpo in paradiso / L'alme altrui godiam mandar; / Col pugnal di sangue intriso / Poi sediamo a banchettar*"—which he renders, not unfairly, as "With one blow we like to send our / Fellows' souls in heaven to shine; / Then with gore-encrusted daggers / We sit calmly down to dine." It gets a smile; so does Verdi's dapper music to it, even from an audience that may not be following the words in detail. I believe that Solera and Verdi both knew exactly what they were at, and allowed for that smile (rather as Elgar did when composing the demon chorus of "Gerontius"—a light moment in a work not otherwise comic). The poet who in "Nabucco" paraphrased Psalm 137 as "*Va, pensiero, sull'ali dorate*" and the man who set those words were not bunglers. The cutthroats were.

In her performance of "I Lombardi" Miss Queler skimped nothing and exaggerated nothing. On the ros-

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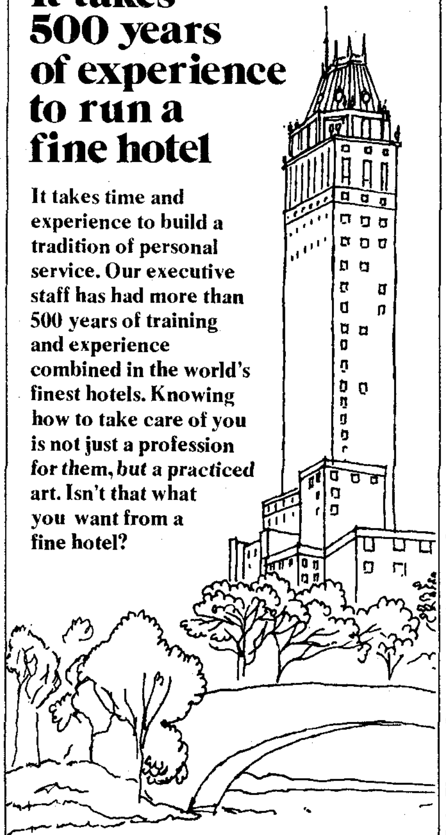

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trum, she looks like a sweet girl-graduate in her raven hair, not a fluent, fiery maestro, yet the drive of this piece, and all its variety—the blatant *banda* music to which the Crusaders advance; the serene, ecstatic choral apostrophe of the Holy City that opens Act III; the slow, strong lilt of "O Signore, dal tetto natio," the chorus of yearning for the soft Lombard plains, that chorus which, in the words of the Risorgimento poet Giuseppe Giusti, "*tanti petti ha scossi e inebriati;*" and the urgent swell and soaring lyrical flights of the love scenes—were by Miss Queler more vividly caught than in performances I have heard under some eminent conductors. She had an adept orchestra, led by Raymond Gniewek, the Metropolitan Opera's concertmaster (stylish soloist in that salon piece which introduces the celestial apparition). She had a good cast, led by Renata Scotto. Miss Scotto should not really be tackling so heavily dramatic a role as Giselda (composed for Erminia Frezzolini, a famous Lucrezia Borgia)—not if she wishes to retain the sweet, limpid timbre for which we love her. She sacrificed sweetness to power—but power she achieved. She was thrilling; she moved us all to a frenzy of excitement in the second-act finale, that startling scene in which Giselda declares that commercial interest, not morality, has prompted the invasion, and goes on to denounce "the impious holocaust of human corpses" and contradict Urban II's slogan, "*Deus le veult!*," which launched the First Crusade, with her own cry of "*Dio nol vuole!*" I have never heard Miss Scotto deploy such flashing energy of tone, rhythm, and declamation. But from the start she has been a determined artist, with ideas of her own, and good ones, about roles as diverse as Elvira, Violetta, and Cio-Cio-San. Each year she develops. While applauding her dramatic prowess—all Giselda's music was amply and stirringly sung, with a stylish and eloquent command of portamento—I fear only lest artistic ambition lead her to punish that beautiful voice. Oronte, the Muslim prince who reaches Heaven after a deathbed baptism beside the Jordan, was done by José Carreras. He sang the part as if his life depended on it, and (despite a throat infection) in full, ardent, unforced, pliantly molded tones that were ravishing to hear. He has for some years been a promising tenor; this performance should put him in the major league. Pagano, the villain who becomes a holy hermit, was Paul Plishka, a bass whose voice has the ring, the surge, and the clean focus of a fine Verdi baritone's. So the principal roles were in good hands. The smaller parts were acceptably enough taken. The Sarah Lawrence College Chorus was spirited and accurate. All in all, an evening to remember.

LATE Verdi was also represented last week by an uncommonly fine performance: the Metropolitan Opera's revival of "Otello." Franco Zeffirelli's production, new last season, shows a bold, imaginative, and experienced approach. Basically conventional, it is enlivened by some harmless picturesque touches (such as the unpacking of Othello's library) and by clever solutions to the tricky points of stage disposition (the garden chorus, the overhearing scene), but is flawed by some moments of silliness (would any Othello, however tidy-minded, stop while bent on murder to put away a dress that Emilia had left carelessly flung over a coffer?). The décor looks handsome, even if the turrets framing each scene join awkwardly to the raked floor, making the architecture seem unstable. Rudolph Kuntner's lighting is sensitive in the main, but the follow-spots of Act I are obtrusive, in the shaded area of Act II the sun blazes more brightly than anywhere else, and on Saturday there was some unhappy flickering, as well as a conductor's lamp that shone out into the audience's eyes more insistently than anything from the stage. Mr. Zeffirelli's much criticized final scene—the bed a precipitous catafalque in a big bare room—I can only praise, since both in atmosphere and in stage plan it supported so powerful an enactment of the catastrophe.

Jon Vickers' first London Othello, earlier this year, was noble; his Othello in the new Metropolitan production (James McCracken was the protagonist last season) was superb: more controlled, more dignified, less constantly close to madness, no less passionate and intense—in voice as in demeanor. Like Tamagno, who created the role, he declaims it with heroic vigor; not just each syllable but of a word like "*Gloria!*" each single letter makes its effect. From Tamagno, he might well adopt a broader approach to "O! now, for ever farewell" ("Ora e per sempre addio"). Verdi's marking is "*Allegro assai ritenuto*, quarter-note 88." That is just about Tamagno's basic tempo on each of the three records he made of the excerpt, but the basic tempo he freely holds up in order to stress particular words and notes, with wonderfully brilliant results. An Othello of more recent

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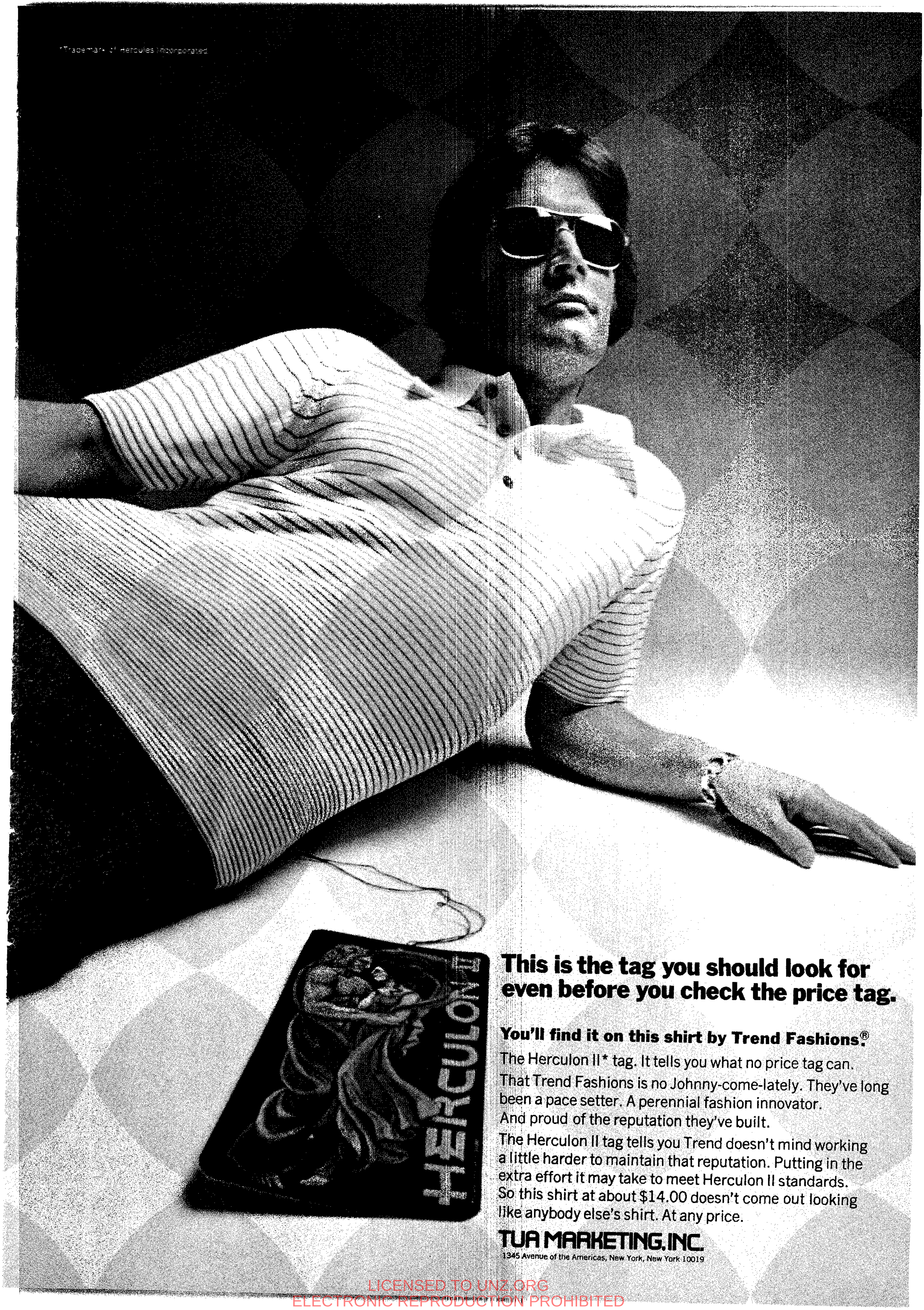

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times, Martinelli, needed only one minute to record this passage, over which Tamagno took more than a minute and a half. I imagine that Mr. Vickers sang it in barely a minute. But in the final "Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd" ("Niun mi tema") he seemed as unhurried as Tamagno himself—and he was tremendous. In London, Mr. Vickers had to hold his own against a handsome, overconfident Iago (Kostas Paskalis), who swaggered as if he owned the stage—a perfectly possible way of doing the part. Here his Ancient, Louis Quilico, looked rather jolly and Falstaffian. But though this Iago may have been a shade fat he was not scant of breath, and his "Creed" was expounded with subtle attention to the shading of its clauses. Teresa Zylis-Gara was a lovely Desdemona whose singing combined warmth of expression with clear, full, gentle radiance of timbre. Her notes were firm and true. She moved from one to the next with beautiful control, shaped and graded the phrases, and uttered the words, with feeling. Seldom does an account of the "Willow Song" so touchingly combine poise and pathos.

James Levine conducted. He was alert, incisive, energetic, but gave a performance quite free from personal pushiness, from insistence that this was *his* reading. Balance was good. Instrumental colors were bright. Pacing was cogent. Transitions were deftly made. It was exciting. The love duet was charged to an unusual degree with sensuality. Miss Zylis-Gara and Mr. Vickers sang and acted it with smoldering inner passion, and the sound of the solo cellos rose around them like musk. To the "Ora e per sempre," already mentioned, to the duet "Sì, pel ciel," and to the third-act finale Mr. Levine should have brought expansiveness. The garden chorus sounded scrawny and under-rehearsed, and its mandolin accompaniment crudely amplified.

A BRIEF operatic roundup can take note of "La Pietra del Paragone" in Alice Tully Hall, opening event of the Clarion Concerts season. Newell Jenkins, conducting, sometimes slogged through numbers that should sparkle. Beverly Wolff was a captivating Clarice, with plenty of character, fun, and tenderness; she has both the voice and the technique for the role. Mr. Carreras was a graceful Giocondo; John Reardon, Andrew Foldi, and Justino Diaz, as count, critic, and poet, all did well. The opera should have been given in English, or else librettos with original and translated texts provided; Rossini's music bubbles from Ro-

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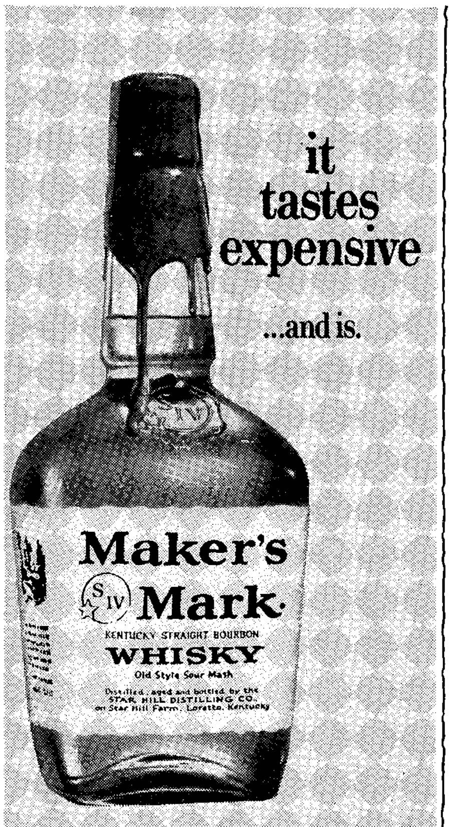
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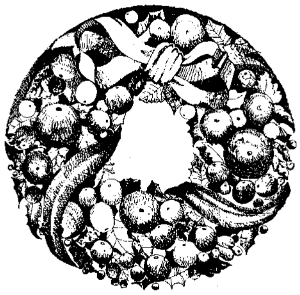

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manelli's witty words, and both need to be followed at once; otherwise most of the points are lost. Clayton Garrison's "semi-production" for the concert stage was neat, among the best of its kind I have seen. A merry evening. Not so the Juilliard American Opera Center's "Don Pasquale." This *was* done in English, in Phyllis Mead's translation, and almost every word was audible; that was one merit, at least. But the luxus of the Juilliard Theatre had tempted Gian Carlo Menotti to essay a bang-up staging. To move the action to Naples in the nineteen-twenties was, well, an "idea," and Pierluigi Samaritani had designed a once grand, now dowdy *palazzo* apartment, a sluttish room for Norina, and a *cortile* (instead of a garden) with loving realism. But Mr. Menotti's jokes more often involved the décor (a rickety chair, a line hung with washing, etc.) than the characters of the four principals, and were applied, not intrinsic. Pointless business abounded. James Conlon's conducting, after a promising overture, lacked gaiety. I heard the second cast, which was unremarkable.

A very effective presentation of Virgil Thomson's "The Mother of Us All," in the auditorium of the Guggenheim Museum, showed how with small forces—smaller than ever the composer envisaged—and much skill the essential spirit of an opera can on occasion be captured. The orchestra was reduced to piano, trumpet, percussion, and organ, and the cast to eight. Gertrude Stein's text came over with perfect clarity. Thomson set it with a marvellous ear for rhythmic nuance and eloquent inflection; his music is apparently simple yet fiendishly cunning. "Mother" is a kind of masterpiece; why on earth is it not in the City Opera's repertory? Does it shine with special brightness, is it most affecting, when sung by clean, true young voices in a small theatre? All the singers I heard must be mentioned; all were good, and a Baedeker-type star can indicate particular approval: Judith Erickson, *Kenneth F. Bell, Olivia Buckley, Jon Garrison, **Kate Hurney, Wayne Turnage, Gene West, Lynne Wickenden; musical director *Roland Gagnon.

—ANDREW PORTER

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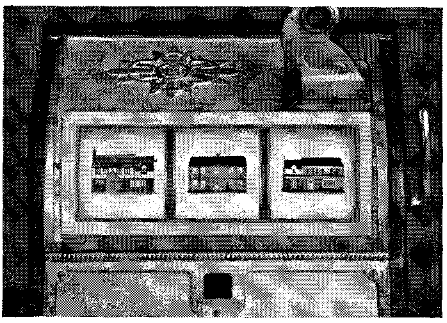

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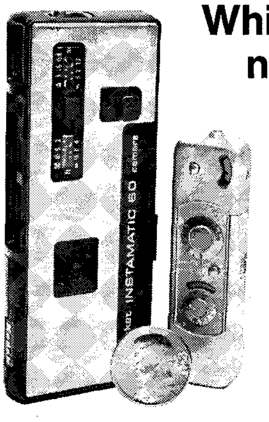

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

DECEMBER 10

FOR a fortnight or so after his victory last month, it seemed possible, even likely, that the President would take advantage of the opportunity given him by the Constitution to make his second Administration look—on the surface, at least—smarter and sharper than his first. He had long since paid off the political debts acquired in earlier years, and he had incurred no new ones in 1972. He turned up several new sources of support this year—primarily certain segments of labor and formerly Democratic ethnic blocs—and if his victory had been as narrow as, say, John Kennedy's in 1960, almost any one of these groups could have claimed credit for his reëlection. But when a man gets a popular majority anything like the size of Nixon's this year, no voting bloc can claim to have contributed more than marginally to his success. The first announcement of personnel changes last month suggested that Nixon, aware of his new freedom, was about to abandon the role of self-seeking politician and become, in his final years of service, a selfless statesman, winning from posterity the kind of vindication he has thus far failed to find, except in the voting booths in 1972. Elliot Richardson may or may not be a more effective Secretary of Defense than Melvin Laird, but he is a man of charm and wit, and he lacks Laird's years of intimacy with the military, just as he lacks the perpetual scowl that has made Laird so easy a target for cartoonists. Caspar Weinberger has a reputation for administrative skill, attested to by men of recognized competence in the field, and he may prove to be the best Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare since Wilbur Cohen—an accolade that could not be given his predecessor, Richardson, since Richardson, upon learning of his shift to Defense, complained a bit grumpily that it seemed always his fate to be given a new responsibility just as he was mastering one he had only recently acquired. Not much can be said about the numerous shifts in the lower echelons, for less is publicly known of the work of these men, but, at any rate, in the first couple of weeks after the election it seemed that Nixon was recasting his show with an eye to increasing its attractiveness and drawing better press notices.

But that period of apparent promise was short-lived, for the old politician surfaced in mid-November, and it soon enough became plain that it was naïve to expect much in the way of a change of style so soon after the old style had worked with such efficacy. The new Secretary of Labor will be Peter Brennan, the present boss of the construction-trades council in New York, both city and state, who two years ago drew himself to the President's attention when he organized a pro-war demonstration of masons, carpenters, riveters, and steeplejacks outside City Hall in New York to counter a demonstration of anti-war students. For this display of valor he was invited to the White House, where the President praised his patriotism and, in return, was presented by Brennan with a hard hat. Politically, the Cabinet appointment may be seen by the Administration as an expression of gratitude for the support given the President by Brennan and some other labor people in the recent campaign, but labor on the whole is unlikely to be much impressed, for although Brennan and his followers are unquestionably powerful in pursuit of their own interests, they are not well regarded by the mass of organized and unorganized workers. Brennan may turn out to be an adequate and large-minded executive ("Remember Walter Hickel," some are saying—often meeting with the rejoinder from others that they recall him well and also his fate), but Brennan's is about as blatantly political an appointment as any recent President has made. For Secretary of Commerce, the President has named Frederick B. Dent, a textile baron from South Carolina, a friend of Strom Thurmond's, and a man who can denounce protectionism as eloquently as the late Cordell Hull, except in the field of textiles, for which he advocates import quotas. It has lately become Administration policy to transfer some money from the highway trust fund into mass transit, and the man chosen, as Secretary of Transportation, to advance this policy is Claude S. Brinegar, an automobile enthusiast (he is a director of the Daytona Speedway) who has opposed the policy and is senior vice-president of the Union Oil Company of California, some of whose oil fouled the beaches of Santa Barbara a few years back. To replace George Romney as Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, Nixon has named James T. Lynn, a competent bureaucrat with no known expertise in the field. In the White House itself, there are apparently to be no major changes.

Judith Shahn

At least in domestic policy, it seems impossible to find any coherent theory of administration in the President's behavior since his reëlection. His appointments of such men as Brennan, Dent, and Brinegar are bound to meet with stiff opposition from many in both parties in the Senate, where his influence is somewhat lower than before. (Even among those Republicans who were returned to office, several feel that all of Nixon's campaigning was in his own behalf, and that he neglected to lend a hand to others on his ticket.) Except in the case of Brennan, many of whose subordinates have become notorious for political backwardness, no suspicions have been voiced against the appointees thus far named. But a good deal of investigation, in and out of Congress, can be expected in the weeks ahead, and even if no traces of malfeasance are found, there is certain to be a fair amount of opposition to having a textile manufacturer run the Department of Commerce, and perhaps even more to having a former oil lobbyist head the Department of Transportation. And if opposition reaches the point at which there is a real possibility of rejection, Nixon will not be much helped by his huge popular majority or by his Chief Executive's powers to reward or to punish, for in the view of two-thirds of the Senate he is already a lame duck; he will have no power to exercise in the elections of 1976 and 1978. The whole business seems to be so at odds with Nixon's reputation for political craftiness that one cannot help wondering whether the reputation is really deserved. In the light of his management of his own last two campaigns, the answer can hardly be negative; the likeliest explanation is that success has sharpened all Nixon's combative instincts, and that he is spoiling for a few more fights with the Senate liberals before his retirement.

It has been suggested that Nixon's recent actions are not unlike those of a

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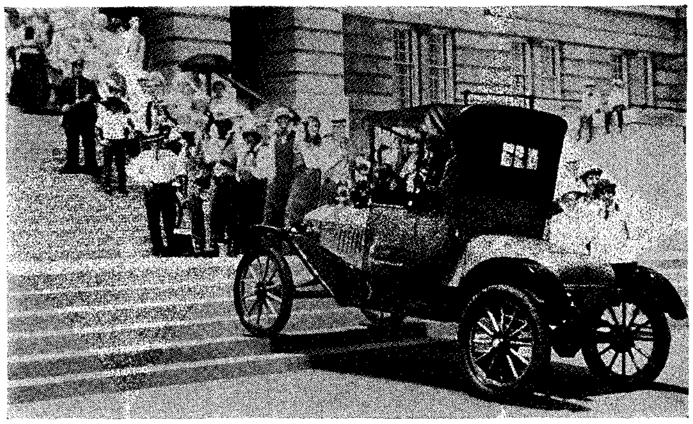

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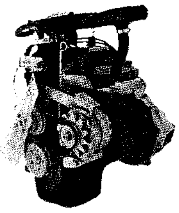

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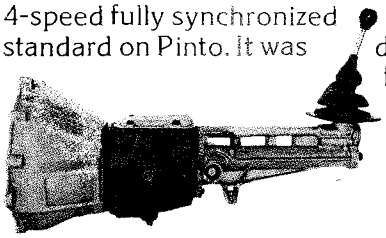
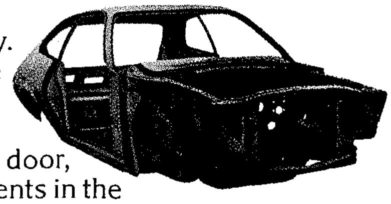
The Pinto transmission. A floor-mounted 4-speed fully synchronized transmission is standard on Pinto. It was designed to be "lubed for life". All it should need is inspection during routine dealer maintenance.





The Pinto body. Unitized into one piece of welded steel, with steel guard rails in the door, steel reinforcements in the roof. And a surprising amount of room inside.

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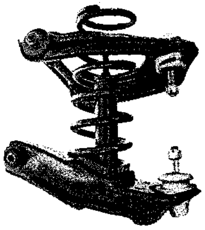

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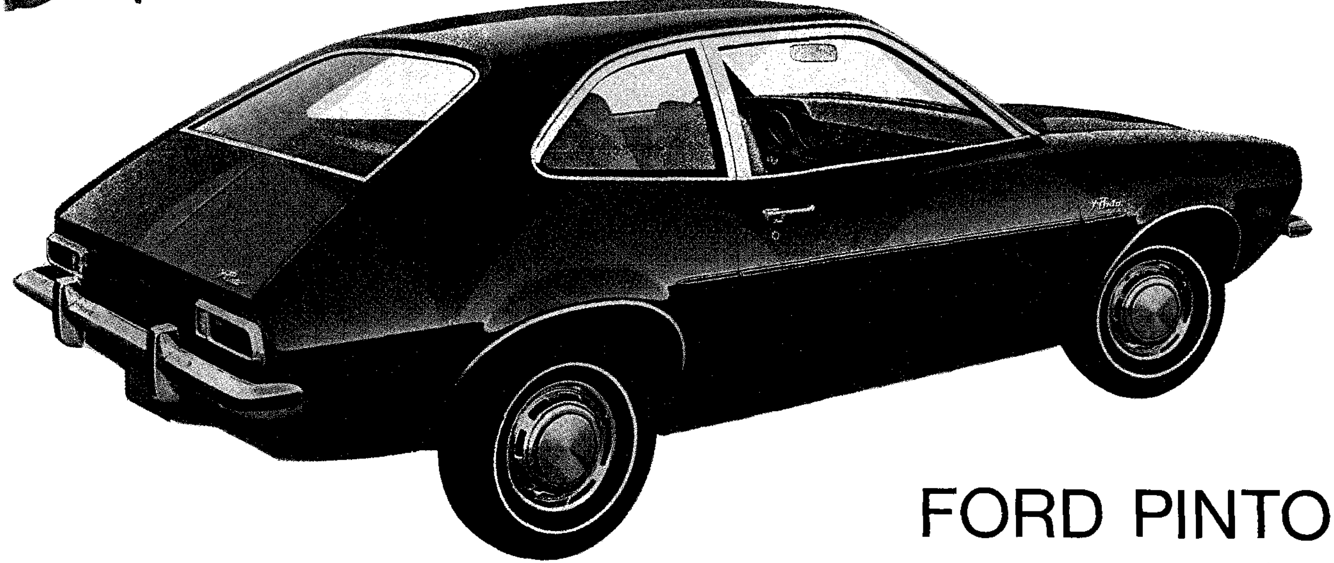
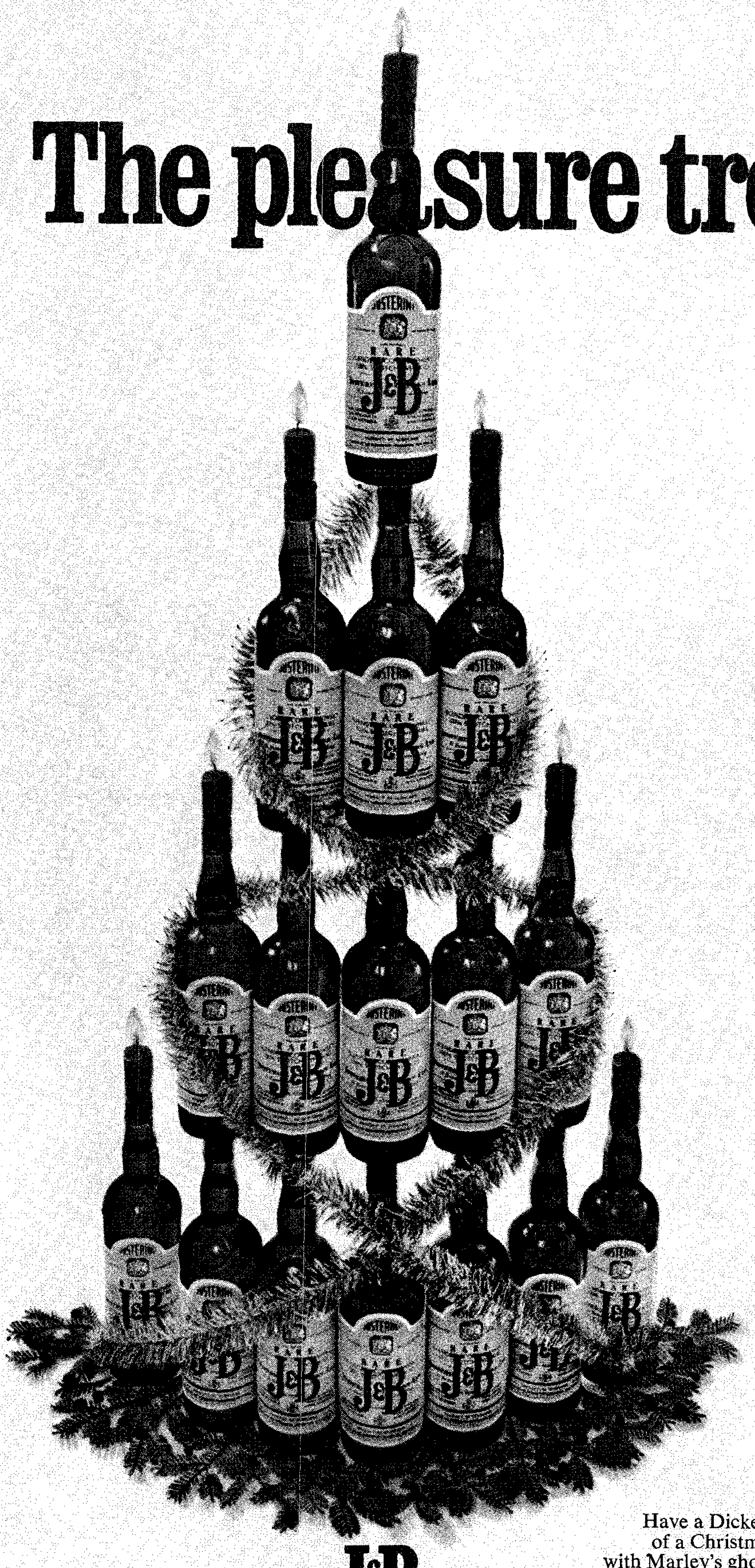


Shown here is a 1973 Pinto sedan with optional whitewall tires, accent and deluxe bumper groups.

FORD PINTO

FORD DIVISION

The pleasure tree.



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predecessor whose policies he opposed but whose techniques he has always professed to admire—Harry S. Truman. In Truman's day, it was often said that he made a series of brilliant appointments in the State and Defense Departments and turned most of the rest of the government over to hacks and mediocrities—partly on the theory that he wanted all the available talent to work on his diplomacy, and partly on the theory that he would be free to have foreign policy run as he thought it ought to run if he let the old-line Party men have things the way they wanted them in the domestic agencies. It sounded plausible at the time—certainly there was the kind of division in the Truman Administration that there seems now to be in the Nixon Administration—but the rationale really doesn't sound plausible today. For one thing, Nixon's popular support is—at the moment, anyway—far greater than Truman's was after 1948.

When Nixon took office in 1969, there were few people here or anywhere else who could foresee more than a few of the large developments of his first term. It was pretty well taken for granted that he would do all he could to give the Supreme Court and the Department of Justice the kind of leadership he soon provided, but few anticipated the turn to the left in economic policy or the diplomatic initiatives he inaugurated. Undoubtedly, the second term will be equally full of surprises—some initiated by him, some thrust upon him from outside. He may have to reverse the order of priorities that has lately been his and once was Harry Truman's, for, more and more, the internal threats to security seem as great as, if not greater than, the external ones, and the measures taken in his first term have not been ameliorative in any notable degree. As a matter of fact, the problems have converged as never before—narcotics, for example, not only demoralizing street life in the cities but jeopardizing discipline and order in the armed forces. He moved somewhat to the left when he became, as he put it, a "Keynesian," but he will shortly have to move, in one direction or another, away from that doctrine, which became passé a short while before he embraced it. He has a fairly sure instinct for the certainty of change in human affairs, and he demonstrated this on at least a few occasions in his first Administration. But his instinct for the management and control of change is somehow gravely flawed, as is his way of judging human capabilities. Few Presidents in our history have had the opportunities he has had in the last

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month to put aside politics and utilize the finest talents in the country—building not only an almost universally admired Administration but one that Congress would be hard put to it to oppose. Yet he has chosen otherwise, and about all one can foresee now are four years filled with surprises and with a divisiveness unworthy of the country.

Henry Kissinger, who about six weeks ago, and a few days before the election, said that "peace is at hand," continues to move from continent to continent, conferring with Indo-Chinese of various persuasions and now and then with diplomats from his own and other countries. What is discussed in these sessions—particularly with the Vietnamese, who evidently think nothing of a five- or six-hour tête-à-tête—seems known only to a handful of people in three or four capitals, and none of them will breathe a word of what they know or are believed to know. Sometimes, one hears, all that remains at issue is the question of whether the North Vietnamese soldiers in South Vietnam stay where they are or go home when the last Americans pull out. This offers no problem to the authorities in Hanoi, since it has always been their position that there are no North Vietnamese troops in South Vietnam. But everyone knows that there are plenty of them, and everyone except the South Vietnamese officials knows that there is no way of getting them out, because there is no way of finding and identifying them, and that even if their hideouts and identities were known there would now be no way of chasing them north of the border. How a conference lasting more than half an hour could be held on this question is almost impossible to imagine. No doubt the time is passed in talking over other matters—like the whole future of American power in that part of the world—some of which may bear on the settlement.

Actually, of course, the troop question in itself has never been the really serious one. In the event of a ceasefire, all the North Vietnamese forces could go north across the Demilitarized Zone as the last of the Americans broke camp, and then, if such were their orders, about-face and return to topple the Thieu government. It is mainly, though not exclusively, the Thieu government's awareness of this that continues to delay a settlement, and although the United States could quite defensibly apply irresistible pressure on Saigon by cutting off all military aid, we will not do so in the foreseeable future unless Congress forces the Presi-

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dent's hand, which is a possibility, but still a fairly remote one. The harshest of the Administration's critics maintain that we are holding out for Thieu's terms because we have some kind of interest—generally thought to be sinister—in keeping Thieu in power. This is true to an extent, but not because this government prefers the Thieu regime to any conceivable coalition in Saigon; it is more likely that the President, like Thieu, fears that a coalition would be either dominated or superseded by the Viet Cong, and this, he continues to feel, cannot be countenanced while he is President.

Once again, then, there seems to be diminishing hope in the negotiations, public and private, in Paris, and this could mean that the war will drag on and on. But there remain other possibilities. Hanoi's resources are not infinite, and there may be limits to the replacements that the Russians are willing to provide. Since the fall of Khrushchev, not much has been heard of the doctrine of "wars of national liberation." In the present world situation, none of the great powers has the kind of stakes in Indo-China that all of them claimed to have a few years ago; the war there has, in fact, become a hindrance, making more difficult the realignments that all have been seeking. When and if they all acknowledge that they have far more important interests elsewhere, they may come to an agreement of their own, written or not, to cease their interventions and save face on all sides. How long it would take for something of the sort to happen is difficult to say, for no one in the Western world is very knowledgeable about the balance of forces in the East—and no one here, for that matter, can estimate with any certainty how much more this country is willing to put up with. But it remains an outcome that is far from unthinkable.

Then again, it may be that a settlement of sorts will be forced not by the countries directly involved but by the countries that have stood aside in Vietnam and now hope to eliminate the last vestiges of the Cold War in the West. The European security conference that statesmen on both sides have been urging for a decade or so is at last in its preliminary and preparatory stages in Helsinki, where representatives of thirty-four nations are gathered and are spending their early days trying to come to an agreement over the nature of the solutions they seek. What the Russians and most of the other Communist countries want is a formal agreement with the Western powers on the maintenance of national borders as they stood at the end of the Second World War, and a further agreement to accept Communist rule where it was established in those years. Actually, they are asking for a formal acknowledgment of a system that has been accepted for over a quarter of a century and that no one nowadays—not even West Germany, which has lately accepted the *Ostpolitik* of Chancellor Willy Brandt—has any interest in changing. The United States and its allies will oppose none of this, but would like to see it accompanied by a reduction of military forces on both sides—a subject due for discussion at another conference, early next year. We and our NATO allies would also like to see the Eastern borders opened to further exchanges between the old antagonists. As the Western diplomats put it, this proposal has an agreeable sound, but the Russians suspect that its real purpose is to make it possible for the West to flood the East with anti-Communist propaganda.

The West does not have very high expectations that Moscow will soon accept its proposals, but some of the other participants, notably Canada and Rumania, may urge acceptance of our terms; indeed, it is said that there are about a dozen uncommitted countries that may bring pressure to bear, and thus cause some kind of compromise from Moscow. If all this succeeds, as many now think it will in time, it is hard to believe that pressure will not be brought to bear on the two Vietnams to seek mutual accommodation and an end to just about all that will remain of ideological hostility, unless they choose to persist strictly on their own. China, of course, is not represented at Helsinki, but China, too, seems on its way to becoming an advocate of peaceful coexistence, and as she seeks new contacts throughout the world, she would be unlikely to take a larger part in a war from which all other countries were abstaining.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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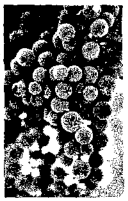

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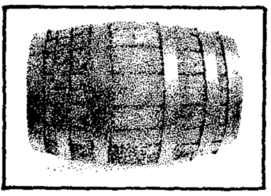

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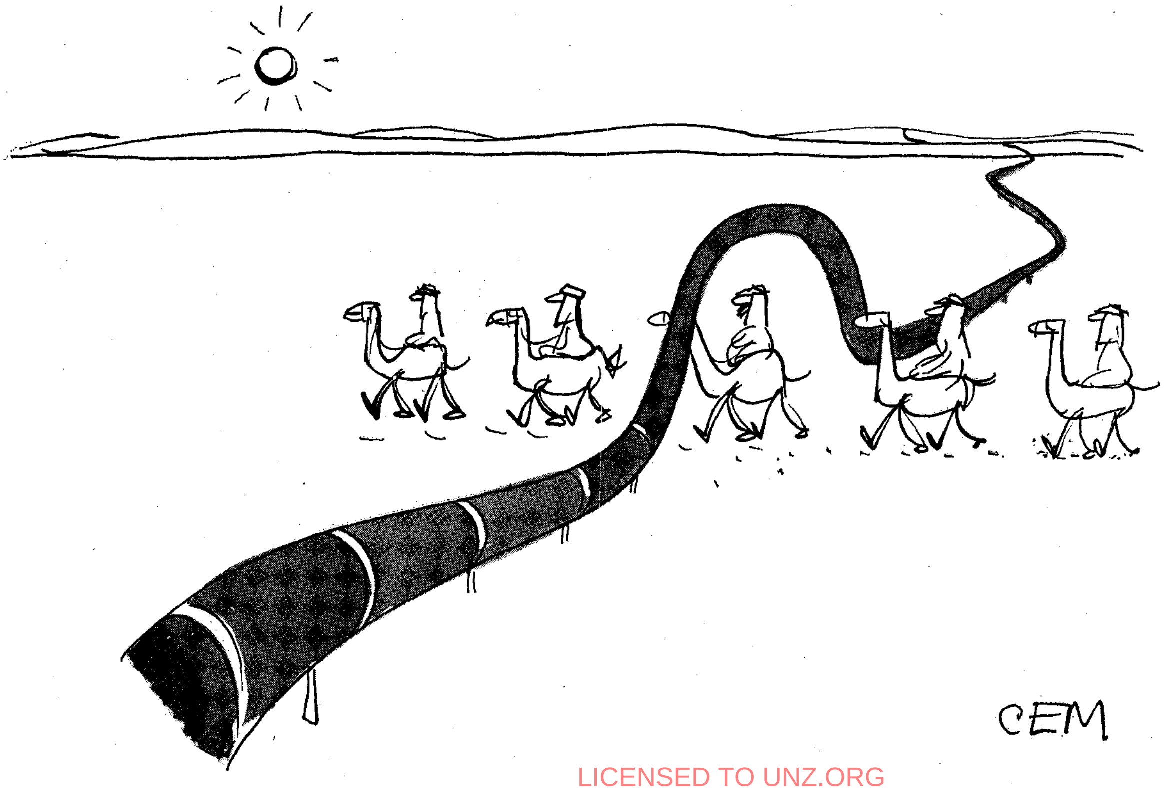
BOOKS

Dead Ends

CENTURIES after art lost interest in kings and Gothic deeds, the myth that art gives less than a fair shake to ordinary citizens lives on. A peculiarly contemporary version of the myth adds that this species is not merely commonplace and forgotten but is also grown-up. And so from time to time a book or a film is hailed as gloriously "adult" because it depicts half-articulate humans maundering through a series of compromises and frustrations to an inconclusive and generally unromantic end. The notion that adulthood is a distinct artistic quality proves handy for both the baffled critic who wishes to give marks for effort and the artist who suspects that his creation falls short on excitement and originality but who can yet fan the dim fire of his integrity with the reflection that life falls short on these qualities, too. Intelligent English novelists well on in their careers are apt to slip into the role of champion to this counterfeit maturity: recently, the chore appears to have been undertaken by Margaret Drabble in her latest, and sixth, novel, "The Needle's Eye" (Knopf). The reader is alerted to the maturity of the chief protagonists by the cassoulets and quiches they serve at dinner parties as well as by their preoccupation with property, litigation, and the unsatisfactory nature of marriage. It will be observed that Miss Drabble's set of grownups, like most of the breed springing full-grown from the heads of comfortably established novelists and critics, are unmistakably middle-class. The adults at the heart of her tale are halfway through their thirties, and they all have spouses (more or less at hand) and children. They have parents, too, but these are usually unseen though well-scrutinized influences or unlikely caricatures; they are much richer or much poorer than their children and as much exiles from the groves of "adulthood" as their young grandchildren, who are allowed only enough life to illustrate the terrible responsibilities that every grownup has to shoulder. Novels by and for grownups generally give short shrift to extremes of age or wealth, because the representatives of these extremes are prone to purely human passions that elude the charted rules governing the types in the middle ground.

And so Rose Vassiliou—who serves Miss Drabble as what flightier novelists like to call the heroine—has stopped being an heiress by the time we meet her and is safely ensconced in the middle class, albeit in its shabby, eccentric branch. More than ten years ago, amid a storm of passion and court orders, she married the sexy and apparently feckless young Christopher Vassiliou, and her maddened father disinherited her. She has since divorced Christopher, who is now transformed into a successful man living in Hampstead. Rose remains with their three children in a modest house in Middle Road, in an unfashionable part of London. In a threadbare, weary way, she is content. But even the most accomplished grownups sometimes find their routine threatened by a crisis, which they are then called upon to weather with stoicism. (The reader of grown-up novels is encouraged to wean himself of any vulgar anticipation of drama, just the same.) Rose's crisis develops torpidly around a lawsuit by which Christopher hopes to deprive her of the children. The threat turns out to be a false alarm, but Rose approaches the disturbing prospect with exemplary dignity. She makes a confidant of a gawky, puritanical barrister, Simon Camish, whom Miss Drabble fields as her best candidate for hero. Although his specific skill is trade-union law, enough general legalistic dust is attached to him to inspire confidence in Rose, whose present legal distress is only the newest link in a chain of briefs and affidavits that has fettered her for years. Simon is miserably and obediently married to Julie, whose father, like Rose's, is rich. Nervously and politely, Simon falls in love with Rose.

The intimacy between Rose and her mentor develops along what the callow outsider can't help seeing are unsatisfactory lines. The pair are too familiar with disillusion to waste time launching into an affair, and so they content themselves with spinning parallel threads of self-critical monologue. In their most passionate encounter, they sit over the supper dishes as she recounts the story of her life. When Simon has gone home to Julie and her fashionably khaki-colored drawing room, Rose lies sleepless in her sagging bed and takes up her tale where she left off, this time inside her head. Ostensibly she is wondering why she left out these further details when she was faced with a sympathetic audience. The reader is curious enough about this new information, and grateful that the pause between spoken and silent monologue has given him the strength to hear Rose out, but discouraged to learn that the self-examining talk on which this mournful union depends takes small account of the presence



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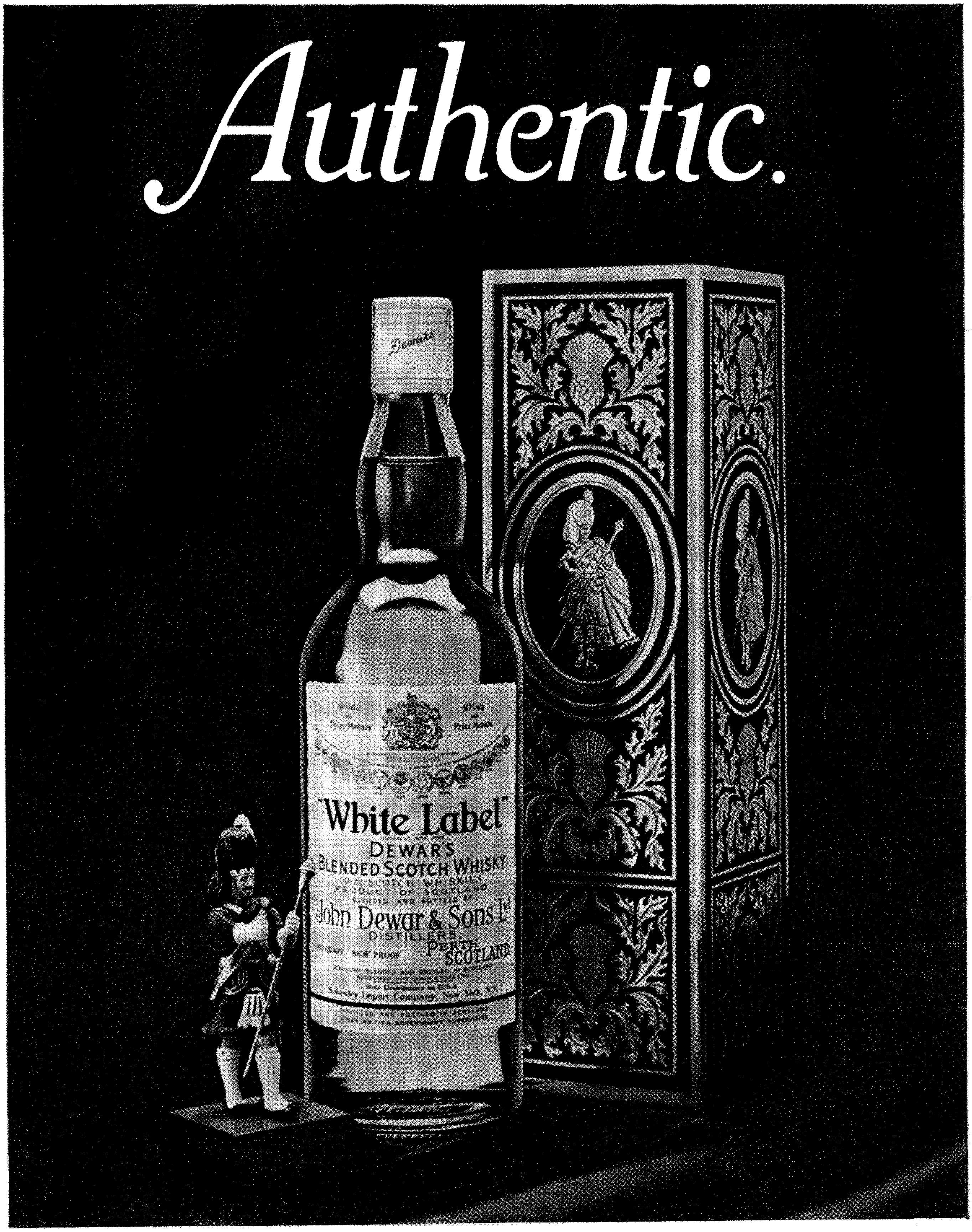
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Dewar's never varies.

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or absence of the other partner. There is little dialogue between the mousy Rose and the misanthropic Simon, and what dialogue there is anywhere in the novel is mostly restricted to brittle, dinner-table stuff and to the bovine wanderings of Julie's nagging. Simon, an old hand at the hypothetical and an expert at thinking up future-perfect things to say or do if manners permit, indulges himself in a dream of felicity in which he and Rose sit at supper together and, looking up occasionally from the books beside their plates, smile vaguely as they push each other the butter or the salt. In marked contrast to this discreet communion is the remembered brutality of Rose's marriage to Christopher, which represents the only obviously sexual passion in "The Needle's Eye." But this turbulence is not a part of the adult plot, because it is in the past, a thing survived, and because—the ketchup bottle Christopher hurled at his wife is the clue—the match was distinctly unbourgeois. Then Rose was in the process of plummeting down from privilege, while Christopher was scrabbling up out of the proletariat; both have since come to rest on more respectably moderate tiers.

Every relation and emotion in "The Needle's Eye" is passed through a filter of middle-class values. Even the "pure" soul-searchings of Rose and Simon turn endlessly about their attitudes to money, possessions, and houses. (The excuse is that they are reappraising such matters before rejecting their significance.) Rose remains as stubbornly opposed to her father's wealth as when, in the early years of her marriage, she signed away to charity a sum that came to her from a late-maturing trust set up for her during her childhood. But she frets about whether her self-imposed poverty might be considered a fraud and whether she is unfair to the children. Simon, for his part, hugs the fruit of his own success with a secret pleasure but suffers agonies of guilt about the money that enters his household by means of his father-in-law's success. He is fascinated by questions of social mobility, too—by the opinions and habits that money can buy and by those that aren't for sale at any price. ("He was good at picking out masqueraders, being one himself," observes the unrelenting author, making use of the unhappy barrister's reverie.) He notes how effortlessly his wife wastes money, and how her middle-class assurance allows her to swear or wear curlers all day, just like Rose's working-class neighbors. He sees how different his wife is from the angry, martyred mother who brought him up in a prim, pine-cleansed back-to-back in Teesside and saved her pennies so that he might have the chance to escape. And Rose—unwillingly, perhaps—is drawn deeply into the question of houses, neighborhoods, and destinations. Her choice of Middle Road, in an area that has not so much as hinted yet at coming up, is viewed by many of her middle-class acquaintances as a pretentious quirk and by Christopher, who got out of similar near-slums and doesn't see why his children should be trapped in them, as a crime. It isn't clear why anyone, except, perhaps, her ex-husband, should give a fig about where Rose lives, but the offstage opposition at least provides an excuse for Rose to ramble on in defense of her way of life. Her surroundings—the worn lino, the battle-scarred furniture, the nearby laundrette, the grocer's with cheap offers for her to ponder on, and the grimy Victorian school the children attend—are constantly wheeled out in her talk to testify to her spiritual progress, and propped up as pledges of her irreproachable political intentions. If Rose differs from Julie and her circle, whose houses are lined with well-groomed rugs and filled with clutches of studiously sensuous marble eggs, it is in the ferocity with which she feels obliged to fight for her kind of materialism, and not in any real independence of possessions.

Miss Drabble's characters—confusing tea cozies with philosophies and postal addresses with identity, and mistaking a system of trimming and making do for wisdom—are not far removed from life. Many of the author's observations ring very true. But the characters are stunted by the meagreness of their hopes and dwarfed by the sternness of their creator's view of the universe. (Apart from a few light remarks about real estate, there is scant humor in the book.) "The Needle's Eye" has the competent if depressing sociological jottings and the autobiographical, anxiously self-justificatory tone that one has come to expect of works described as "adult." But it lacks imagination, which transforms and elevates such ingredients and renders such descriptions absurd. Somewhere along the line, Miss Drabble's grownups were cheated of their humanity.

—Kennedy Fraser

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

Power and Innocence: A Search for the Sources of Violence, by Rollo May (Norton). As a nation, Dr. May says in this extraordi-

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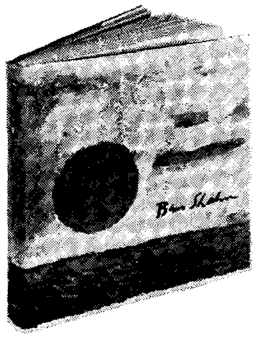

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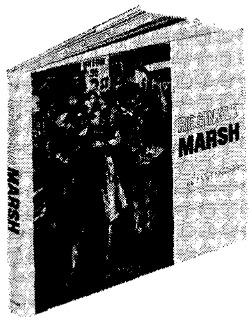

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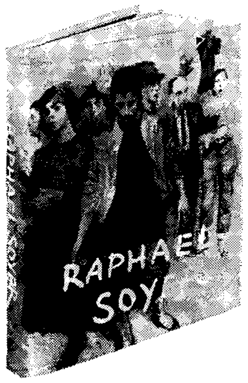

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narily perceptive and far-reaching examination of what he calls our "pseudoinnocence," we are obsessed by the need to think of ourselves as "good"—or at least benign—and by an equally compelling need to avoid self-doubt or any admission of the "bad," or dark, side of our nature. Our unwillingness to accept guilt and responsibility for our actions, even in Vietnam, has become grotesque, he points out, and we assume too easily that unpleasant events are caused by forces beyond our control. Faced with a "perpetually stormy sea" of violence, of political speech bereft of meaning, and of angry accusations from journalists (*fervent* pseudoinnocents) on both the right and the left, people feel increasingly passive and powerless. In this state of mind, he says, we cease searching for the roots of fear and anxiety; rather, fear and anxiety themselves become the enemy, and we reject or punish anyone who dares to disturb our "pretended peace." Dr. May, who is a practicing psychotherapist, argues convincingly that the allure of violence in America and our fascination with it would greatly diminish, and that the young might not be so inclined to dismiss "power" as intrinsically evil, if we were educated to confront our own daemons and aggressive inclinations more honestly.

Lesser Lives, by Diane Johnson (Knopf). The lesser lives, as Miss Johnson sees them, are those that are lived at one remove from the Great Man, the Famous Writer, and that vanish from human memory as he is grandly preserved by posterity: "We forget that there were other people at the table—a quiet person, now muffled by time, shadowy, whose heart pounded with love, perhaps, or rage, or fear when our writer shuffled in from his study." The Great Man here is George Meredith (1828-1909), who became the most Famous Writer of his day, and the lesser life—the principal lesser life—is his first wife, Thomas Love Peacock's daughter Mary Ellen (1821-61), who had the Victorian effrontery to have had a husband before him, to be beautiful and intelligent and talented (Meredith sold some of her poems as his own), and then to leave him, walking out just as his fame was kindling, and going to live with another lesser life, a forgotten painter named Henry Wallis. Mary Ellen, spirited and enchanting, is well worth Miss John-

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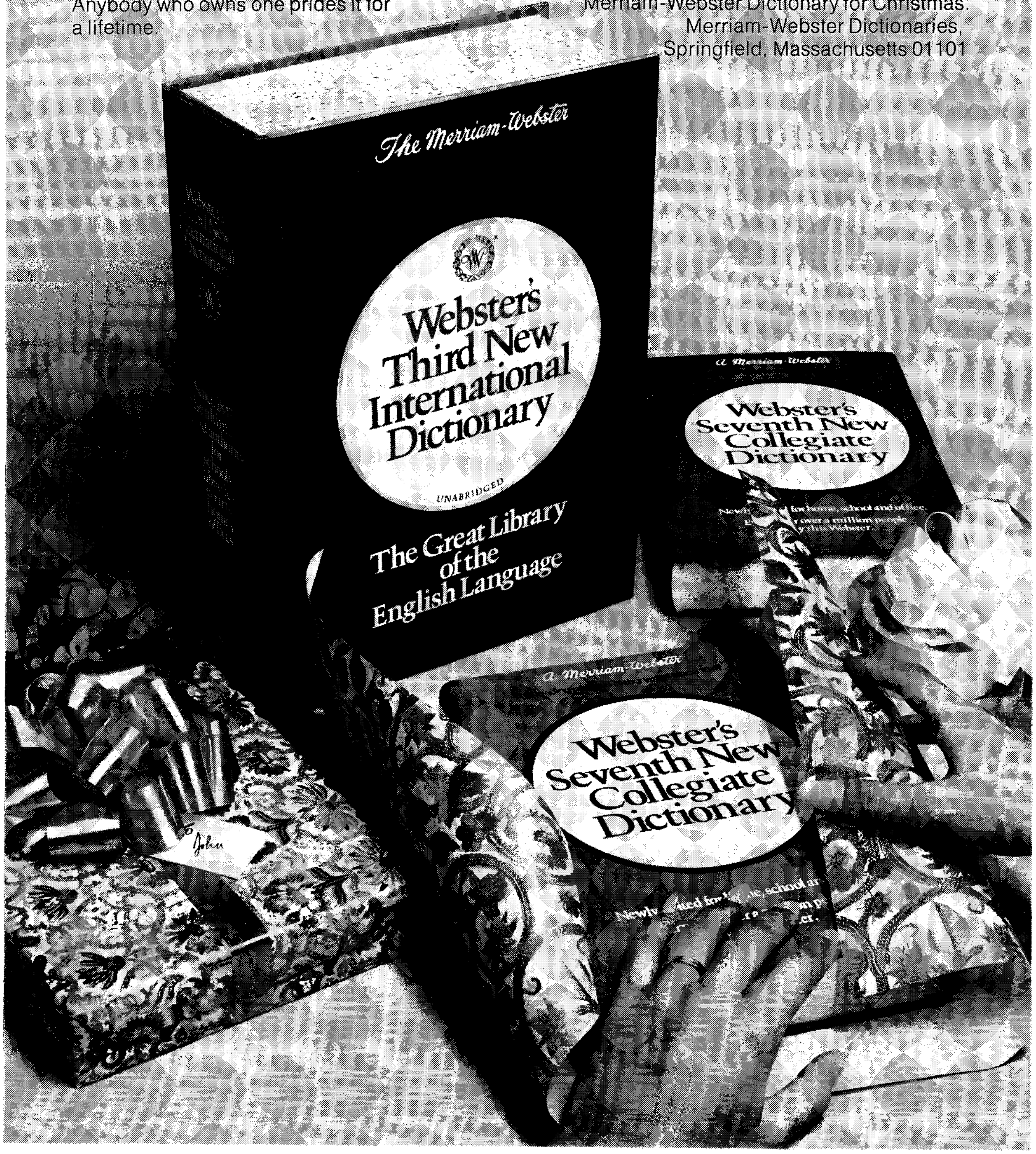
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son's difficult recovery, and so is Wallis, and so are others, even lesser and more shadowy, and the hard look she takes at the domestic Meredith (prig, snob, dyspeptic) is entirely salutary. She does all this in a stirring, questioning, sometimes mocking manner that frequently recalls the tone of John Fowles' "The French Lieutenant's Woman" but is nevertheless very much her own. An unusual and exemplary book. Photographs.

THE BARN, by Eric Arthur and Dudley Witney (New York Graphic Society). An admirable pictorial study of barns built in North America, from the earliest times up to the turn of the twentieth century, when the number of farms and farmers went into radical decline. Barns have always been among the most striking manifestations of what Bernard Rudofsky has termed "architecture without architects," and it is a pity that even the biggest and most beautiful of them are being allowed to fall down, or are being pulled down, daily throughout the country—their preservation should become a cause high among the many causes now being championed by the Victorian Society in America. The volume of space enclosed in barns is often cathedral-like, and the difficulty of framing and raising barns, to say nothing of sheathing and roofing them, required a variety of hard-learned skills; understandably, farmers were inclined to take far more pride in their barns than in their houses. The authors have evidently devoted many years to their study, and the captions they provide are full of homely information, told in an unbuttoned style exactly suiting their intentions. Twenty-five dollars, and no wonder.

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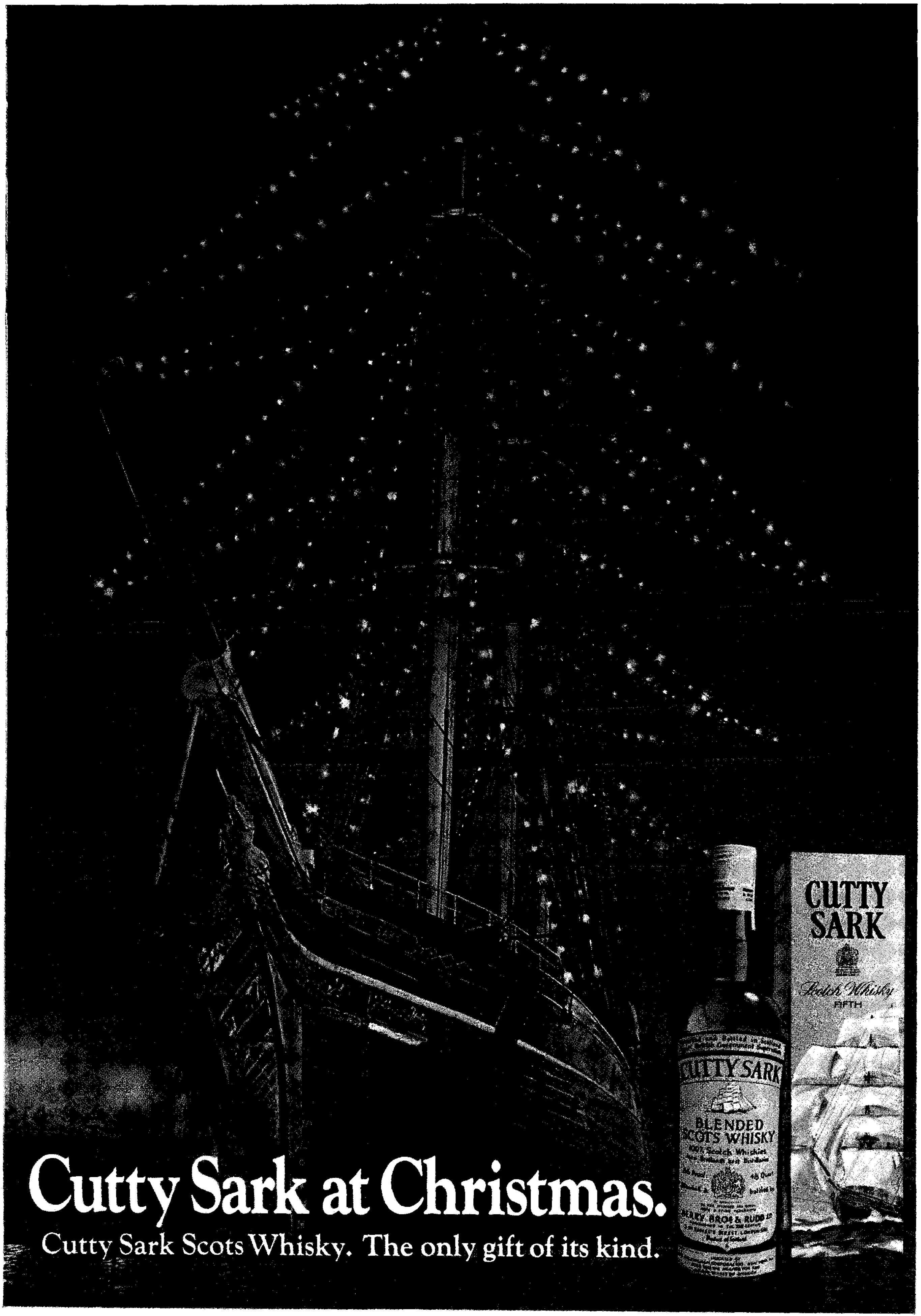
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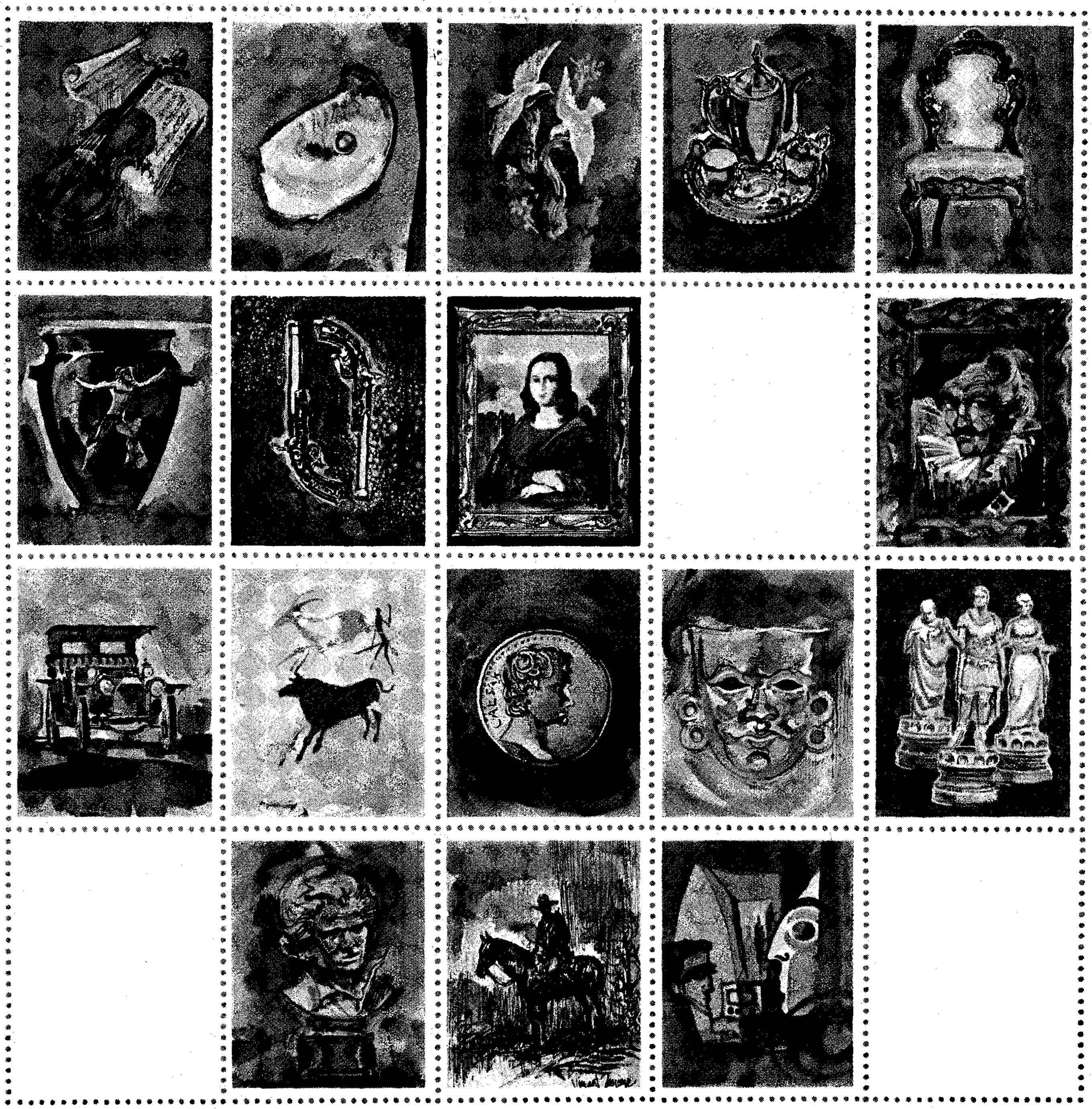

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